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Vol. 3.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., OCTOBER, 1881.

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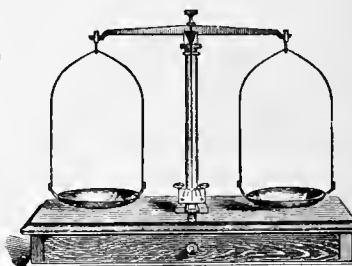
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 3.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 1.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we shall now be enabled to mail, to any address, the "Student" and "Haverfordian," together, for \$1.50 per year.

[FOR THE HAVERFORDIAN.]

A SONNET.

The Past,—how much that word contains! how sweet
The recollections stirred by it! how fast
They flutter through my mind, and sometimes cast
A tinge of sadness o'er me as I greet
Again friends long gone, but whom I meet
Oft as I look upon the pleasant Past.
O Past! thy pleasures shall in memory last,
Till my fond heart has found its resting seat.
O Present! that in truth art always nigh:
We heed not, and still more, we love not thee,
But for the Future frequently we sigh,
Believing that it cannot fail to be
More pleasant; and our aspirations high
Must be fulfilled, O Future, there in thee!

E. B. A.

In beginning the college year it is but fitting that we should look forward with interest to the future of the various college enterprises, and to none do we look forward with more interest and anxiety than to that of the Dorian Cricket Club. The first eleven met with sad reverses last spring, which seemed even worse when compared with the success of the year before, or even with the record of any other year. Yet we think the result of the spring matches would have been different had each member of the eleven done his duty in practicing throughout the cricketing season. We recall one member of the

eleven who would often practice only once or twice during the week, and then wonder that he had not been able to make more runs on the match at the end of the week. The maxim, "If anything is worth doing, it is worth doing well," is as true of cricket as of any of the sterner affairs of life; and it will be well for us if we learn to do thoroughly whatever we undertake, whether it be work or play.

American cricket is improving every year, and, if Haverford would maintain the position she has so long held among Philadelphia clubs, her members must work, endeavoring not only to perfect themselves, but also to infuse the ambition to do the same into the minds of others. It, of course, will depend a great deal upon the captain and the ground committee whether the eleven practices as it ought, as every movement must have some one to direct it. Therefore we would say to the captain, whoever he may be, that the position in which he is placed is one of great responsibility, and that it will require much energy and tact on his part to fill it successfully.

We would advise you who are new members of the college to "stick to" cricket until you can thoroughly enjoy it; and once able to do this, you will not need our advice to keep you playing. Should you stick to it, we assure you that you will never regret the time spent in learning this delightful game. "What I most regret in my college life is that I did not learn to play cricket in my Freshman year," has been frequently said by graduates of Haverford. Let the members of the class of '82 take warning from the experience of others, and keep on in well-doing, at the same time remembering that cricket is not perfected in a day, or a week, or a month, but that, as long as one plays, so long will he continue to learn.

When *The Haverfordian* in its last issue called the attention of its readers to the telescope now in our Observatory, constructed by L. T. Edwards ('81), we little thought that the wish then expressed would be so soon fulfilled. While our paper was in press, Edwards, as all our readers know, became one of the first discoverers of the first large comet which visited our sky this season. It may be said, and with truth too, that the discovery was accidental, and that it was only chance that placed

the name of our fellow-student on the list of the first discoverers of the comet, and yet we are glad that both he and Haverford should be benefited as to reputation by the discovery, even if we admit that chance had any agency in the matter. There seems to be less certainty about the composition and nature of comets than about most other heavenly bodies; and to the astronomically inclined student the science offers few fields of investigation more interesting or more profitable than the study of comets and meteors.

The history of the past few months indicates that the near future may be as fruitful a time for the study of comets especially as the near past has been. With all the advantages for astronomical study offered us by our Observatory in its present condition, some of the scientifically minded amongst us ought to improve the pleasant evenings of the coming year in an exercise delightful for themselves, useful to science, and which may make their names famous at no distant date.

When one sees in our Observatory an equatorial telescope of such worth, a meridian transit instrument, a zenith instrument, a Newtonian telescope, sidereal clocks, chronographs, etc., and when one realizes in addition that the students are allowed to get the benefit of these instruments by individual familiarity with them, the most enthusiastic "classical" man is inclined to wish that his course embraced the study of astronomy without forcing him to abandon one of his favorite linguistic studies.

To all who are personally interested in Swarthmore College, the 26th ult. will have been made doubly memorable. That morning found in ashes one of the finest college buildings in the country, situated eleven miles from Philadelphia, on the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad. Furnished with every convenience; equipped with a good library and excellent museum; provided with able instructors, this institution, though only opened in the fall of 1869, has become an indispensable factor in the community. That the college should be immediately rebuilt is what every one expected; and while we, with others, can deplore the financial loss, yet it is far more as students that it comes home to us. We who share similar toils and entertain like hopes with the two hundred and fifteen inmates of our sister college, will watch with interest each new development. While we give due recognition to the energetic management which has preserved intact the routine of college life, and met with such promptness every emergency, we also appreciate the great sacrifice made by every one, in the unavoidable deprivations that must accompany such a catastrophe.

That all unfavorable influences may be speedily reduced to a minimum is our wish, and every measure which tends to this end will be welcomed.

The students on the second and third floors of Barclay Hall have more than once had occasion to remark upon the absence of any outside escape in case of fire, and now, in view of the recent calamity at Swarthmore College, they feel bound to express a hope that our college authorities will take the matter in hand. There might be constructed at a small expense, very good and efficient escapes to communicate with the corridor windows at each end of the building. There is no reason why they should in any way detract from the present handsome appearance of our Hall. They can be made both beautiful and useful. Whether this method or some other be the one most approved is not important, so that only some additional means of escape in case of danger be provided.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Extract of a Letter from W. C. Chase.

HILLDROP ROAD, August 8, 1881.

DEAR FRIEND:

This London is a marvelous, smoky, sleepy old place, replete with glorious old churches and dingy, vast palaces, decorated with the most magnificent monuments, and a beer-shop at every corner (which last is of infinitely more importance to the inhabitants thereof). It seems strange that so very few, even of those most capable of enjoying it, are willing to make the effort of a trip across the ferry, where there is so much of wonderful beauty and historic interest combined, which has a fascination for me that nothing in our country can give. It costs *twelve dollars less* to go to London, taking an inside berth in the excellent National Line steamers, than it does to go to Denver or Colorado Springs, and when you once get over the expense is less by half! . . . Westminster Abbey is an institution with which we Americans have nothing to place in comparison. In fact, it is charming in its entire novelty. I have been there about a dozen times, but I am just beginning to understand its beauty and charm. I was fortunate enough to get a seat (by coming an hour before the gates were open, two hours in all before service began) at *two* of the services in commemoration of Dean Stanley, held in his beloved Abbey. There were thousands of people standing all through the building, and many waiting outside. At the morning service I arrived late, and had to stand, but it paid; for the preacher was Canon Farrar. At the funeral there was a regular jam, but it was such a memorable occasion that

I was very glad to have been there, though we were packed so closely that it was impossible to move, and you can imagine the atmosphere was far from bracing. I visited the grave the day after. It was covered with costly wreaths from nearly every country under the sun, America included. The Americans sent a large porcelain floral cross; and the Queen also sent a porcelain wreath. Those will always remain on the tomb. I have attended service seven or eight times at the Abbey. The music is the most beautiful and affecting I have ever heard. It is a choral service, even the Bible-lessons being intoned. I am sorry to say that I have only once attended Friends' meeting. On this occasion there were five members of Parliament present, one of whom spoke. There are, according to Bevan Braithwaite, twelve M. P.'s who are friends. Though there are twenty times as many Friends in America, I know of no Quaker representative at present.

Your sincere friend,

W. C. CHASE.

GARFIELD MEMORIAL MEETING.

At a Garfield memorial meeting, held at Haverford College, ninth month 26th, the following addresses were delivered by the professors and others:

PROFESSOR THOMAS CHASE:—"His body is buried in peace, BUT HIS NAME LIVETH FOREVERMORE." These words of an old Hebrew writer have suggested to me a source of great consolation in our sad affliction, our irreparable loss,—a consolation which at the same time vindicates the ways of God to man, and explains to us the meaning of that mysterious providence which would otherwise be so hard for us to understand. For he who was "so fit to die," was also, as an English poet has said of him, "so fit to live,"—seeming to be in every gift and every attribute the man we most needed at this hour, a man of genius and learning and strength, of rare capacity for leadership, upholding the highest standard of public duty, a man of Christian principle, proved by a Christian life, a true member of the church of Christ, and an ornament to our holy religion. And yet for such a man to be stricken down by the hand of a miscreant, at the time he was just entering upon his work of greatest usefulness, when he was succeeding in uniting the people to do what still remained to be done in the great work of purification in which this nation has been engaged now for twenty years; a man who, it appeared, might be allowed to put the cap-stone on the structure of our perfected American institutions, by the example of a thoroughly wise and thoroughly pure administration; for such a man to be taken is indeed hard for us to understand and hard to bear. But the same blow that removed him from us, gave him the martyr's canonization and the martyr's crown, making his name familiar in all lands as a household word, to remain so to the end of time, and, as long as humanity exists, to be an inspiration for all noble feeling and noble action, and a call to noble and manly strife in defense of the right, both in private and public life. From this untimely tomb a voice shall speak to this nation, calling upon us

to do as he would have done; and to uphold every good cause which he would have upheld. No! nothing wicked shall gain anything by that act of the coward! Let those who expected it cease now to expect. It has been overruled by the Almighty, to mean the continued triumph of a noble party, made still more pure and still more noble; "to vindicate the ways of God to man," and say "God reigneth, let the wicked tremble."

For us who constitute a large part of this audience, a collegiate community, there are some special lessons in the life of our martyred chief, especially in his character as a scholar and as a Christian. We all know under what difficulties he persevered until he acquired a liberal education, but few of us know how delicate, how profound, was his scholarship, how grand and comprehensive his genius. As student, as teacher and professor, as college president, he filled the full round of scholastic activity, and in every one of these situations there is a lesson for us all. Thanks be to God that such a lesson is given us. Thanks be to God that we Americans are inheritors of such examples. Thanks be to God, that while, in these last three months of agony, the eyes of the whole world were turned to that bed, and searched also the whole record of his life, everything they discovered but heightened the universal admiration for this Christian scholar, statesman, and hero.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a MAN!"

Then, as a Christian, Garfield was an example of true unsectarian Christianity, a man who loved Christ better than he loved any sheep-fold, larger or smaller; a member of that one true church which contains all true followers of Christ, of whatever sect or name! He was a man who loved all who loved their Lord; who knew the imperfections of his own vision, and had charity for the defects of other people's vision. And how full he was of Christian graces. He once said to James Russell Lowell, "It is impossible for me that I should hate any member of the human race."

O pure and lofty spirit, admitted to the assembly of the saints of all generations, may we who survive do nothing to fill thy soul with sadness as thou lookest down upon the country thou loved and served so well! It is hard to give thee up; but we know not what is best for us, and we have a sure faith that God knoweth. We know that an example like thine and a work like thine could never be stopped or frustrated by the hand of the craven; we know that God means they shall still live and work among us; we know that while thy body is buried in peace, thy name and thy influence and thy example shall live forevermore.

And in that faith, students, whose privilege it has been to watch the career of this man, whose privilege it is to be his fellow-citizens, and the fellow-citizens of Washington and Lincoln, names henceforth inseparably linked with his, let us draw from his example, inspiration and instruction. May it exalt and inspire all our best aspirations! May we live for our Lord and our country and our fellow-men, so that like him, whether taken sooner or later, we may join, as we leave this world, the communion of the just of all generations, and continue our service for our Lord and our God, as he is continuing his, perhaps at this moment,

"In such great offices, as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

PROFESSOR PLINY E. CHASE:—

"Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

"He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

"Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

"Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

"Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by child-like love.

"Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

"Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

"For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!"

And yet how many of us, during these last few days, have been sometimes almost inclined to doubt,—almost inclined to falter. Some, perhaps, may, in being "tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine," have shifted once from the extreme of infidelity to Christianity, and now, through the fear that the prayers of the Christian world have been unavailing, are upon the point of lapsing again into the gulf of darkness and despair. Have our prayers been heard? Have the believing prayers of the Church been answered? Let each one of those who have put up petitions for the saving of the life that seemed of so much importance to us and to the world, ask the question for himself, Have my prayers been believing ones? or have they been, on the one hand, debased by the feeling that we were asking for a thing almost impossible, and perhaps debased still more, as we were told yesterday, by the lurking spirit of vengeance in our hearts. Are such petitions really prayers? Can we expect that they will be answered? The prayer of the Christian,—to what is it always subordinate, but to the will of God? Following the example of the Master, when in his agony he prayed that if it were possible the cup might pass from him, there is always the relieving clause, in every petition of the true believer, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

Have not our prayers been answered spiritually? Cannot we already see that they have been more truly answered in the spiritual sense in which they were uttered, than would have been possible if the reply had come in the way we hoped for? We prayed for his family. We prayed for those now fatherless

children. We prayed for that devoted wife whose loving, clinging affection, and seeming unswerving faith, have awakened the whole world into rapt admiration. Have not our prayers been answered for them even? Looking at the subject from a mere worldly view, is not their condition likely to be better than it would have been if this sad event had not happened? Have they not the memory of a Christian life and of Christian sacrifice to cheer them on their way? Have they not means placed at their disposal for all they need in this world? We prayed for ourselves; we prayed that the administration opened so auspiciously, might continue; we prayed for a return of the pure principles of government that characterized the early days of the nation; we prayed that those principles might be carried out. Will they not be more truly, more thoroughly than if our martyred leader had continued for three years longer, or, if another term had been added, for seven years longer? He might, perhaps, have continued to give his example, but would that example have been likely to operate upon his successors so effectually as under the present circumstances? We prayed for him, that he might be spared that intensity of suffering, that he might be spared the agony of separation from those so dear. And yet he knew that the separation must come some time, and would it ever come to him more satisfactorily, under better auspices, than at the present moment? Can we not even now see the silver lining of the cloud? even now, however dimly, see that the future will probably show us that the prayers of the Christian world have been heard and answered, as such prayers have been answered heretofore, more truly, more completely, than if those who prayed, could have satisfied their own deepest and heartfelt desires?

At the head of that coffin in Cleveland there is a portrait of our deceased President, and underneath the portrait are the lines:

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won;
Now comes rest."

Is anything more needed in order to fill completely the greatest, noblest purposes of a human life upon earth than has already been accomplished? Could any length of years, could another added term of life, have added anything to the excellence of that noble example that is now the world's inheritance, to the well-rounded perfection of that life which is "one of the lives that live, and live forever"?

I like to look upon our late President as a Christian warrior and a soldier, above all, as a soldier in the church militant. Brought up, as I have been, to regard all worldly warfare as unchristian, and believing, as I most sincerely do, that the highest standard of Christian morality is a standard of entire self-sacrifice, a standard that would annihilate all war, still I can recognize, and I believe we all can recognize, among the world's great warriors, many noble examples. Those of us who have looked at the question for ourselves, can see many virtues which are the outgrowth of a belief that it is well for us all to cherish. First among those virtues is an utter and unswerving devotion to the conscious sense of duty. The same spirit of devotedness that marked Garfield during all the early experience of his life, characterized him as a soldier, and when at the battle of Chickamauga it helped him to become one of the greatest instruments in the support of the Federal army. He went there in the simple belief that he was performing his duty, and he resolved to perform that duty faithfully, feeling that no sacrifice which it

might require was too great. He went with a belief that he was not to return alive, but feeling that he was in God's hand, and that, whenever the hour should come when he would be called to surrender up his stewardship, it would be the right hour, and he would be in the right way. And when, on the anniversary of that battle, the call did come, it found him well prepared. It found that he had not only fought in that temporal war, he had not only fought for the good of his country, but he had also fought life's warfare thoroughly and bravely,—he had been a soldier as triumphant in the church militant, as in the great emergency of his own nation. He had achieved success, and the highest success, the success that he obtained only by following the highest ideal, by keeping his eye fixed upon his divine Master, by endeavoring to be as perfect as his Master urged him to be, even as his Father in heaven is perfect. And that perfection has characterized all his life. It is ours as men, it is ours as fellow-citizens with him, ours as citizens of the greatest nation upon the face of the globe, ours as citizens of the most Christian nation, ours as soldiers with him in the church militant, to profit by the lessons which he has taught us. Especially as students, it becomes us to cherish his example in the inmost recesses of our hearts, and to endeavor, like him, to be thoroughly manly, noble *Christians*. That lesson we cannot remember too continually, we cannot feel too closely. His last message to us is the message of Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

PROFESSOR ISAAC SHARPLESS:—The character of Garfield is such a many-sided one that it is possible to draw a great many lessons from his life. There seemed to be something in him that gained the respect of all kinds of men. Scholars respected him for his ability and his attainments; laboring men, men of the lower classes, respected him for the fact that he had once belonged to their class, and worked himself up from it. The North and South both admired him, because they thought he would act in justice to all sections. Christians respected his Christianity, and skeptics found something in his bravery and fortitude to win their admiration.

There are two traits I wish to speak about particularly: one, a mental trait; the other, a moral. The mental trait was the habit of absolute fairness and honesty in the consideration of all questions. He never hesitated in taking up and grasping any question that came into public notice, and yet, in every speech he made, those who followed his speeches made in the House of Representatives will bear witness that he gave such a careful and searching examination to the subject that he was often enabled better to define his opponent's position than his opponent could do himself. Some men seem to be able to make themselves think as they want to. By shutting their eyes to one side of a question, and thinking only of the other, they get to see *that* side exclusively, and thus are able to be partisan. That is the only way I can explain why our public men are so partisan in their views. A question comes up for decision: right down in one's heart a person believes a certain course is the right one. His friends, his party, think otherwise; and so he sets to work on his judgment not to consider the whole matter more seriously, but to put to one side the arguments in which he believed, and finally he succeeds. Such a course is not the right one, not an honest course,

and such a course Garfield never followed. Habitual indecision was never found in him. In the early stages of a question he appeared wavering, perhaps; but when he had once made up his mind, when the time came for action, he acted fairly, and right up to the standard he had set down. Now, this was the great mental trait, it seems to me, that constituted Garfield's statesmanship. There were other men, greater partisan leaders than he; but there was no other man, so far as my knowledge of his life goes, who took such a broad grasp of all subjects, and was so able to give judicial decisions on all questions. That was the reason why, when some of you, some time before the inauguration, took a census of your candidates for president, I, with a very small minority, cast in my vote for Garfield.

The other trait, his moral trait, was his unostentatious goodness. He moulded extensively the legislation of this country all the time he was in the House of Representatives. The United States is a different nation now than if he had never lived,—how different we cannot tell; and during all that time he kept himself pure—he walked through corruption and immorality, and the stain of them never touched his garments. The secret of this was, he was a *Christian*. He did not, so far as I know, in the midst of his secular occupations, preach, to the nation surrounding him, morality and the duties of men; but he was a moral man, and his life also showed that he was a Christian man. He was recognized by his associates as a Christian man. Dr. Townsend, with whom some of you were acquainted, knew Garfield in Ohio, and he told me long before Garfield was thought of for the Presidency, that Garfield's Christianity was a recognized factor in Ohio politics; and, that when they came to consider any questions, they would count on Garfield's giving his influence on the right side. Now, Christianity, while it reached out and moulded his associates, kept himself pure and clean and right. His Christianity was of the quiet sort; it was the kind of Christianity that showed itself more by acts of faithfulness than by words, but it was there all the time. He never undertook to explain it away or contradict it; he allowed it to have its influence whenever there was any chance for it to have any influence. Such a life as his is the best kind of a life for me to contemplate,—a quiet, serious, earnest life; a life that does its duty, that is known more by what it does than by what it says; a life willing to be judged by its fruits, that can point back to accomplished actions; a life that was also humble, not claiming merit,—all of these faculties were condensed into the life of Garfield.

Garfield was a great orator, a great talker, but his oratory was devoted to the accomplishment of an end. There was never any self-glorification about it. He was a great leader; but he was a leader, not on account of any self-appointment, but from the fact that he was supremely able to be a leader—because other people chose to follow him; not because he had set himself before them.

It has been seldom, if ever, that we have had such a President as Garfield was. What his administration, which opened in such a promising way, would have led to, no one can tell. But it may be that his death has been more to us than his life would be. In fact, I can say that I think his death is more to us than his life would have been. It has solemnized and humbled this whole nation. It has brought us into better relations to one another. It has, by the example of his family life, which his sickness emphasized, made men better sons, husbands, and fathers in many a home; and, after all, the making of good homes is the great object of all government, and also the basis of all government. If every man

would treat his mother, wife, and sister a little better, through the example of Garfield, than he has been accustomed to do, I think that many problems which agitate the country, political questions of civil service reform, etc., would soon come to a satisfactory adjustment. His death also showed us that there is something real and practical in Christianity, which enables men to do better and bear better, which gives them respect and influence, and which not only prepares for a better world hereafter, but which assists in the work they ought to do here.

ELLIS YARNALL:—In thinking of the sudden taking away of President Garfield it is natural to ask one's self what can be the gain to the country from so heavy a loss. In all visitations, great or small, good is to be looked for in the end, or, as we say, the blessing in disguise. But here seems a measureless calamity, how can it possibly work benefit for us? That strange enthusiast, John Brown, gives a possible answer. He said at Harper's Ferry, as he saw the utter overthrow of his wild attack upon slavery, that he did not know that he could in any way set forward the anti-slavery cause as he could by dying for it. And from his grave there came strength to the side of liberty in the contest that was soon to begin that was equal to that of an army. The growth of antislavery feeling was rapid beyond words from the day his body was committed to the earth. Surely there is warrant from this for the hope that the death of him whom we mourn to-day may incite us, as no living man could, to wage war against the wretched selfishness and dishonesty which have corrupted so much of the official life of America.

We know that Garfield was vowed to the service of making our public life pure. The miserable assassin at whose hand he fell, in so far as he was sane, sought to stop the work of Reform to which he considered Garfield pledged. Thus our honored chief and leader became a martyr, and under circumstances which drew upon him not only the eyes of all English-speaking men, but of the whole civilized world. Is it not certain, then, that from his grave by the green waters of Lake Erie he will speak to us as with fiery words, and that from the thought of that solemn resting-place men will take "an increased measure of devotion" to the cause which more than any other now claims our support?

For what a different America it would be if the National Government, and the State Governments, and the Municipal Governments were all administered by men of singleness of mind, thinking only of their duty. For years past I have thought that if a man of great powers as a public speaker would traverse the land in the spirit of an evangelist, and call the people to the performance of their duty in the matter of seeing to it that only the honest and the honorable were put into public office, he would be doing in his measure God's work,—or, to use the reverent and solemn words of Frederick Denison Maurice, "helping God to govern."

Who was there in the land more worthy, of loftier soul than this Garfield who, as we may almost say, has now laid down his life? Our American Gladstone trained for the highest office of government as no other President has been for more than fifty years—the fittest man for that office since John Quincy Adams: a scholar as well as a statesman, doing honor to learning, and working to obtain it through long years of strenuous bodily toil. He seemed to come to us out of the turmoil of the nominating convention at Chicago as though a hand from above had been extended to lead him forth. And so for a little season he went

before us as our chief, and now he lies in the grave! Truly it is hard to think of this without beating our breasts! And yet it is for the young especially to resolve that this dear life shall not have been given in vain—that the example of Garfield's fifty years of strenuous endeavor and noble fulfillment shall be to them light and guidance as they fare forth each in their appointed courses. Let them but seek to act as did the leader whom we mourn, who so wonderfully in his life and in his death fulfilled the injunction of the great poet of all time—

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

PROFESSOR ALLEN C. THOMAS:—I want to add a few words, not using my own, however, upon the secret of Garfield's success, that has hardly been alluded to so far this afternoon,—that is, the reason of his success. I quote from his own words, addressing an audience at his own college some years ago:

"I beseech you to remember that the genius of success is still the genius of labor. If hard work is not another name for talent, it is the best possible substitute for it. In the long run, the chief difference in men will be found in the amount of work they do. Do not trust to what lazy men call the spur of the occasion. If you wish to wear spurs in the tournament of life, you must buckle them to your own heels before you enter the lists. Men look with admiring wonder upon a great intellectual effort, like Webster's reply to Hayne, and seem to think that it leaped into life by the inspiration of the moment. But if, by some intellectual chemistry, we could resolve that masterly speech into its several elements of power, and trace each to its source, we should find that every constituent force had been elaborated twenty years before, it may be in some hour of earnest intellectual labor. Occasion may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle cannot ever make soldiers or win victories. . . . And, finally, young gentlemen, learn to cultivate a wise self-reliance, based not on what you hope, but on what you perform."

"Give crutches to cripples, but go you forth with brave, true hearts, knowing that fortune dwells in your brain and muscle, and that labor is the only human symbol of Omnipotence."

JOHN B. GARRETT:—"God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives," were the now memorable words in which the illustrious patriot, in one of the darkest hours of America's history, declared a great truth. Those words were noted at the time, and were recorded and have been preserved. But alas! how little has this truth, which Garfield in the year 1865 gave forth, controlled the American people! His own life, private and public, was actuated by the principle he then recognized. He lived up fully to the standard which he avowed; but it seems that we, a nation open to the reproach of sin in so many forms, had need to learn by the illustration of the death of that man the truth which he had declared. I have desired, as I have contemplated this subject, that from the heart of every one of us there might go back in response these words: "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

Have we not had during the past week a most wonderful illustration of this truth that the Lord reigns? Go back in our thoughts to the second day of the seventh month last, when the

heart of every one of us was touched to the very quick with the words which came flying over the wires, that our President had been stricken by the hand of an assassin. Were we prepared at any day from that to this to part with him? Has there been an hour from the day that shot was fired to the time when that life was given up, that we could believe this country was ready to witness such a calamity with peace? But what feelings entered our hearts on that fatal day? How we looked one another in the face with terror and fear, not knowing what should befall us individually or as a nation. But God in his mercy stretched out that life for eighty days, and in that period he was working wonderfully in the hearts of the people of this land. And when the day came on which that life, in obedience to God's command, had to be rendered up, we witnessed the peaceful passage from one administration to another. We know that the powers that be are ordained of God, and that our beloved President and martyred chief derived the power which he wielded from God,—the God whom he honored and loved and served; and that the government which he administered was a government not only of man's power, but that it was traceable, and directly so, to the hand of Almighty God. Let then the truth which he declared so feelingly and with so much power and effect in the stormy days which attended the death of the martyred Lincoln, live in our memories forever: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

Another thought. In my school-boy days in yonder hall we studied a text-book called "Essays on Morality," by Jonathan Dymond. I know not whether it be a text-book in this college to-day, but I declare, without the slightest misgiving, that it is worthy to be your text-book. And of all the precious thoughts which that noble man wrote, one impressed itself upon me more than any other, and that was with regard to *partisanship*. I have not looked at those pages for many a long year, and I am unable to quote his language. To you, students, I commend them. The essence of the thought was this: that partisanship in itself is unchristian, immoral, and that nothing will justify parties in government but direct issues. I believe that our President, who this afternoon is laid away in the cold grave, was, more than any other man who has lived in your day and mine, the embodiment of this great moral principle. He lived for principle. And I trust that among the legacies which we have received at his hands will be this, that we are justified in partisanship only by *living* moral and political issues; that none of us will worship party for party's sake, nor adhere to it unless in the right; that every one of you, young men, will be found, henceforth, seeking the right of every question; and that you will cling to party no longer than the party is found in the right. I am yet a man in early middle life, but the names of parties in this country have since my boyhood changed,—the principles upon which parties have rested and are resting have changed. The issues which preceded 1860 have not since been living issues of the day. Those of the period between 1861 and 1865 changed with the close of the war. May we not hope that they which were of such vital moment in those critical days of our Republic, and which directed the thought and determined the legislation of the years which succeeded, are almost past issues to day? that the very fate of that man whom we mourn so deeply, may make some of them past with us? and that henceforth new moral issues, which have been pressing so closely for years past, may come into more and greater prominence, and that we may be able to mould the parties of the United States afresh? I believe that it is cause for thanksgiving when parties as such are shaken to their foundations, and even broken to pieces, and when thought-

ful men, citizens of the republic, are brought afresh to recognize that the issues of the past are past, and that those of the future are to claim their attention and their decision.

After a brief devotional pause JOHN B. GARRETT offered the following prayer: "We are constrained, O God, before we separate, and we lovingly yield to this constraint, to draw nigh to thy footstool, feeling that though so many prayers have been raised during the past few weeks in connection with this sad event in the history of our country, it is no time to cease to pray. O Lord, we thank thee for the life that we have contemplated; we thank thee for the lessons of that life in all their varied character; we thank thee that thou didst spare our loved and honored President so long; we thank thee that thou hast prepared his people to part with him and to learn the lessons of his life. We pray thee for each one of this company gathered in thy presence; we pray thee on behalf of the tens of thousands that surround his bier this afternoon; we pray thee for the millions of this nation whom thou hast seen fit to permit to be stricken, that this life may not be lost to any one, but that we all may learn the lesson which thou would bring home to the mind and heart of each one of us. O God, preserve this nation, if it be thy will; make it strong and honest, a faithful and pure and righteous government. And as the eyes of the nations have been turned towards us in this day of our great sorrow, oh, use us, dear Lord, as thy instrument, if it so please thee, in proclaiming righteousness to the very ends of the earth, and let all nations see that their power rests not in any finite or human wisdom, but in thy almighty power, and in thy infinite wisdom. Grant that as Garfield lived to thy honor and glory, so we may live and so we may die. We ask it in the availing name, and for the sake of thy dear Son, our risen and glorified Redeemer. Amen."

LOCALS.

Ice gone.

A very hot day.

Fall trade depressed.

Summer attire in fashion.

We call attention to the notice on our first page.

Ad's are either + or —. Some difficulty in keeping signs right.

PROF.—"When does a man contract his risible muscles?"

FRESH.—"When he gets up."

Dr. James E. Rhoads addressed the Y. M. C. A. on its second anniversary, 9th mo. 28, 1881.

Why is the Haverford student from Philadelphia like the parrot of the ancient Romans? Because he is a *psittacus*.

Professor Burns, the new instructor in drawing, is the head of his department, and gives every evidence of promising results. He is a practical architect.

The Athenæum Society are constructing for their use in the collecting-room of Founders Hall a new stage. It is in every way more commodious than the one it replaces.

The corridors and a few of the private study-rooms in Barclay Hall have had their walls handsomely painted. The students occupying the newly renovated rooms are highly pleased.

Jennie told him "no" one night,
And straightway off he hied
To Mollie, who said "yes" on sight,
And he was "Mollie-fied."

The Freshmen received the usual Sophomore benediction. Their upward tendencies have thus been early awakened. We hope the lessons so gratuitously administered may be of enduring benefit.

Senior to Professor of Astronomy.—"I thought, Professor, that I saw the rings of Saturn, last night, with my naked eye. Did I really see them, or am I insane?"

Professor.—"Well—really—I am slightly in doubt."

Professor Sharpless' house will be a handsome structure of modern architecture. It is to be built of cherry-red brick with mortar to correspond in color. The grounds are being prepared for the foundation. It is located in the grove north-west of Founders' Hall, opposite the north end of the foot-ball ground. It fronts the road at that point.

The Freshmen doff their coats,
And elbow up their way,
Stretch out their verdant forms
Which they in the blanket lay;
And then they shut their eyes,
And dream of the judgment day,
While all the Sophs wear sore their hands,
And think it but fair play."

The following-named members were received into the Loganian from the private societies: From the Everett Society, I. M. Cox ('82), W. P. Leeds ('82), B. V. Thomas ('83), R. S. Rhodes ('83), W. A. White ('83), W. L. Bailey ('83), F. A. White ('84). From the Athenæum Society: L. M. Winston ('82), F. B. Stuart ('83), D. W. Edwards ('83), G. H. Evans ('83), C. R. Jacobs ('84), O. W. Bates ('84).

PERSONAL.

(Any one who can give information as to the whereabouts and doings of Haverford graduates, will confer a favor by forwarding the same to *The Haverfordian*.)

'51.—J. C. Thomas, M. D., returned from Europe on the 15th ult.

'68.—S. F. Tomlinson has resigned his position in Baltimore for one in North Carolina.

'71.—R. Winslow, M. D., is a professor in a Baltimore medical college.

'72.—F. B. Gummere has received an appointment as instructor at Harvard.

'76.—L. L. Hobbs is the happy father of a little Hobbs.

'78.—Dan'l Smiley will no longer wield the pedagogic rod at the Penn Charter; he has entered business with his brother at Lake Mohonk.

'80.—W. F. Perry has received the appointment of Assistant Principal of New Paltz Academy, situated at New Paltz, Ulster County, N. Y.

'81.—I. T. Johnson is principal of a select school in Wilmington, Del.

'81.—I. Sutton is the happy progenitor of a hopeful son, Isaac II.

'81.—A. L. Smith is employed on the United States Coast Survey, California.

'81.—W. P. Shipley visits us occasionally, using his bicycle as a means of locomotion.

'81.—J. H. Moore is principal of Dupont Classical and Mathematical School, near Fremont, N. C.

'81.—W. A. Blair visited us on the 22d ult. His address during the coming year will be No. 4 Weld Hall, Harvard.

'81.—J. H. Cook made us a call, a few days ago, to speak a good word for *The Haverfordian*. He is employed on the engineering corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

'82.—W. C. Chase is enjoying himself in the world's metropolis.

'82.—H. W. Robinson fills a responsible position at Lake Mohonk.

'82.—T. Rushmore is the occupant of a good business position in Water Street, New York.

'82.—W. C. Jay goes to Chicago this month, to become initiated into the mysteries of the healing art. We wish him success.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

As we return to our exchange table from the recreation of vacation, we are greeted by a standard copy of the *Niagara Index*. The issue in question is neat in appearance, replete with thought, and is accompanied by a Commencement supplement and a prospectus of the "College and Seminary of Our Lady of Angels," for which the *Index* will please accept our thanks. "Hero Worship," we consider *the* article of the issue. "C." in his article on "Differences of Aspect," displays a vivid imagination, but savors too much of school-girl eloquence. "Gamm," in answering the question "Is it permitted to frequent theatres?" displays considerable knowledge of the early Christian fathers, but is rather narrow and one-sided in his conclusions. "K. T." in "Politics, the Ruling Element," treats us to some wholesome thoughts, neatly served up, but in neatness of expression and soundness of thought "Hero Worship" excels. Best wishes, *Index*, for the coming year.

The *Sunbeam*, so far as we can judge, is rightly so called. It evidently endeavors to cast upon all with whom it comes in contact, its bright and enlivening rays. While some of our contemporaries seem to take especial delight in tearing to shreds everything that comes in their way, the *Sunbeam* endeavors to maintain good-will towards all. Whatever foibles the *Sunbeam* may have, it possesses more generosity than many of our more pretentious contemporaries.

The *Student* comes to us in a new garb, which considerably improves its appearance. The *Student* is an enterprising journal, and we are glad to see it meeting with merited success.

We find upon our exchange list an enterprising New Mexico publication, called the *Mining World*, the junior editor of which is our old friend, W. C. Hadley. The principal theme of the *World*, like that of a distinguished man now no more, is, "Young man, go West."

Among all our exchanges, we find no college journal which exceeds in point of literary merit the *Vassar Miscellany*. The July number, now before us, gives expression, in a lively, vigorous manner, to many thoughts well worthy the attention of every one. Some of the sentiments, however, in "The Utility of the Study of Philosophy," we can scarcely endorse, but all through this number of the *Miscellany*, we discover a force of logical argument indicative of the truth of an intimation we notice in an editorial of the number before us, that the young ladies of Vassar pursue a course of study equal to that pursued in most male colleges, and that they become, in a good degree, matters of their course. Now, *The Haverfordian* belongs to "That rare speci-

men of the human species—order, young man; genus, college student—who is desirous of information about Vassar." Moreover, *The Haverfordian* "was not successful, in the course of its summer ramblings, in encountering some Vassar student, from whom it could extract all the information for which its soul is thirsting," therefore, *The Haverfordian* gives due notice, that, unless the *Miscellany* prefers to set doubtful minds "at rest through its columns, that in thirty days from date it will send stamp for information on some" points pertaining to the manners and morals of the college.

We acknowledge the receipt of a song published by T. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, entitled, "God Bless the Little Woman." It is founded on an exclamation of the late President Garfield, just after he was shot, uttered as he dictated a telegram to his wife. The music of the song is very pretty, but of the words, as a song, we do not approve. To parade before the public, in this manner, a matter sacred to brave Mrs. Garfield, as a memory of her dear departed husband, seems to us to show very little regard for the lady's feelings, and is in very bad taste.

CRICKET.

The first commencement match of the Dorian was played on the 23d of June, with the Germantown Cricket Club, at Nicetown, and resulted rather disastrously for the Dorian, the Germantown winning by an innings and 43 runs. For the Germantown the innings of Ratliff, Perot, and Morgan 3d, were especially worthy of notice, being respectively 62, 61, and 57 runs; while Shoemaker was the only one of the Dorians who did himself or his club justice. The result of this match showed plainly that the Dorian eleven was principally weak in its bowling; the three bowlers were very fair medium pace bowlers, yet they needed a faster bowler for a change; moreover, three bowlers in a long game are apt to play out, thereby making run getting for the other side comparatively easy. Following is the score:

GERMANTOWN.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. G. Cupitt, b. Winslow	0
H. C. Ratliff, c. b. Thomas b. Winslow	62
L. Wister, b. Winslow	6
W. C. Morgan, 3d, c. b. Thomas, b. Baily	57
F. Perot, run out	61
W. Haines, c. b. Carey, b. Thomas	4
T. Mason, c. b. Price, b. Thomas	0
W. Brockie, not out	27
W. P. Shipley, c. b. Price, b. Baily	1
G. Welsh, b. Winslow	8
H. Worrell, b. Baily	13
Byes	5
Leg-byes	1
Wide balls	12
No balls	1
Total	252

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Winslow	180	96	3	4
Thomas	204	90	5	12
Baily	130	53	12	3

FIRST INNINGS.

DORIAN.

SECOND INNINGS.

Winston, b. Cupitt	13	b. Wister	1
S. B. Shoemaker, c. b. Brockie, b. Shipley	27	c. b. Mason, b. Wister	3
G. N. Winslow, b. Cupitt	0	b. Ratliff	12
B. V. Thomas, b. Morgan	5	c. b. Ratliff, b. Wister	10
W. Price, b. Cupitt	5	b. Shipley	0
A. M. Carey, b. Cupitt	3	b. Ratliff	13
E. Hartshorne, b. Cupitt	0	b. Wister	0
J. Coffin, run out	5	b. Shipley	7
W. Baily, b. Shipley	3	c. b. Mason, b. Wister	1
S. Rhodes, b. Cupitt	0	a. Worrell, b. Shipley	12
D. Corbit, not out	0	not out	0
Byes	2	Byes	1
Leg-byes	0	Leg-byes	12
Wide balls	1	Wide balls	12
Total	65	Total	44

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Cupitt	90	23	5	6
Shipley	36	25	0	12
Morgan	48	8	4	1

SECOND INNINGS.

Wister	66	13	5	5
Perot	12	3	0	0
Ratliff	24	10	1	2
Shipley	30	13	0	3

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Germantown	4	24	92	183	192	196	197	199	221	252
Dorian	29	29	38	43	48	50	57	64	65	65

SECOND INNINGS.

Dorian	16	17	17	20	27	32	32	33	35	44
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On the 24th, the day following, the Dorian played the Merion, at Ardmore, and were again badly defeated, the Merion winning by an innings and 2 runs. The batting of the Dorian was again very poor, Shoemaker, the second nine, being the only one that played well; he made 18 and 32 in very good style. For the Merion, J. B. Thayer, Jr., Dr. Morris, G. C. Thayer, C. E. Haines, and A. L. Baily made double figures. Thus ended a season the like of which the Dorian Cricket Club had never known; that it may never know another such is the fervent prayer of its members. Following is the score:

DORIAN.

T. N. Winslow, b. J. Thayer	5	b. Haines	18
S. B. Shoemaker, l. b. w. b. Morris	18	c. and b. Thayer	32
L. Winston, b. Morris	1	run out	4
B. V. Thomas, b. Morris	4	b. Thayer	0
A. M. Carey, l. b. w. b. J. Thayer	7	b. Morris	3
A. Craig, b. Thayer	0	c. J. Thayer, b. Haines	4
E. Hartshorne, b. Thayer	3	b. L. Haines	0
W. Price, b. Thayer	6	b. L. Haines	7
J. Coffin, b. Thayer	10	c. and b. Morris	12
W. Baily, b. Thayer	2	c. and b. Morris	12
S. Rhodes, not out	0	not out	0
Bye	1	Byes	4
Total	57	Total	79

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
J. B. Thayer, Jr.	94	20	4	7
G. S. Philler	36	11	2	0
Dr. C. Morris, Jr.	48	22	1	3

SECOND INNINGS.

J. B. Thayer, Jr.	72	34	3	2
Dr. C. Morris, Jr.	48	8	4	3
F. L. Baily	24	8	0	0
L. Haines	72	22	1	4

MERION.

FIRST INNINGS.

Dr. C. Morris, Jr., c. Shoemaker, b. Winslow	21
G. C. Thayer, Jr., c. Winslow, b. Craig	19
A. L. Baily, c. Price, b. Winslow	11
J. B. Thayer, Jr., c. Baily, b. Craig	57
F. L. Baily, c. Carey, b. Winslow	5
R. W. Clay, c. Price, b. Winslow	1
C. E. Haines, b. Craig	16
W. Stroud, b. Craig	1
G. Ashbridge, b. Thomas	0
G. S. Philler, not out	4
L. Haines, b. Craig	0
Total	125

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Winslow	132	53	7	4
Thomas	102	46	12	1
Craig	51	24	12	5
Baily	30	13	0	0

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Dorian	15	22	28	29	30	38	45	48	52	57
Merion	38	40	60	91	94	122	131	131	133	135

SECOND INNINGS.

Dorian	7	24	26	42	49	49	67	70	76	76
--------	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----

On the 23d of June, the second eleven played the second eleven of the Chestnut Hill Cricket Club. This was a rather close game, the Chestnut Hills winning by only 18 runs. In the first innings the Chestnut Hill did much better than the Dorian, as their score of 66 was nearly double the score of the Dorian. Too much praise cannot be given to C. H. Whitney for his score of 24 in the first innings of the Dorian, which was nearly three-quarters of the total made in that innings. In the second innings the Dorian did better, owing to the batting of C. H. Whitney, G. H. Evans and Randolph. Following is the score:

CHESTNUT HILL SECOND.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
H. Norris, b. Randolph	0	not out	5
J. Cowperthwaite, b. Craig	13	b. L. Whitney	4
L. Page, c. L. Whitney, b. Randolph	4	c. Evans, b. Whitney	1
C. Cowperthwaite, b. L. Whitney	18	c. Chase, b. Whitney	0
W. Norris, b. Craig	0	b. L. Whitney	6
G. Patterson, b. Craig	4	c. Craig, b. Whitney	0
R. Hart, b. L. Whitney	0	b. Craig	4
C. R. Hart, run out	0	b. Whitney	0
F. Ralston, not out	5	b. Craig	17
R. Norris, c. Briggs, b. Whitney	0	not in	0
T. Wharton, b. Craig	17	b. Craig	16
Extras	5	extras	5
Total	66	Total	58

DORIAN SECOND.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
A. Craig, b. G. Patterson	0	b. G. Patterson	4
C. H. Whitney, c. J. Cowperthwaite, b. G. Patterson	24	c. c. b. J. Cowperthwaite	14
C. Randolph, b. G. Patterson	0	c. C. Cowperthwaite, b. Patterson	10
T. H. Chase, b. G. Patterson	3	b. J. Cowperthwaite	2
R. R. Dunn, l. b. w. G. Patterson	1	l. b. w. G. Patterson	7
G. H. Evans, c. J. Cowperthwaite, b. G. Patterson	3	run out	19
L. B. Whitney, c. J. Cowperthwaite, b. G. Patterson	1	b. C. Cowperthwaite	0
F. Stuart, b. C. Cowperthwaite	0	not out	2
T. K. Worthington, b. C. Cowperthwaite	1	c. R. Hart, b. Patterson	0
W. C. Jay, b. G. Patterson	0	c. J. Cowperthwaite, b. Patterson	2
F. Briggs, not out	0	b. G. Patterson	0
Extras	1	extras	12
Total	34	Total	72

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When the "Soph" comes back to college,
Full of life and joy and glee,
Thinking that of lore or knowledge,
None on earth has more than he,
When he sees the verdant Freshmen,
Of much brassy cheek possessed,
Then he cries, 'O Alma Mater,
Thou by me shalt e'er be blest!'

When into the gov'nor's office
All the Freshman have been called,
And come forth with phiz dejected,
Like a dog that has been mauled,
Then the Soph his ire raiseth,
And excited crieth he,
"Give me slavery! give me bondage!
But, false college, none of thee!"

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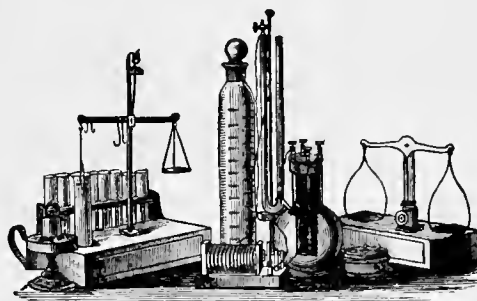
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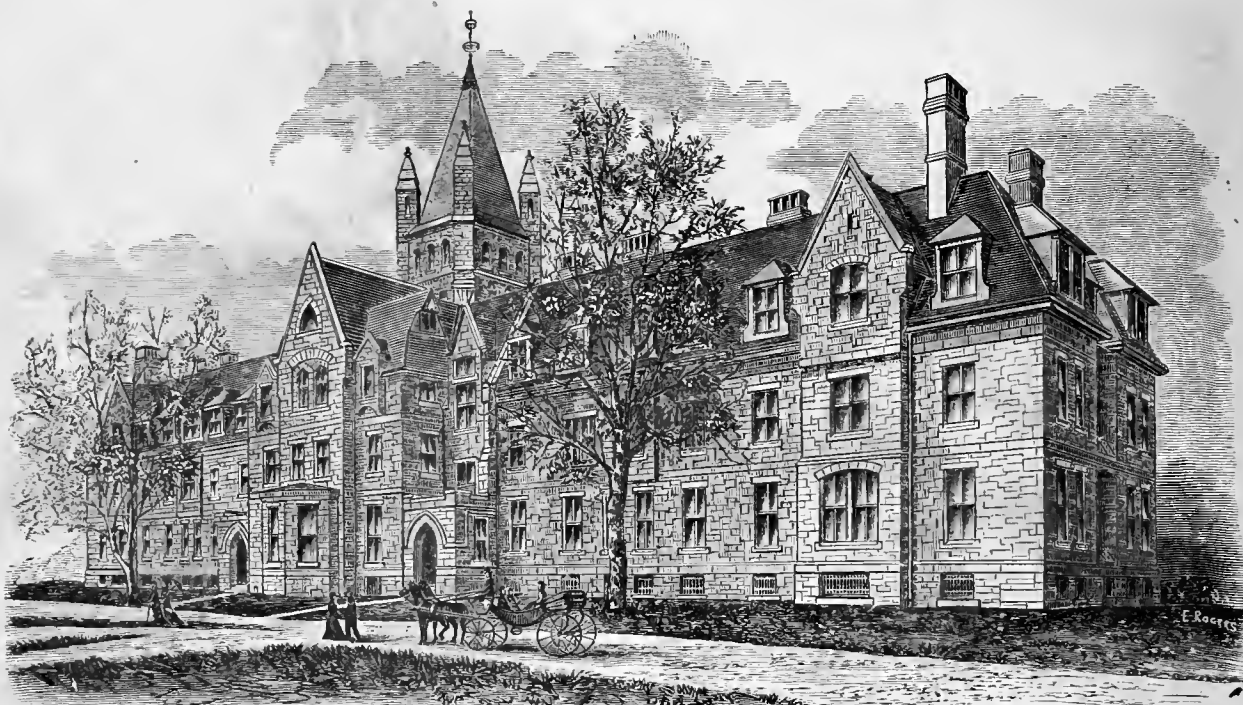
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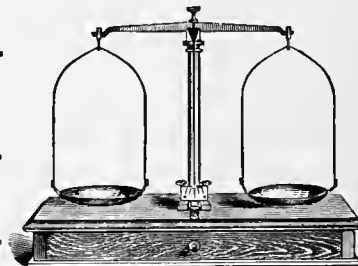
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Enshrouded by darkness, surrounded by gloom;
But his spirit remains, and the name which he won
Still lives and shall live till earth's course is run.
Let history write in letters of gold
The name of a hero so upright and bold;
Wave o'er him the flag he loved to exalt,
Wave o'er him the banner for which he fought.

Covered with glory bright,
Blazoned in fadeless light,
Famous for truth and right,
Long shall he be.
Him shall a nation praise,
Through many future days,
For him their voices raise,
Garfield for thee!

Thy mission now is o'er,
Thy voice shall nevermore,
As oft, in days of yore,
Guide our great land.
Type of a freeman brave,
Fought thou thy land to save,
All danger didst thou brave,
With thy strong hand.

Rest on in slumber deep,
While a whole nation weep,
And stars their watches keep
O'er thee our Chief.
Long shall thy life so grand,
Coupled with Lincoln's stand,
An honor to thy land,
Now wrap in grief.

C. R. J.

We would politely and earnestly call attention to an immediate and imperative want. It is that a light be so placed as to reflect its rays upon the south steps of Founders' Hall. No better place than the tree close by suggests itself to us. It is hard when oil is cheap, and help abundant, to be forced every evening to pass from the glare of the gaslight in our dining-hall out into the blackness of darkness, that is so tangible as to be *felt*. He is no "judge," who thinks otherwise. The united voice of an aggrieved community calls for "more light."

The *New York Independent* says that "a good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of college life than a library of by-laws and an army of faculty spies." All, we presume, will assent to the justice of the remark. Whether the influence be thus beneficent, however, depends upon this condition that the paper be *good*; that a paper be good we admit depends largely upon those who have it immediately in charge, but ultimately upon the support it receives from the college at large. That *The Haverfordian* may become such a factor in moulding the moral and gentlemanly tone of Haverford, we bespeak the hearty co-operation and support of every man in college.

It seems to us that the practice of having the classes in the Greek Testament and scripture on 5th Day (Thursday) morning, though perhaps a good one, might possibly be dispensed with. We suppose, however, that the object is to give the students something to think about during the meeting hour on that day. We see no objection, however, to changing these classes to 2d Day (Monday) morning, and we do see some advantages that would accrue from such a change. At present the lessons on 2d Day morning are as hard as any during the week, and many students consider this a sufficient excuse for studying on 1st Day evening. Now, we see no objection to substituting our Greek Testament and scripture classes for those now coming at the first hour on 2d Day morning, thus giving students who use the sabbath for study something in accordance with the purposes of the day, of which to think.

The last issue of *The Haverfordian* should, to many of its subscribers, bear on its face a sufficient apology for its tardy appearance. It is the intent of the Editors and Managers of the paper to put out the succeeding numbers promptly at the beginning of each month. Should there be a departure from this, our patrons, we trust, may be able to make good their loss by the additional matter of common interest they find in its columns. It was in this assurance we felt warranted in allowing our last issue to be withheld as long as seemed necessary to complete the arrangements for reporting in full the "Memorial Meeting" of 9 mo. 26.

We are pleased to know that in the minds of some best able to judge of the probabilities in the matter, there is some likelihood, though perhaps remote, of Haverford, at no very distant date, becoming, with Bryn Mawr College, the nucleus of a Friends' university. We understand that when the new college at Bryn Mawr is completed, the two institutions will be put largely under the management of the same Faculty, and possibly under the control of the same President, thus being moulded, in their primary organization, on the university plan. Then let the courses of post-graduate studies already begun at Haverford be extended and better provided for, and other courses of undergraduate studies be added, and we see no reason why a Quaker university constructed on this basis might not do as good work as any in the land.

"*Has inter silvas academi querite verum.*" This motto, which is placed so conspicuously in the collection-room, is one which would do each of us much good to take to heart. Are we all seeking truth as we should? Are we deriving the full benefit in this respect from our recitations, and the intellectual influence of our Alma Mater? If not, we should see to it that in the future we are doing so. Let us strive after truth in all its fullness,—truth in religion, truth in science, truth in politics.

Do not think that it is sufficient if you study your lessons well enough to recite them creditably; far from it. The reciting is merely a secondary consideration. It is the acquiring of knowledge,—of truth, which will be of use to you all through your lives, that is of all importance. We come to college not for the sake of reciting, but for the purpose of preparing ourselves for our life work; and we need all the preparation we can get.

If some of you think, as we have heard students say they do, that the intellectual influence exerted by Haverford is not what it should be, that is no reason why you

should sit with your hands folded and murmur at this deficiency; but it should only urge you the more to be up and doing so as to increase this influence. The tone of a college depends almost entirely upon its students. If they are earnest in their studying, the intellectual atmosphere of the college will be so much improved. But if they are not so, but are satisfied either with merely getting through the examinations, or with merely good marks, this must react upon the college and lower its tone.

We regret that the marking system used by the Faculty tends to strengthen the idea that good marks are the main object of study; but this idea will be seen by a little thought to be erroneous. In fact, the man that leads his class frequently (we were about to write generally) has not derived as much benefit from his labors as have one or two others in the class.

Therefore, fellow-students, do not let it be your aim merely to stand high in your class, but rather bend all your energies in seeking after knowledge and truth, and you will not only benefit yourselves, but will improve that influence of the college at which you grumble.

It will be a satisfaction to alumni and friends of the college to know that on our return this year we found the long-anticipated improvements at our meeting-house well toward completion. A porch has been built the entire length of the house, the outside wood-work painted, and the whole building has put on a new color. Going within, we find the partition removed, so that we now assemble in one large room. There are other minor changes, which add much to the comfort and appearance. But we are sorry to have to note one fact, and that is, the old benches are retained. How long they are to remain, or whether for all time, we cannot say; but we are willing to assert, and stand by our assertion until convinced otherwise, that of all the merely superficial and material agencies for promoting the moral and spiritual elevation of Haverford students (in whose interests we are now writing), few would have a more telling effect than the removal of the carved (pardon!) time-defaced and uncomfortable seats, which we now occupy, and their replacement by others of more recent design, and necessarily better suited to the purpose for which they were planned. We do not wish to be thought finding fault, and we assure every one interested in the work already done, that none are more anxious than we to show their appreciation of the same. But human nature still lives, and its inherited propensities for cropping out in the most unsuitable places, and under the most diverse forms, are facts patent to the mind of the student of

to-day, not only from his own experience, but quite as much from the historic tablets that confront his eyes in the very place in which he is called upon to devote his time to worship.

Now, this ought not to be. We have faith, and we are not alone in this, that if our place of worship were made in these respects above reproach, it would remain so. Without any reflection upon those who have gone before us, and without claiming for ourselves any special merit, we can say, that the natural tendencies of society have brought about changes which warrant us, we think, in our belief. Yet, without these considerations, there are other apparent reasons why it is most desirable that our meeting-house be reseatd.

The hazing question is an exceedingly knotty problem. On the one side it is urged that students have no right to impress upon new comers at college the fact that they are a scale lower in the social grade, and the possessors of fewer inalienable rights, than other people, simply because they had the misfortune to enter college a year later than their more advanced superiors, or perhaps to be born a year later than their brother "Soph." This certainly, to one taking a broad, unprejudiced view of the matter, seems like sound reasoning.

Again it may be urged, and it seems to us with propriety, that gentlemanly considerations would lead to the abandonment of this practice, which sometimes results in such ungentlemanly, not to say criminal, actions; that a simple respect for good manners would induce the student who has learned to feel at home in his college, and to love it, to treat with all kindness and consideration him who feels keenly that he is surrounded by strange circumstances and unaccustomed influences. Such is the apparently sound logic of those not personally interested in the matter, as well as of those interested in the unlucky Freshman. But what says the "Soph"? At Haverford the "Soph" says, "Here we are located in a place which, though pleasant, affords us little amusement to break the monotony of ever-recurring study and recitation hours; hence what harm in an occasional cane rush? Custom, moreover, and the time-honored practices of past generations, is on our side; then why should we be denied a little sport?" Then he urges that the good of the Freshman demands it. He is green, he's been tied too long at his mother's apron-strings, and a little rough usage will take the milk-sop out of him, and make him self-reliant and manly. However illogical this reasoning may appear to a Whately or to a Freshman, it is all-powerful with the "Soph," as all who have ever been "Sophs" know. We should like, however, to

see hazing banished to such a degree that no unmanly act should ever be committed by a "Soph" on any occasion, however much banishment that degree may signify; but it seems to us that the way to do it is to enlighten the "Sophs" logic and conscience rather than by any means that would seem to recognize the justice of the Sophomore's claim and doom the Freshman to his fate.

We understand that the class of '84 at Syracuse University have instituted a reform at that institution. Instead of the customary hazing, the Freshmen were invited to an entertainment, and, after some time spent in social conversation, refreshments were served, toasts responded to, and all expressed themselves as having enjoyed a pleasant evening. This is the proper and, we believe, the only sure way of eradicating the evil, namely, by inducing Sophomores to such gentlemanly conduct as that practiced at Syracuse. Would that more "Sophs" would subvert their hazing propensities!

INTEGER VITÆ.

(Sung at Cleveland, Sept. 26, 1881.)

The almost inspired opening of this Horatian ode seems to be a continued contradiction to the conclusion. There seemed, too, to be a contradiction in singing this exultant song of security at the funeral of one whose purity of life was all too feeble a shield against the poisoned arrow; and your contributor will therefore, perhaps, meet with indulgence in his attempt to outline and answer these objections in Sapphics,—the stanzas so beautiful and graceful in the original, yet so unfriendly to our mother-tongue.

"Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget mauris jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fuze pharetra."

Say his people murmuring midst the roses,
Filling streets and heap'd on the railways: "Surely
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Living and dying."

But from grief unbounded and human longing
Springeth question querulous. Hath departed
Justice, guard of innocence walking safely,
Aye unattended?

Could a Roman boast of sure protection
Which to-day from goodness and truth has vanished?
Reverence dwell in beasts of the wood, and only
Man be a spoiler?

Great the answer cometh in swelling anthems,
"God is God alike of the dead and living:
In his gracious hands is a safety, dream'd of
Ne'er by the Roman."

Place the good man thick in the whirl of warring
Words and lust of office that oft seduceeth,
Or on bed of pain, or in Death's enfolding—
God is his reward.

Cometh answer also subdued and sweeter,
Fraught with holy lessons of pure affection—
"Dulce ridetem Lalagen amabo"
Gaineth new meaning.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF MILTON ILLUSTRATED BY
HIS PROSE WORKS.

The period of Milton's political activity should be regarded as a separate story in his life. It is indeed a period which fills twenty years, and those the most vigorous of his manhood, from his thirty-second to his fifty-second year. He was himself conscious of the sacrifice he was making, and apologizes to the public for thus defrauding them of the better work which he stood pledged to execute,—referring to the dedication of his life to poetry. But, as he puts it, there was no choice for him. He could not help himself at this critical juncture, "when the Church of God was at the feet of her insulting enemies;" he would never have ceased to reproach himself, if he had refused to employ the fruits of his studies in her behalf. Although he is drawn into the strife against his will and in defiance of his genius, when he enters he throws into it the whole vehemence of his nature. However his ambition may have led him to aspire after an "epic crown," his zeal for what he calls the Church was an equal passion, nay, had in his judgment a paramount claim upon him. His cause is the cause of God, and the sword of the Independent is the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. So of his pamphlets it must be said that in them he was not fencing for pastime, but fighting for all he held most worthy. He had to think only of making blows tell. His rage, even when most delirious, is always a Miltonic rage; it is grand, sublime, terrible. Mingled with the scurrilities of the theological brawl are passages of the noblest English ever written. In the cause of the church he sided with the Puritans; in that of his country, with the Republicans. But the sentiment which dominated his whole being and which is the inspiration alike of his poetry and prose, is "love of liberty." It was an inspiration at once real and vague, after a new order of things, an order in which the old injustices and oppressions should cease. Its aim was to realize in political institutions that great instauration of which Bacon dreamed in the world of intelligence. Milton embodied more perfectly than any of his cotemporaries this spirit of the age. It is his ardent aspiration after the pure and noble in life that stamps every line he wrote, prose as well as verse, with a dignity as of an heroic age. I have said that in politics he sided with the republicans, yet he was not the slave of a name. He cared not for the word Republic, so as it was well with the Commonwealth. Parliaments or single rulers he knew were but a means to an end. It is true that many of Milton's pamphlets are party pleadings, one-sided, personal. But through them all runs the one redeeming characteristic, that they are all written in defense of liberty. He defended religious liberty against

the prelacy; civil liberty against the power of the crown; the liberty of the press against the executive; liberty of conscience against the Presbyterians, and domestic liberty against the tyranny of the canon law. Indeed, his pamphlets might have been stamped with the motto which Selden inscribed in all his books: "Liberty before everything." To enter upon a detailed criticism of his multitudinous prose works is not within the province of this brief summary. The whole number of his political pamphlets are twenty-five. Of these twenty-one are written in English and four in Latin. In addition to the above we find a like number written on a variety of topics, religious, civil and literary. One of these last, entitled, "Tractate on Education," is probably, with the exception of the "Areopogitica," the most widely known of all his prose works, and retains a place as one of our classics. The fine definition of "education" given therein has never been improved upon: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." And in the same work is an equally fine definition of the true end of learning: "To repair the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God aright." Here we have the theological Milton, and what he took on from the current thought of his age. The *Areopogitica* was a speech before the Parliament of England for the liberty of unlicensed printing. This speech is in his own best style,—a copious flood of majestic eloquence, the outpouring of a noble soul with a divine scorn of narrow dogma and paltry aims. But it is a mere pamphlet, prepared in at most a month or two, without special preparation or research, with no attempt to ascertain general principles, and more than Milton's usual disregard of method. It contains many striking passages. The one in which he mentions his visit to Galileo, "grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition," is often quoted, and the terse dictum, "As good almost kill a man as a good book," has passed into a current axiom.

But now a new field opens, our literary champion is called to the Secretaryship of the new republic. There was perhaps no other man in England more deserving than he, and certainly none more competent to transact the business of that office; the duties were chiefly the translation of dispatches from and to foreign governments. But Milton's aptitude for business of a literary character soon drew on him a great variety of employment. He must often serve as interpreter at audiences of foreign envoys. He must superintend the semi-official organ, *The Mercurius Politicus*. He must answer the manifests of the Presbyterians of Ireland. So well satisfied were the council with their secretary's performance of these

labors, especially that of his observations on the peace of Kilkenny, that they next imposed upon him a far more important work, a reply to the "Eikon Basiliki,"—The Image of the King,—a work designed to excite commiseration for the sufferings of Charles I. Milton's ready pen completed the reply to this work in a few months,—a quarto volume of 242 pages. He called it the "Eikonoklastes,"—The Image Breaker. By order of the council he appeared as the antagonist of the learned Salmasius, in reply to whom he wrote his celebrated "Defence of the English People." How devoted and self-sacrificing the great poet was in all these labors, we may learn by what it cost him, and that, too, in his own words. "The choice lay before me," he writes in his second defense, "between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight; in such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary." The sacrifice of time and precious eyesight which he made was costly, but it was not pure waste. He had spent many studious and contemplative years in search of knowledge, and yet he needed to become more versed in men before his education could be said to be perfected and he thoroughly fitted for the preparation of that great work which was to immortalize his name and stand as a pillar to our language. Still even now, amid the halo that surrounds the poet, we do not lose sight of the patriot and statesman.

BOTANIZING.

It is a prevalent idea among those not personally acquainted with lovers of science, nor especially interested in their studies, that the typical student of nature is a being on whom the beauties of the world around have little or no influence. He is looked upon as one whose highest pleasure consists in finding something new, how ugly soever it may be, or in tearing to pieces something not new, let it be as beautiful as it may. But, so it is thought, the aesthetic side of his nature, as far as objects in their natural beauty of color and arrangement influence it, is of a most sluggish character. There may be some little foundation for these ideas in the mental peculiarities of some individuals. I have known a professor of chemistry who was absolutely incapable of appreciating a landscape or a flower; but who went into raptures over certain precipitates of ferrous ferricyanide in a test tube, and whose coat-tails stood out horizontally as he pranced around the laboratory dilating on the beauty of the reaction going on, with many allusions to Cy and Fe and Prussian blue and bivalents and radicals. Such peculiarities as these are found, however, not alone among scientists. Neither are all scientists nor the major-

ity of them incapable of appreciating natural beauty just as it appears in our fields and forests. What I want to insist upon is that the study of animals, minerals or plants, though necessitating much destruction of beautiful forms of matter organized or unorganized, does not necessarily beget a callousness to beauty and harmony. It is by dissection and internal examination of flowers that the botanist finds harmony and beauty not otherwise found. He, by destroying his *rose* or his *orchid* as far as mere outward beauty is concerned, learns the purposes of the various organs, and thus is led to see in the mechanism of a flower evidences of an intelligence that is like, and yet not like, his own—like, in that he may partly perceive its purposes; unlike, in that it transcends his own as far as the ceaseless roar of the ocean on its rocky coast transcends the feeble and periodic chirp of the cricket as he sings in the orchard grass. To the student of plant life, especially, are the correlations and the interactions of nature revealed in a way that is sometimes startling and always full of pleasure. As a recreation the study of botany holds out many inducements to the collegian or the school-boy whose mind is weary and whose head aches with the load of intellectual food that he has been imbibing, and that needs a little time in which to be digested. An afternoon ramble of two or three hours over hills and through woods combines with that equally distributed exercise of walking, the pleasure of breathing free air, the delights of the ear and eye in song of birds and rustle of leaves, and in landscape and flowering plant. In order to study botany, one must have plants; and in order to procure plants, one must ramble. Long trips are not absolutely necessary. On all sides of Haverford College, within a radius of five miles, are many spots that to the collector of plants are full of interest. One who is enthusiastic in the study feels well paid for the walk of five or six miles, if he discovers some rare fern or curious flower not before found by him. It is one thing to see dried specimens of rare species in an herbarium, and it is another and a different thing to find these same species growing naturally in some secluded spot where they have probably been growing every year since the present distribution of plants was completed. It requires but two or three years to become acquainted, botanically, with all or most of the common trees, flowers and ferns. After one becomes familiar with them, together with some that are not so common, he has a new source of pleasure in finding certain ones under various unlooked-for circumstances. After he knows the name of a plant, he is then ready to study its parts, if haply he may be able to read some lessons as to their purposes in the great scheme of nature. The

distribution of seeds, fertilization by various means, movements of climbing plants, and a hundred and one other things, come in for a share of his attention. It is seldom, moreover, that one comes home from a summer ramble without bringing with him something in the plant line, either positively rare or at least uncommon. Rare plants are those that are only found in small, widely separated areas; in other words, they are local plants. Many or at least several of our ferns are of this kind. The limestone rocks of the Chester Valley, a few miles to the north of Haverford College, are the abiding-places of two really rare ferns. One of them is, I think, not known elsewhere nearer than Virginia or the mountains of the most southern portion of Pennsylvania. Last summer I had the good fortune to find both of these plants. I hunted probably two hours on a tract of about two acres before I was successful. Every square foot was gone over carefully, and it was near nightfall when, stooping down to examine a crack in the limestone rocks that were plentiful there, I found five plants, one of these a small but curious fern. The largest found was not more than three inches high. Nuttall, while botanizing along the Schuylkill River, found a small fern that was new to science. He named it, and since that time it has been found elsewhere only among the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. Last summer I visited the locality on the Wissahickon where those picturesque rocks jut out from the sides of the beautiful gorge through which the stream flows, and found a specimen of this fern underneath an overhanging ledge of gneiss. One plant was all there was to be found at that place. Half a day spent in exploring the rocks along the Schuylkill from Philadelphia to the mouth of Mill Creek, failed to discover another specimen. The plant appears to be disappearing rapidly. But it is not the very rare plants alone that one rejoices in finding. Those that can scarcely be called rare, and yet have their own peculiar spots where they live and grow, are often of great interest on account of their curious forms. The surroundings of many of them help to lend a charm to their search. Curious out-of-the-way places almost always are fruitful in the botanical line. Those curious weather-beaten and moss-covered serpentine rocks situated about one mile northeast of Bryn Mawr have a flora of their own. On the north side of the largest of these broken and disordered masses one finds the curious "walking fern" in great perfection. This plant is curious in more respects than one. Its general appearance would not lead a casual observer to call it a fern at all. From each root, deeply imbedded in soft, damp moss, there spring up six or eight fronds,—or "leaves," as they are

popularly called,—each of which has a stipe or stem of two inches in length, and a tapering point that sometimes attains a length of six or eight inches. This point or prolongation is very narrow, and at the extremity it turns over and pushes itself into the moss and takes root; and so from this rooting a new plant is formed. Thus the fern "walks." Mingled with this are other beautiful ferns, too many for description here. On top of the rocks grows a curious little *lycopodium*, one of those remnants of the coal period. Beside the rocks we find the sweet-scented *Viola pedata*, the most beautiful of our native violets. The red and yellow of the wild columbine blossom here mingles pleasingly with the fine green of beautifully cut leaves. Two kinds of cedar are found here, and with them the butternut, and over the branches of the latter one may see, in the month of June, numerous clusters of the beautiful waxy flowers of the "climbing staff-tree." These are a few of the more interesting plants revealed by a cursory examination of the spot. Other plants there are of like productiveness not much farther off than this.

It was toward the latter part of May, in the year 1880, that I, with a companion, entered a wood not two miles from Founders' Hall, and was delighted, as was the other student who accompanied me, to find several fine specimens of the "great purple lady's slipper." The plant is of an unusual shape, and the flower possesses unusual beauty. Two leaves spring out of the ground, each one of which is about eight inches long, and is shaped somewhat like a canoe, with the keel convex instead of concave on the upper side. From between these leaves arises a flower stem, which, at the height of one foot, bears a single large purple flower, about two inches long by one inch wide. The flower or lip is somewhat the shape of the body of a huge spider. At the base of the lip are some spreading dark green sepals that represent the legs of the spider very well. Down the front of the purple inflated lip of the flower is a long slit with the edges folded inward. This slit is of the proper shape and size to let a small bee in; but once in, he cannot get out the same way. Inside, as he passes up toward the top, he scrapes his back against the stigma, and begins to eat a sweet gummy substance that is found on the tips of some hairs that grow there. Near the top of the flower, and on each side, is a hole through which the insects can crawl out. But in pressing his way out he scrapes the top of his head and his thorax against the anthers that are placed like valves at this exit. The sticky pollen is scraped off, and as our bee enters another flower of the same kind, the pollen is scraped off on the stigma, and so the plant is fertilized, not with its own pollen, but with the pollen of another individual. The

arrangement is very remarkable. It is utterly impossible for the bee to fertilize the flower with its own pollen, unless, after coming out of the flower, he immediately goes around to the front and enters the same one again; and this no sensible and well-informed insect would do, after having sucked up all the nourishment to be found in the flower. Thus these flowers are fitted to take advantage of the insect's powers of flight; and thus the perpetuation of the species is secured by an arrangement in which beauty and utility are combined. The world of plants is full of just such contrivances. One who is not laboring under some form of mental derangement cannot fail to see in these things the designing power of a great Intelligence. Let the evolutionist prove, as many think has been already proved, that matter has assumed by means of fixed laws all the forms in which we see it; let him prove that this very contrivance of which we are speaking is the resultant of innumerable variations and survivals of the fittest; let him prove that there resides in matter the promise and potency of every form of life; and, if he prove it, we will accept it all: but do not let him attempt to prove the absence of design; do not let him attempt to prove the absence of a law-giver; do not let him attempt to prove that there is no Intelligence in the universe that *sees the end from the beginning*, and that has given to matter this promise and potency of every form of life, one that holds laws of evolution in his own control. Do not let any one attempt to prove this; or, let him attempt it if he will, but rest assured meantime that he will never succeed. Science, as such, is conversant about method only, and she alone can never offer any proofs of the existence or non-existence of the deity that will be conclusive. But to one that believes already, the facts of science are comforting and full of a high meaning. As in this case of an arrangement for cross-fertilization by means of insects, many facts point in a direction not to be mistaken by one who is candid with himself. Many facts did, I say? Yes, *all* the facts of nature,—and they are numberless.

These are some of the thoughts, erratic perhaps, but at the same time fraught with meaning, that float through one's mind as he walks among the flowers. "Consider the lilies." How many truths and how much comfort are derived from following this injunction! They are worthy of study, those lilies! Their homes are under the pure and open sky, and in the cool shades where the weary student forgets his headache; and they answer to him that questions them things that he does not forget,—things that he understands though they be spoken in the language of flowers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONGWOOD, MO., 10th mo. 6th, 1881.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

If it is in order, I should like to make acknowledgments through the columns of *The Haverfordian* to the kindness of some one in sending me a copy of "Abstracts of the Proceedings of the Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Haverford Alumni Association," also two copies of the *Student*.

Yours truly,

J. L. LYNCH.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

Your statement in last issue that the discovery of the bright comet of this year by L. T. Edwards was wholly the result of chance, it seems to me, needs modification. It was the same kind of a chance—though, of course, the cases are not exactly similar—which led to the discovery of Uranus by Herschel, and of the satellites of Mars by Professor Hall. In all cases, trained observers, interested in the subject, and on the lookout for something new in the heavens, turned their eyes or telescopes in the right direction at the right time. Such "accidents" do not often befall men who are careless of astronomical matters.

Respectfully,

ISAAC SHARPLESS.

EDITORS OF HAVERFORDIAN.

GENTLEMEN:—The principles governing the powers that be in their judgments upon such books as are from time to time proposed for our society libraries, lie veiled in the deepest mystery. We find the *complete* works of Byron and Swift upon our shelves, yet the comparatively harmless works of Edgar A. Poe are refused admittance. The senseless vaporings of "Max Adeler" and a vulgar book called "Roughing It" are approved by our far-seeing Faculty, while *sensible* fiction like Dickens' or Scott's is vetoed emphatically. The "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe" are thought to furnish suitable mental recreation for grown-up college students; and doubtless with the impression that our minds would be unbalanced by *David Copperfield* or *Ivanhoe*. Oliver Optic's Sunday-school novels are tolerated, as are also such pleasing tales as "Following the Flag," "Before the Mast," and "The Fool's Errand," but *standard* fiction is just too awfully improper! O consistency, thou *art* a jewel! But our guardians have by some mysterious fatality set their seal of approval upon Hawthorne's novels,—which, by the way, are unhealthy and unnatural in tone, and therefore not so likely to exert a beneficial

influence as those of Dickens,—and a stray volume of Lord Lytton may also be found within the sacred walls of our library, to say nothing about Uncle Tom's Cabin, Tom Brown's School Days, *et cetera*. Where, oh! where, we ask, are the magic boundaries between the good and the bad? And there is another strange fact. The bound volumes of "Harper's" and "Scribner's" contain several first-class works, such as "Bleak House" and "The Woman in White" (the uninitiated will take note). Now the wonder is that these pernicious volumes in question are not promptly removed. The fact that they are necessary to complete sets, and that they contain other matter, should have no weight with any well-regulated Faculty, if these awful stories are so corrupting to our youthful minds. Now, let no one mistake us; we are not arguing for fiction in itself,—oh, no! that would be too shockingly horrid for anything,—but we do say, let us have consistency in the management of our libraries.

Yours truly,

RUSTICUS.

P. S.—No one is responsible for the above. "It whistled itself."

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Both in looking over our exchanges, and in participating in our society work, we are impressed with the futility of all criticism. We say the futility, because so many of us attempt to pass judgment upon that of which we are in no degree qualified to judge. An ambitious Freshman, or an aspiring Sophomore, ascends the rostrum and gives a declamation or delivers an oration. Some Junior or Senior sits in judgment on the meeting, and while, perhaps, he could not do half as well himself as our Fresh or Soph, he thinks his duty is not rightly performed unless he writes a scathing criticism, and one that will raise the ire of the poor wretch, who, for the time being, lies at his mercy, whether his remarks contain any justice or not.

Much of the unfair criticism extant arises from the fact that all men see the world through the spectacles of their own inclinations or employments. The farmer judges a country by the fertility of its soil, and an artist by the beauty of its scenery, and some one else by whatever his own particular pursuit may have led him to consider as most important.

Nowhere is this principle better exemplified than in college journalism. A corps of editors select for publication what they think most fitting for their readers, and most advantageous to the interests of the college. Their paper goes through the hands of three or four scores of contemporaries, and each forms his opinion in accordance

with his preconceived notion of what a college journal should be. One thinks a college journal should be given to locals and jokes; another thinks that it should be filled with something of more than local interest; while another has a taste for deep literary productions, and thinks a college paper should be run on that line. All these, and as many more, write bitter criticisms on the paper, till the distracted editors think they can sympathize with a certain man who, so goes the fable, tried to please everybody, pleased nobody, and, besides, lost his ass.

The *College Olio* is responsible for having suggested the above reflections by its remark that our literary department was a "trifle heavy." We cordially thank the *Olio* for the suggestion, and, so far as we deem the criticism just, hope to profit by it.

Realizing the difficulties of just criticism, we beg our contemporaries to bear with us if, in common with the rest of the world, we occasionally speak of that concerning which our knowledge is limited.

From the far-off coast of the Pacific, the *Berkeleyan* to *The Haverfordian* sendeth greeting. It gives us pleasure to welcome the *Berkeleyan* to our Exchange table, and thank the institution of the college press for the means which enables college communities comparatively separated from the whole outer world to clasp hands across this mighty continent. If the *Berkeleyan* wishes to give a favorable impression to its contemporaries of the character of the literary pursuits of the University of California, we hope it will, in future numbers, manifest as much familiarity with more solid literature as it does, in the number before us, of works of fiction.

The *Philosophian Review* comes to us this month as a full-fledged monthly. The paper presents a very neat appearance, and ranks as to the quality of its printing among the best of college journals. The subjects treated of in the current issue are old and almost threadbare; yet the author of the article on "College Literary Societies" tells some truths which we would commend to the attention of all who have never given the subject careful thought.

We acknowledge the receipt of an address, "Elements of Success," delivered by James A. Garfield, before the Spencer's Bryant & Stratton Business College, of Washington, D. C., and presented to us by J. E. Soule, President of the Bryant & Stratton Business College, of Philadelphia, for which President Soule will please accept our thanks. The address is printed in pamphlet form, and presents a very neat appearance, as does all the work of the Times Printing House.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.

Amherst has a new college clock.—*Ex.*

Some one wrote over the grave of a dentist, "He is filling his last cavity."—*Hamilton Lit.*

Yale opens with a Freshman class of 153; Harvard with about 250; Amherst with 100; Williams with 80.—*Ex.*

It is probable that two or three performances of the *Edipus* will be given in December next.—*Harvard Advocate.*

Professor in Physics to W——: "Have you ever electrified a body by squeezing?" Mr. W—— blushes, and sits down.—*Ex.*

A "rat" says he believes Guiteau has emotionary insanity. We suppose he will Guiteau-ver it after the trial.—*College Olio.*

"The proceeds of the Greek play are to be devoted to the purchase of books for the Greek and Music Departments" at Harvard.—*Harvard Advocate.*

A student at Oxford University on being asked "Who was Esau?" replied, "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold his copyright for a mess of pot-ash."—*Ex.*

Schoolmistress—"What is the dative of donum? What? Next? Next? Next?"

Dunce—"Do' no."

Schoolmistress—"Correct; go to the head."—*Ex.*

Freshman and Senior: Senior—"Say, Fresh, what do you call such a moustache as mine?" Fresh—"I should say, Plug, it was a faithful moustache." Senior—"Why so, Freshie?" Fresh—"Because it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidenc of things not seen."—*Ex.*

Professor A. Calsy, D. C. L., LL. D., F. R. S., Sadlerian Professor of Pure Mathematics at Cambridge University, England, has accepted an invitation to take part in the mathematical instruction of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, during the coming year, and is expected in January.—*Hillsdale Herald.*

The new Professor of Chinese at Harvard has had a class of students during the past year,—one of them from this country, the other a native of the Flowery Kingdom. It is gratifying to our pride to see that the American student leads his Chinese rival eight points in his own language.—*The Berkeleyan.*

MARRIED.

WHITALL—BACON.—At Germantown, 10th mo. 20th, 1881, J. M. Whitall ('80) to Margaret H. Bacon.

LOCALS.

Where's the comet?

Gone with the water-cooler.

The college songs are vident.

Five Tennis creases in active operation.

Webster says the verb "speak" is to utter.

Why are guide-books like hand-cuffs?

Because they are made for tou-rists.

FIRST SENIOR.—Where was that hat built, Turtle?

SECOND SENIOR.—There is no bill about it, he paid down.

The foot-ball team in good trim. Some matches expected.

What is the difference between an extracted tooth and a thin coat on a cold day. One is too-thin, and the other is tooth-out.

Freshmen do have feelings of affection, for we actually know one who was very noticeably mashed on the cricket field the other day. Take timely warning.

The Bulletin Board has kindly ordered the Freshmen to desist from flying kites in front of Barclay Hall, as they will interfere with Crosman & Co.'s telegraph line.

Freshman looking over catalogue reads—"Seniors—Porter two h'rs a week." (In amazement.) "My parents did not know this. What! this not a temperance college!"

Professor Brun has started an "annex" in French. Much to the delight of the ladies of the neighborhood, he meets them once a week for a conversation class in French.

Little by little let them grow,
Till Soph and Freshman learn to know
The measure of a Junior—"Dō."

G. A. Barton and B. V. Thomas were absent several days attending the state convention of the Y. M. C. A., held at Easton, Pa. The change from one to two delegates to represent the college Y. M. C. A. is a wise measure, and should be observed in the future.

S. C. Parsons, Flushing, L. I., landscape gardener, visited the College on the 20th ult. We understand he is engaged in perfecting plans for the further improvement of our lawn. In his employ is Mr. Huss, a graduated landscape gardener from Switzerland, a lineal descendant of John Huss. This gentleman is now busy "staking" for prospective trees and shrubbery, and in having cut away some that are already growing. The object is to open out more extended vistas. The shrubbery, which promises to be very abundant, is to give variety to the nearer landscape, and to relieve by contrast the monotony that is noticeable in the extended sward plats around Barclay Hall.

There is an old chap down at Yale,
Who makes all our Seniors look pale;
His words are so vain, and his tricks are so flark,
That one might suppose Noah was just from the ark.

He talks of "consciousness," "egos," and "objectives,"
Occasionally for spice he throws in some "subjectives."
And always abounds in words so "infelicitous,"
That day after day he entirely gets away with us.

He often discourses on "presentative knowledge,"
On the "psychical states" of young men at college;
But could he for once on their ontology look,
He'd never again make a psychology book.

Yet it must be acknowledged that this old chap at Yale,
Is bringing a mighty reform in his trail:
For Seniors who've ne'er had a love for cold water,
Are only too glad to give up their Porter.

The meteoric display on the morning of the 19th ult. was successfully observed by Professor Sharpless, aided by his assistant and class in astronomy. Nearly two hundred meteors were seen and accurately mapped. There were times when four and five were counted in less than a minute, though the average fall was about one a minute. None brighter than second magnitude. The radiant point was just above the head of Orion.

A new telegraph line is in process of construction. It threatens to become a monopoly. Is managed by a company. The college holds a majority of shares of stock. The head office is in Founders' Hall, under the control of the Professor in Astronomy. One terminus is in the east room of the Observatory, another in the room on the second floor of Barclay Hall occupied by the assistant in astronomy; from here it is continued to the sanctum of our enterprising Business Manager, who originated the project. It is likely to become a great convenience, as our Observatory is so much resorted to now. We would be glad to see it extended to Haverford College Station, so that we might be in direct communication with the Observatory at Washington.

PERSONAL.

'53.—William B. Morgan will not teach this year. He has removed from Penn College to Kansas.

'58.—Ellis H. Yarnall has charge of the Department of Geography in the *American Naturalist*.

'67.—Charles H. Darlington edits a paper in Illinois.

'68.—Joseph H. Wills is a physician at the Orthopaedic Hospital, in Philadelphia.

'69.—Ludovic Estes is teaching in Spiceland Academy, Ind.

'69.—Henry Wood has gone to Hopkins University, as instructor in English.

'70.—D. F. Rose is practicing law in Chester.

'70.—Stuart Wood, Ph. D., saw Garfield shot.

'80.—J. L. Lynch is teaching at Fairplay Academy, Saline County, Mo.

'83.—H. L. Wilbur is at Amherst.

'83.—H. A. Starkey is farming in the Far West.

'84.—W. F. Peet hails from Yale.

The Marquis of Lorne has offered a gold and silver medal for competition by the third and second year students, respectively, of Toronto University. The prizes are for general and not for special proficiency.

The University College, Toronto, has declined to admit a young lady who has passed with credit the examinations in the University, on the assumption that it would lead to the subversion of the moral order and discipline of the institution.

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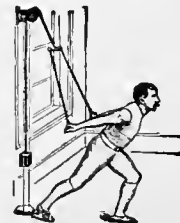
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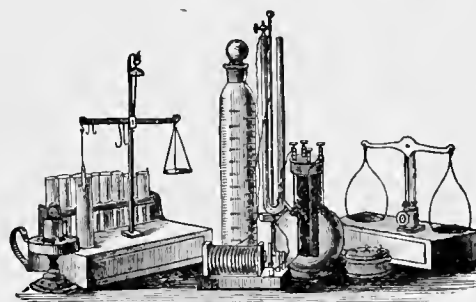
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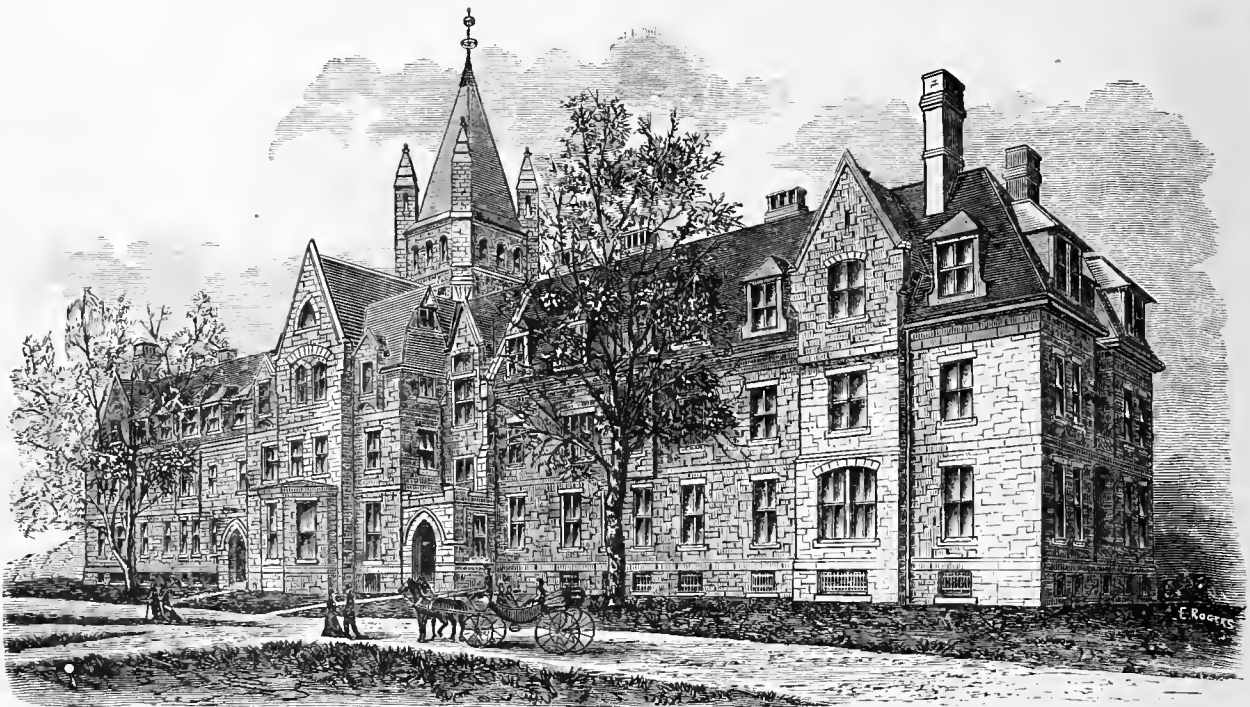
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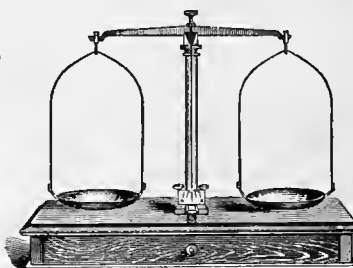
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 3.

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No. 3.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we shall now be enabled to mail, to any address, the "Student" and "Haverfordian," together, for \$1.50 per year.

Hereafter any manuscript for publication, in order to receive attention, must be accompanied with the name of the writer, to be published or withheld at the discretion of the editors.

Our Young Men's Christian Association seems to be doing good work, and will, we trust, continue to receive the hearty support of all the religiously inclined in college. The report of the delegates to the Easton convention shows that there are opening before the Association fields of usefulness both within and without the borders of Haverford, and that these fields may be occupied rightly and successfully let every man labor. We think the suggestion to legally incorporate the Association a good one, as it will, we believe, tend to insure its permanency.

It is with pleasure that we publish, this month, in another column, a letter from one of our Alumni. We would say to each of Haverford's old students, "Go thou and do likewise." In one respect, however, the letter we publish this month is infelicitous, and we would request any who may, in the future, honor us with like communications, to leave out of them anything tending to encourage literary society rivalry. That waxes hot enough

without using *The Haverfordian* as a bellows wherewith to increase the flame, and we should be sorry to believe that any literary society in college needs the stimulus either of public praise or of public sneers at its rival.

The prize-debate contest of the Logonian, although it would have been difficult to find a better time, occurred at an unfortunate period of the year,—unfortunate in that the new members of the society had not as yet worn off their timidity or developed their self-confidence enough to enter the contest. While we regret the fact, we do not mention it to find fault, because the time was the most propitious of any that could be found. Next term will be broken in upon by "privates" and "semi-annuals," and the Juniors will be all on tiptoe preparing for that much longed-for but much dreaded day; the Vice-President's day-dreams and night-watches will be haunted by the skeleton of his long address; and many, doubtless, will want to make preparation for the Alumni-prize contest. Thus the most favorable time in one point of view was selected, yet unfavorable in the fact mentioned.

The declamation contest, however, which is announced for the latter part of February, is as yet covered sufficiently by the veil of futurity to allow the meekest man time to develop all the self-confidence he needs, and we hope to see in that contest every class and every interest which the society embraces well represented.

The interest in foot-ball seems to be daily increasing, and we are glad of it; for it is a game which not only affords much enjoyment, but, what is of more importance, tends to strengthen and improve the physical frame of the player more than almost any other game. The Freshmen especially need to be congratulated on the way in which they have taken hold of this game; for, from the first, they have been most energetic in practicing it, and always have the largest delegation in the practice matches. This was the main cause of their success in the match with the Sophomores, some of whom had never played before. And, moreover, there is undoubtedly very good material in '85, which only needs proper

care and training to be most successful. We would encourage these class matches especially with a view to the organization of a college team next fall; for there is no reason why an eleven, selected from the material here, with much practice and gymnasium training, should not be able to compete with any of the college teams. We have every opportunity for such practice and training, and it would only require a little energy on the part of those interested in foot-ball, to make this move successful. Haverford has long held a first position in cricket, why should she not in foot-ball?

It has become the fashion of late to overlook our advantages, and to complain of this regulation and that arrangement until we become satisfied that our rights, as college men, have been trampled on, and that our college desires nothing but to hinder us in our pursuit of happiness. Let each student inclined to think thus stop and consider if this method of reasoning is logical or just. Because you have caught hold of the tail, don't shut your eyes to the rest and declare the elephant is a snake. We have continued proof that the Managers and Faculty are ever anxious to increase and improve our opportunities for advancement and enjoyment. We are sure no student can doubt this.

And the privileges Haverford students have in connection with the library are, it seems to us, the greatest of these proofs. No college that we have been able to discover is so fortunate in this respect. Our library is open at all times of every day when students are able to make use of it, and there is given free access to every book in the library excepting a few old editions of valuable works. We read, not long ago, an editorial in one of the college papers which was called forth by the increase of the library hours from one to two hours every day of the week, excepting Saturday and Sunday. The difference between this arrangement and the arrangement at Haverford, needs no comment.

This is but one of the many privileges which could be mentioned; and that being the case, we should not overlook these privileges, but should consider them fully, and endeavor to be loyal in thought, deed and word to our loving Alma Mater, who has inspired us with so many lofty thoughts and noble ambitions.

Ever since the days of the "first man," there have been things that were "of the earth, earthy." In modern times an impression has pervaded society, either that colleges were the especial receptacles of this earthiness in some of its most unadulterated conditions, or that college

students had had their tendencies in this direction heightened by influences from the regions of the Styx.

However much of falsehood there may be in any hypothesis that accounts for the phenomena of college life in this way, we are sorry to admit that a feeling exists in certain quarters which attributes even to Haverford students something of that unenviable character accounted for by the hypothesis already mentioned.

While we, and every one acquainted with the inner workings of our college, know that this impression is, in the main, groundless, every student knows that there has been, on the part of a few, a carelessness of conduct in public meetings for worship, and on the way to them, which has given color to such an impression and has hurt the college in more ways than one.

While it is confessed in one of the leading journals of the society that never were the prospects for the accomplishment of the purpose for which we come here better, we think it especially desirable that the conduct of a very few shall not practically give the lie to that which is in reality the truth.

We do not speak against fun, or cheerfulness, or jocoseness, or whatever you choose to call it, nor do we think it indicates the possession of a depraved nature, or of familiarity with disreputable spirits, to manifest a love for the ludicrous; all we ask is that proper occasions be selected for the manifestation of the same.

From various noises which float to us from the upper regions of Barclay Hall, we infer that the occasions we have mentioned are not the only scenes of manifested animalism to which our world is liable. However, expend all the exuberance of spirit, all the propensities you have for making day merry and night hideous, if you will; but let them be so expended within the limit of the campus, that when beyond its borders no one shall have the shadow of an excuse for doubting either your high character or that of your college.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS OF HAVERFORDIAN:

I wish to congratulate you on your first number of "Haverfordian." I not only looked over it, but read it with interest.

I want to say to the boys I know, "Go on!" I hear good things of you. I hear you are not only doing good work in cricket, but that you are attending prayer-meeting, and not only joining the Athenæum, but enrolling your names as members of the Y. M. C. A. This looks well. You have no idea of the good you are doing in all these institutions. Good cricketers and Athenæum

men and Y. M. C. A. fellows always did their part in Loganian. So I have no fears for that institution.

I wish you would tell us more about Y. M. C. A. work, in Haverfordian. Give some of the "scores" and "best averages." How do the Everetts enjoy their new hall? Do their "boys" like it better than White Hall? Are there any new designs on the front benches in the meeting-house, or have you got new seats? Is there any demand for pillows about 11.30 A. M. on 5th days?

When you write to the boys of '80 and '81 for a letter, tell them to write something worth reading, to make it short, and not to ask too many questions. If any trouble arises about "The Official Organ" this year, I suggest that you send telegram to Harvard.

Give my love to '81 when you write, and tell them I want to hear from them through you.

If prize essays for *Haverfordian* are crowding you too much to receive such correspondence, just say so, and there will be "no hard feelings."

You know my sentiments about this prize business. The first of the year is the best time to prepare for them, and the best way to prepare is to do your full duty in the societies all along. Those who expect to win by one great effort, will be disappointed. There ought to be no "dark horses." Get everybody to be an open candidate, and announce himself in every debate, in every essay, in every declamation. It's no disgrace to try. Every one knows you "don't expect to get it," that you are "only trying for improvement," or "just to make up the number." Your motives will be questioned, and you will be criticised anyhow, so you might as well be bold.

I ought to have said before,

Yours truly,

JOHN C. WINSTON.

INDIANAPOLIS, *November 2, '81.*

TO THE EDITORS OF HAVERFORDIAN:

I was sorry to see in your last issue, that some discontented spirit, who not inaptly styles himself "Rusticus," is so greatly dissatisfied with the management of our library as to express himself in such undignified terms, and in terms not a little disrespectful to the Faculty.

I hoped that some member of the Faculty would answer the above-mentioned letter, but I suppose they think the author of such an article of so little consequence that it would be of little advantage to them to notice his insane attack.

Lest any wrong impression should get abroad as to the care exercised in selecting books for our library, or as to the use the students make of those now on our shelves, I

wish to ask for a little space in which to put the matter in a proper light. From reading "Rusticus'" article, one gets the impression that the Faculty and Managers exercise their authority arbitrarily, to place some fiction upon our shelves, and to exclude from them other works, which, in the judgment of "Rusticus," are of a superior character.

Now, all well-informed students are aware that this is not the case, but that it is the aim of "the powers that be," to place within our reach a set of books best calculated to aid us in our pursuit of knowledge, in the formation of correct tastes and good character. How well they have succeeded, the existence of a library than which there is none better selected attests.

If "Rusticus" is a man of tender conscience, and that conscience cannot tolerate the fact that Hawthorne's works are allowed a place in our library, doubtless the same officers who take so much pains to make our life here pleasant, will remove said works, thus obviating the necessity of "offending a weak brother."

When "Rusticus" so sneeringly refers to the stories in the bound volumes of Harper's and Scribner's Magazine, he cast a grave imputation—we had almost said slander—upon the character of Haverford students.

Our Faculty and Managers have recognized the fact that these magazines contain articles upon current topics, scientific, literary and political, of more than passing interest, and that, in the investigation of some subjects, these magazines are indispensable as reference books.

It is possible that a few men like "Rusticus" read these bound volumes simply for the "good stories" that are in them; but we hope that the good sense of such students will not be so conspicuous by its absence as to force the managers of our library, from an impression that all their students read them simply for the "first-class works" to deprive essayists, debaters, and Juniors haunted by the ghost of an approaching oration, of the benefits of this source of information.

In conclusion, let me say that the letter of "Rusticus" seems to be wholly uncalled for. If there were no other reasons, the fact that there is but a limited amount of money to be invested in the library from year to year, would teach a man of ordinary common sense, if it has not taught "Rusticus," that that money could be more wisely expended than by investing it in works of fiction. If he wants "first-class works" to read, he can get them almost anywhere for a few cents, and better ones at the American Book Exchange, for a few more, and we should advise him to pursue this course quietly rather than to permit any more ravings to "whistle themselves."

Yours truly,

STUDENT.

OLD TIMES IN THE LOGANIAN.

EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

Wishing to respond to a call for some recollections of the Haverford Loganian Society in its early days, I have refreshed my memory by looking into a pamphlet among my old papers. It was printed twenty-three years ago, and contains an account of the society, *ab ovo*, briefly told. Supposing that few readers of *The Haverfordian* have seen this rather ancient document, some items may be of interest now.

It was on the 21st of 1st month, 1834, that a number of Haverford students assembled to "form an association for mutual improvement in literature and science." Joseph Walton, Jr., John Collins, and Bartholomew Wyatt Wistar formed the committee to prepare a constitution. The purposes in view were, improvement in composition and elocution, the investigation of various scientific and literary subjects, the formation of a museum and cabinet of natural history, and of a library.

Upon the floor of the society, from the first, a democratic equality between teachers and students was intended. There, as the pamphlet before me says, "*ipse dixit* was infallible; the learned professor of mathematics could there assert no conclusion without proof; and even the authority of our leader in Virgil and Medea could be disputed."

In its second month, the society resolved itself into five committees: one on general literature, one on mathematics and natural philosophy, one on botany and mineralogy, and one on zoology; each to furnish a report at least once in two months.

Spring brought the beginning of work on the ground granted by the managers to the society for a botanical garden. This was no light charge, for a time at least. A minute on the books reads thus: "Resolved, That the society finish the extermination of the daisies in our garden to-morrow afternoon at 20 minutes past 5."

Other work was collecting minerals and plants for a cabinet collection, and sinking barrels in the ground, under direction of the Zoological Committee, for observations on the descent of the larvæ of the seventeen-year locust. A plan for a green-house and carpenter-shop was prepared during the same summer. The officers elected for the second year were, Daniel B. Smith, president; Clarkson Sheppard, vice-president; Jonathan Fell, secretary; John Hunn, treasurer; Francis T. King, librarian; Joseph Walton, Jr., curator.

The present writer remembers being one of a committee to obtain books for the library. This labor was not an extensive one, as funds were not then on hand for very large purchases. The green-house was completed

early in the winter, and two hundred and fifty species of plants were presented to the society by David Thomas of New York.

Great activity prevailed at this time in the society. Essays, declamations, and debates followed each other in lively order. Who can forget the first time he ever stood up before fifty fellow-members to "speak a piece"? One, at least, of the novices of that time went through it a good deal as oral sufferers of another kind had to get relief of (not elegant, but painful) extracts, before the days of nitrous oxide. As a passing reflection, it may be said that in nothing has Haverford gained more conspicuously, during my remembrance, than in oratory. The ease, grace and energy of utterance now often heard in Alumni Hall were then unknown altogether amongst us.

In debates, at that time, the wisdom of the society decided that classical studies are useful; that the French Revolution was a useless pestilence; and that capital punishment ought to be abolished. The future condition of the Indians, if moved west of the Mississippi, was left undecided. In 1836, four prizes for the best competing essays were awarded.

The fruit, consisting of strawberries, raspberries, and cherries, belonging to the society, was that year so considerable in amount as to be placed under the care of a committee. Volunteers to aid them in *disposing* of it were not wanting. The carpenter-shop was at this time and afterwards a highly appreciated institution.

In 1836, Thomas P. Cope, Isaac Collins, and Bartholomew Wistar erected at their own expense and presented to the society a spacious and elegant grape-vine arbor at the east end of the green-house. Three prizes for essays were awarded in 1837. A practice of appointing members to read essays of "information" upon chosen subjects was tried, and proved quite useful.

The garden and green-house were placed under charge of twelve elected managers, and the carpenter-shop under directors. The latter (my pamphlet says) cultivated their financial talents by shaving the members unmercifully in the sale of boards.

In sixth month, 1837, the greatest number of active members on record (in the first period of the society's history) was minuted,—fifty-eight. The institution was then at its height of prosperity and promise for the future; not very long afterwards, however, to suffer a temporary decline and interruption. Our pamphlet says, "Many of the old scholars will remember the interest of some of the debates at this time,—particularly one on the immediate abolition of slavery, and one on the comparative utility of poetry and philosophy, in which the

eloquence and ability of our teachers, Daniel B. Smith, William Dennis, and Samuel J. Gummere, were mingled with the equally ardent efforts of members of the Senior and Junior classes. Fell, Fisher, Serrill, Pennock, Murray, and Sharpless, made the constellation which then shone brightest in our firmament." With a sigh the writer reads these words, recalling how many stars of this constellation have long since set beneath their earthly horizon; and he awakens from his boyish reverie of the past, to remember that all this was forty years ago!

HENRY HARTSHORNE.

(To be continued.)

MARKING SYSTEM.

EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN.

GENTLEMEN :—The marking system pursued in some departments of the college is truly original, and should be rewarded in accordance with the value of the extensive benefits it has secured to the human family.

Doubtless, such consummate genius would not have remained so long unrewarded, had not a false modesty prevented the possessor of it, from making his name public. Fortunate modesty! Were the extensive blessings (?) accruing to mankind therefrom, duly rewarded, (Edipus would have a companion whose feet were pierced; and Guiteau one whose arm was wounded; nor would a certain Freshman be the only possessor of a black eye.

In proof of this, hear the following: A student recites a study twice a week; he is given lessons so long that if he reads them once thoroughly and carefully, it is all he can expect to do; he goes to recitation, a part of the lesson is recited, and some discussion precludes the consideration of many—perhaps the most important—points; he goes to his room, his book is necessarily thrown aside until the next recurrence of that particular study—perhaps nearly a week hence, and, meantime, his mind is so occupied with other necessary duties that he can cast no thought after the principles or facts of the study in question. Now there is a publication, of considerable respectability, called "The Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Haverford College," in which we read that "equal weight is given to the *viva voce* and to the written examinations" in determining the rank of the students. Now this respectable publication is either grossly mistaken, or has willfully prevaricated, for in certain departments of our study, already referred to, the *viva voce* examinations of daily recitations have no weight whatever. Instead of this, without any previous notice, the student is given an examination upon this subject.

From the method of conducting our recitations which has already been indicated, it is evident that without an opportunity to glance at his book connectedly, the student can be in no condition to take an examination. No such opportunity is given. The examination comes unexpectedly, and if the student has gone over, in the course of two months, at these disconnected intervals, two hundred pages of a book, he is held responsible for a question, the answer of which is contained in any half-dozen lines of these two hundred pages, and is placed at the foot of his class, or near there, if he fails to answer correctly. He may have recited ever so well, but down he must go if he doesn't remember that particular six lines from the two hundred pages. The most careful student must find it impossible, when he reads at such disconnected intervals, to remember every half-dozen lines he reads, or even the gist of them; hence instead of any "*viva voce*" principle, we have a simple chance, and an improbable one too, that the student, under the circumstances, can answer the questions asked him. Is there anything *fair* about this? We leave it to the judgment of every candid reader. If we must be governed by chance, we would suggest that it be applied in the old heathen fashion, as that was certainly superior to this production of modern civilization. True, since helmets are out of style, we could not get one of them to shake the lots up in, but a certain Sophomore might be prevailed upon to donate his plug hat for the purpose, and we think it would do. Thus the matter would be adjusted as equitably as at present, and, besides, would wear no false mask.

Some of our professors, we are happy to say, follow a similar method, but in a Christian-like way. They notify the class when the examination is coming on, and also take the *viva voce* work into account along with the results of the examination. This is well, and is rather better than the plug-hat method.

Yours truly,

MUGGINS.

A WORD TO THE POETICAL.

The instruments with which the true poet works, rhyme and metre, should in some measure shield his production from common criticism. Like the sculptor's chisel, or the painter's brush, they express the idea of him who wields them, in a manner that shows it to be a work of art, and as such should be judged.

When Imagination, that mother of all true poetry, prompts her pupils to flights of fancy that may seem inconsistent with every-day life, we have no more right to censure her than when she persuades the painter to

enlarge a fine eye, or the sculptor to straighten the classic nose even beyond nature. But much poetry of the present day requires no such indulgence. Strangely paradoxical though it be, yet the truth is, it is too prosaic to be expressed in prose; so the thin cloak of poetry is cast over what is neither sentiment, argument, wit nor fancy.

The youthful poet always excites our interest, and should also claim our sympathy. His case very often is this: he feels a set of emotions which give him infinite pleasure: he wishes the world to enjoy them, and hence proceeds to embody them in words. He chooses as a medium rhyme and metre. He spends hours upon his work, searching the inmost recesses of his mind for words similar in sound with which to end his lines—torturing the meaning in the attempt, and finishes a work which, if published, brings a smile to the lips of the world, and becomes a monument of his extreme patience, rather than of his taste and talent.

Now, this may be well as a school exercise, but it is a pity for a rational being of mature years, with talents respectable if properly applied, and with more common sense than imagination, thus to fritter away his powers and time. Unless he possesses a fine fancy, which would at once place his productions among those destined to live (though a contrary presumption is always safer). I would advise him to bring their worth to the test of honest prose. Let him clothe them in this costume, and how often will a disappointed parent turn with loathing from his contemptible offspring!

The aspirant for fame should also remember another well-known fact,—that the field he would fain enter upon has before been most faithfully explored. Every gem has long since been gathered; even pebbles, capable of the slightest polish have been used again and again; and should he, by the happiest chance, alight on some rare treasure, should he succeed in dressing it to his fancy, his labor is pretty sure to end with disappointment by his finding that it belonged to some rich jeweler of bygone times. His toil has but given it a new face, without adding to its purity or to its preciousness.

The songs of the royal scholar were a thousand and five. He had studied unto "weariness of the flesh," and yet in the midst of his labors could exclaim, "There is no new thing under the sun." Homer, therefore, a hundred years later, must have been a plagiarist, and the long train of versifiers who have taken him as a model, have spun the precious metal into threads of exquisite thinness.

Wordsworth, in the preface to his Lyrical Ballads, remarks of poetry that "it is the spontaneous overflow of

powerful feelings." Though his own work rather contradicts him, if the statements with regard to the care of his pen be true, yet the observation loses none of its point thereby. The feelings *must* be powerful and for the time absorbing, and so far spontaneous, as, according to Cowper, to require a vigorous hand at seizing them in their subtlety, lest they vanish as soon as conceived.

The prose writer, in his lowly, useful sphere at the base of the mountain of truth, watches that its foundations are sure; while the poet, often with a similar desire, yet living higher and with a wider range of vision, sometimes fancies he sees in the distance what does not really exist. The atmosphere around him is different, the stars above shine with another lustre. Let the steady aim of both be to do the greatest possible amount of good with the least possible outlay of unnecessary labor. Each may, in his own field, accomplish his own share of good, but happy the writer who can find his safest path commencing, at least, in the regions of prose!

TOPICS OF CONVERSATION.

The weather is one of the most abused of topics, but it is still the most universal. As a subject of conversation, it is invaluable, because it is always a solvent of silence, due to whatever cause, and is susceptible of infinite amplification. The shyest of men suddenly introduced to each other, without the slightest clew to each other's personality, or opinions, or relations to any subject whatever, can meet safely upon the platform of the weather. When the day is the most perfect of June days, when the air is all rose perfume, and the breeze is blandness itself, although nothing could be more evident than that it is a beautiful day, yet such is the happy lot of morbid bashfulness and mental vacuity that it is perfectly permissible to say, "What a beautiful day!" What, indeed, can give a pleasanter impression of human nature than two men who pass each other in a drenching shower, and remark pleasantly and simultaneously, "Wet"? It is no more absurd than to say, "The sun shines," on a brilliant summer morning. Yet it is observable that if that particular phrase is used the remark becomes a little ridiculous. If two men upon the street should remark, cheerfully as they passed, "This is Broadway," and repeat it to every friend whom they met, they would go near to be thought deranged. Yet a man in the full sunshine of summer may say to every friend, "What a beautiful day!" and his sanity will be unsuspected. Why is it that one obvious, self-evident proposition, the utterance of which imparts no information, and is an absurd truism, should be tolerated and grateful, while another of the very same kind is received as a jest or sign of mental

decay? If you should reply to the friend who remarks upon the fine day, "Certainly, very fine: twice two are four," you would have replied in kind, but insult or insanity might be fairly alleged. But to question the weather as a topic of conversation is really to require that there shall be no talk which is not reasonable. Yet why reduce us to silence? Deduct from the sum total of human remarks the wonder whether it is going to rain, the hope that it is going to clear, the emphatic asseveration that it is too hot, and the profane exclamation that it is altogether too — cold, with all the filling in, so to speak, the "How lovely!" "What extraordinary weather!" and "What delightful weather!" and then the historical comparisons of weather, and reference to thermometrical records, and days of the phenomenal cold or heat, and what would be left of human intercourse? Imagine, under this privation, the condition of ladies making morning calls! Consider the case of young gentlemen joining young ladies *en promenade*, or of A, suddenly presented to B! What mournful silence would wrap the world! It is in this view that weather reports from Washington are such blessings, and that the late lamented Merriam and the contemporary Vennor are such benefactors. The "probabilities" of the morning paper organize and give point to the whole weather gossip of the day. "Ha!" says Jones over his coffee, "hum! Probabilities says cloudy and cool, with shifting winds from north to south; clear, with local rains, increasing temperature, and possible frost at night; rising, stationary, or falling barometer. That's all very well, now let's see." Jones scrutinizes the weather all day long, to catch Probabilities tripping, and his mind is fuller of it than ever. If a friend salutes him with the familiar "Fine day!" Jones is ready for him. "Well, perhaps so, but you wait. I am not so sure how it's going to turn out." But, nevertheless, if Probabilities says tersely, "Rain," Jones and everybody else sallies forth with an umbrella (except those that have lent them, and have never seen them since).

Before Probabilities we had Merriam. This worthy man was the inventor of "heated terms." He had an ill way, on July mornings, of publishing a card announcing that a heated term was at hand, and the population began at once to mop and puff, and the annoyance was the greater because of the announcement. There was a great deal of skeptical ribaldry when the Merriam prophecies appeared; but he doubtless consoled himself with the familiar proverb about prophets in their own country, and heated up his terms as before. Mr. Merriam supplied us with conjectured weather for some months. But his voice became silent, and he had no individual rival—

for Probabilities is a system—until Mr. Vennor, who, this year, announced a cold, wet May, and a hot, dry June. It proved that May was the hottest and driest upon record, while June was cool and moist; and besides these, he made several other very bad guesses. But the good prophet need not be discouraged. If the particular kind of weather that he had designed has failed, yet the weather itself has become more than ever a topic of interest.

It has not only its general interest, but the especial interest of verifying or disproving his accuracy of foreknowledge. The older almanacs displayed this prescience also, when along the whole list of the thirty-one January days they said, significantly, "Look out for snow about this time," and upon the July and August pages they prophesied all the way, "About this time expect thunderstorms."

There are other prophecies also: "St. Swithin's Day, if it do rain," we are taught what to expect.

But why be impatient of the universal talk of the weather? What is it but the instinctive tribute to the beauty of the world in which we live, and to the celestial laws which govern it?

LOCALS.

Sad fate.

The drama.

PROF.—"Is white a color?"

FRESH.—"No; he's a Sophomore."

Is it phylloctactic for one fellow to go home with two girls?

Two and two are not necessarily four, if *two* can become *one*.

William Fowler, a member of the English Parliament, gave us a very interesting address on First-day afternoon, 11th mo. 6th.

A plain-spoken Junior renders:—"Ihr lebt bei Eurem Bruder? Ja, Herr," very effectively, thus: "You live with your brother? Lord, yes!"

The Foundations of Morality—afforded subject matter for two profound, instructive lectures before the college—by Professor P. E. Chase.

Scientific Senior to Classical Senior.—"You seem to understand the ancient custom of propitiating the gods, judging from the way you treat Dominique."

Clas. Sen.—"What? How do you mean?"

Scien. Sen.—"You pour incents to him, don't you?"

Junior, in amazement.—"That is the reason he is always incensed,—is it?"

A certain Soph. adduced the following, from the thirteenth chapter of I. Kings, as biblical proof for hazing: "And he spake, saying, Saddle me the ass, and they saddled HIM."

T. Fowell Buxton, a grandson of the great philanthropist, whose name he bears, visited the college since our last issue went to press. He is a graduate of Rugby and Cambridge. His discourse before an assembly of the students was peculiarly acceptable as coming from a young man of decided convictions and earnest purposes.

"The gilt dome of the State House in Boston can be seen ten miles off, and the gold-plated pens of Esterbrook's make can be appreciated at any distance from their factory in Camden, N. J."

A member of '84 seemed last year to have mistaken himself for a skylark, who, as Shelley said, "singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest," for while sore from the treatment of '83, this student sang:

"There were several Sophomores at night,
Who tried a poor Freshman to fright,
But they all ran away,
They were frightened, I say,
At a child with only a light."

The reorganized Bible class is a decided success. Not only it is found advantageous to have the classes all meet on a common footing, but the presence of those who attend from outside, adds much of interest.

The Senior star-gazer, who has discovered that the man of the moon has a moustache, is not yet able to confirm, by any knowledge of the practice of this venerable gentleman, the modern collegian's use of wax thereon.

On the 18th ult., the teams of '83 and '85 played a game of foot-ball. The Juniors came off victors, with a score of 2 goals and 2 touch-downs to 1 goal. The Juniors found the Freshmen rather determined opponents, and had to play their best to score against them.

The college classes have, in succession, enjoyed an evening's hospitality at the home of our President. To be permitted to examine his numerous rare curiosities, to wander freely through his large library, and draw inspiration from the sanctum of his literary labors, was a privilege to be sought for, and one which we highly prized. With half the effort expended for our entertainment, we would have felt amply repaid.

A TRIBUTE.

I.

I know it would provoke
The Faculty, to smoke
A cigar;
Yet while the others play
I often walk away,
Though not far;

II.

Then on the ground I sit,
And when a light I've lit
To the weed,
I calmly puff away,
And meditate and say,
"Sweet indeed!"

III.

No thought of lessons now
Can wrinkle up my brow;
No sad grief,
Nor wretched thoughts destroy
The pleasure I enjoy
From the leaf.

IV.

But only pleasure true
Is hid within the blue
Of the smoke;
And as I see it rise
In grace, towards the skies,
I invoke

V.

The stars to shine on me,
With beams propitiously,
For my fate—
Alas! the supper bell
Has tolled my smoke's sad knell
And I'm late.

The foot-ball teams of '84 and '85 played a match game of foot-ball on the 15th ult., which resulted in favor of the Freshmen, with a score of 1 goal and 2 touch-downs to *one* touch-down. The Freshmen played remarkably well, considering how recently they began to play foot-ball.

It is with many regrets we part with W. H. Collins ('81), who leaves us in consequence of the death of his mother. His complete gentlemanliness has won for him the sincerest respect of all, and the high esteem of those who knew him best. Though but a short time in the position of Assistant Professor in Astronomy, the work he did is ample proof of his efficiency and undoubted ability. He returns to his bereaved home with the warmest sympathy of his friends and college fellows.

PERSONAL.

(Any one who can give information as to the whereabouts and doings of Haverford graduates, will confer a favor by forwarding the same to *The Haverfordian*.)

'39.—Thomas P. Cope is a member of the "Society for Political Education."

'51.—Joseph L. Baily is the proprietor of iron-works in Pottstown, Pa.

'53.—Wm. H. Pancoast is a professor in the Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia.

'59.—Benjamin H. Smith is a surveyor in Philadelphia; he drew the map of Haverford College farm now in the office of the Prefect.

'61.—William B. Broomall is a lawyer in Delaware County, Pa. He was a candidate for State Senator against Tom Cooper.

'61.—J. H. Stewart delivered the annual address before the Kansas Medical Society, on "Some Phenomena Bearing on the Immortality of the Soul."

'63.—Thomas J. Battey is a teacher at Providence school.

'66.—A. Marshall Elliott is assistant professor of the Romance languages at the Johns Hopkins University.

'67.—William P. Clark is a teacher in Iowa.

'67.—S. C. Collins teaches in Chautauqua, N. Y.

'67.—B. F. Eshleman is a lawyer and politician of Lancaster, Pa.

'67.—J. T. Morris was recently elected a manager of Haverford College.

'68-'73.—It was Julius L. Tomlinson who resigned his position in Baltimore for one in North Carolina, and not S. Findley Tomlinson, as stated in the October number of *The Haverfordian*.

'69.—Walter Wood is the president of the "Young Men's Republican League," of Philadelphia.

'70.—A. G. Coale is in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

'71.—W. P. Evans was recently elected a manager of Haverford College.

'72.—Dr. R. H. Thomas lately returned from a protracted sojourn in Europe; he spent eight months in Vienna, studying the diseases of the throat and ear.

'77.—George G. Mercer is an active member of the "Society for Political Education."

'83.—J. W. Tyson, Jr., is in his father's office in Baltimore.

'83.—E. E. and H. G. Cates are at Colby University, Maine.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

We greet this month, for the first time, the *Spectator*, from St. Laurent College, Montreal. The *Spectator* is a semi-monthly journal, and the copy before us is a very good one. We wish the *Spectator* success, and hope to become better acquainted with it.

We are glad to learn from the *Earlhamite* that the subject of organizing a Young Men's Christian Association is being agitated there. Knowing from our own experience what the benefits of such an organization are, and taking, as we do, a deep interest in Earlham as a Friends' college, we hope that a Young Men's Christian Association will be organized there. The *Earlhamite* is among the best of our exchanges, both in typography and literary merit.

From Pritchett School Institute, Glasgow, Mo., comes to us Vol. I., No. 1, of *The Institute Index*. The paper presents a very neat appearance, and the literary character of the number before us is, on the whole, excellent. We do not understand what the exclamation mark means on its first page. Surely it is not meant as an expression of surprise that Pritchett Institute can produce a paper! and if not, the mark is meaningless and useless. We wish the *Index* much success.

The Reveille and *College Cabinet* both criticise our October number because so much of it was taken up with the account of the Garfield memorial meeting, and cricket scores. Be it, therefore, known unto these, our worthy contemporaries, that *The Haverfordian* is not published for their particular benefit, but for the students and alumni of Haverford College, and that while it is our aim to embody in the paper as much representative work from the students as possible, we consider ourselves at liberty to deviate from this rule whenever we think the majority of our subscribers would thereby be better pleased. We are assured that this was the case with our October number; consequently the adverse criticism of our contemporaries has been wasted, unless it served as a vent for spleen which might have produced more serious results.

The *College Cabinet* says: "A college paper should aim to convey to the outside world some practical manifestation of what college drill develops in young men." Good! that's sound doctrine. How does the *Cabinet* practice its own preaching? It gives us two pages of literary matter of passable merit; a column of thoughts cribbed from men all the way from Socrates to Garfield; two pages of editorials; three columns of exchange notes, and four pages and a half of items, jokes and puns. One might infer from this that a college educa-

tion develops, principally, the faculty of perpetrating poor jokes, and making a big time over a little occurrence. This may be an unfair statement of the case. We hope it is, for we are nearly as ignorant of the circumstances governing the *Cabinet*, as it is of those governing us.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* presents a very neat appearance, and is, on the whole, a very readable publication. We notice that instead of presenting in its exchange column criticisms of its contemporaries, it simply makes quotations from them of parts which may be of interest to its readers. This practice has two reasons to recommend it: First, that the subscribers of a paper are thus given thoughts of interest, rather than bored with sarcastic remarks about refractory exchanges; and, secondly, that a paper is thus shielded from the possibility of disagreeable quarrels with hard-headed contemporaries. It seems to us, however, that every college paper owes a critical exchange column to the cause of college journalism. College papers are so constantly changing hands that their editors are always more or less inexperienced, and need to see themselves as others see them; hence we believe no college journal does its duty if it does not throw in its mite for the benefit of the common brotherhood.

What ails the *Niagara Index*? Has it been taken with the colic? or is it constitutionally out of sorts with itself and the universe in general? Seldom has it been our lot to see so much insolence combined with silly, ineffectual attempts at wit, congregated in an exchange column as appears in the November issue of the *Index*. We believe in exchange criticism most fully, and when a man expresses an opinion candidly, we respect him for it, let it hit where it will; but whatever reputation the *Index* may have had in the past, it ought to learn that as long as it deals in such universal mud-throwing as at present engages its attention, the *College Olio* or any other respectable paper need care little for its opinion of them. The only way we can explain the insane jocularity of its present issue is by supposing that its "ex"-editor had been patronizing a little too freely some of the dozen or more hotels and liquor saloons, the advertisements of which disgrace the columns of the present issue of the *Index*.

The *Sunbeam* asks us to point out some of its "foibles." Not a pleasant thing to undertake, it seems to us. Let a journal say a mean thing or two, or manifest an unwarrantable amount of egotism and conceit like the *Niagara Index*, and it does one's heart good to point out its failings, but when an exchange frankly says, Tell me wherein I am wanting, one's heart fails him. We

are also cautious about expressing adverse criticisms, because one college paper can be but a poor judge of what another ought to do, or, in fact, is able to do. For its size, the *Sunbeam* is a very neatly proportioned paper, and, without enlarging it, we think it would not be advisable to increase the space devoted to any of the departments. Could the literary department be extended so as to include more matter originating with the students of the college, we think it would be well. Like one of our own recent issues, however, peculiar circumstances may have conspired to the exclusion of such original matter from the number before us. Of course we do not presume to criticise ladies in matters of taste, but, to our masculine vision, the cover of the *Sunbeam* is not of the most agreeable color.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.

"Tiny little letters
On a little card,
Help the jolly student
Answer questions hard."
"So the little ponies
Glanced at on the sly,
Make the naughty Freshmen
Sopli mores by and by."

PROF. OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—"What word in Latin meaning money, shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?"

JUNIOR.—"Bullion."

Virgil informs us, Aeneid II., 275, that Aeneas called on Dido, one summer night, and inquired tenderly, "*Ibisne in festivitatum hoc vesperino?*" "*Non hoc vesperino?*" "*Forsitan alio vesperino?*" "*Bonum vesperinum!*" And he lit out.

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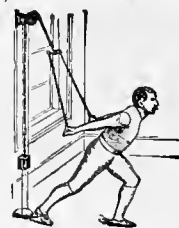
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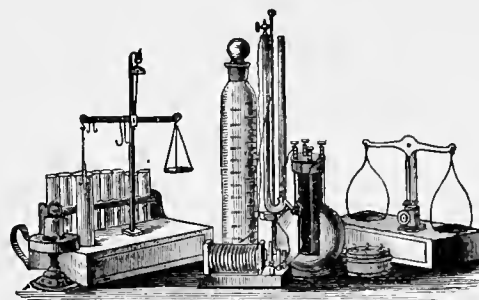
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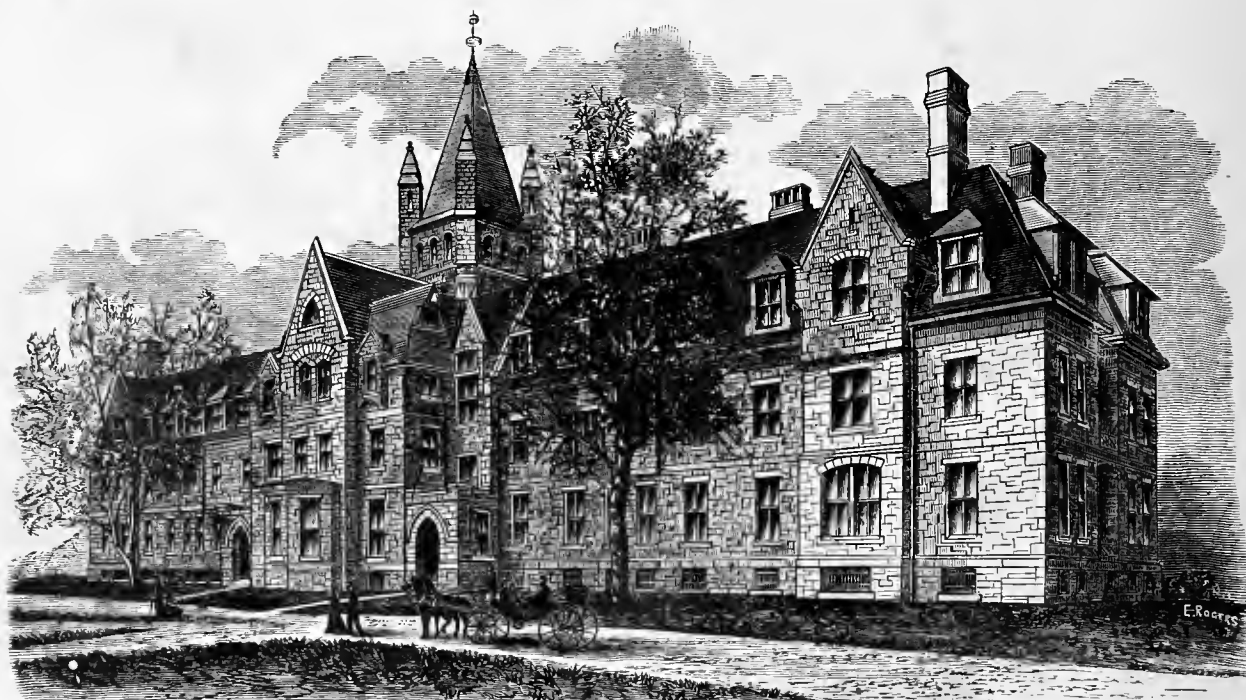
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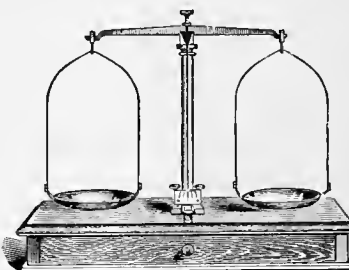
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 3.

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No. 4.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.

Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we shall now be enabled to mail, to any address, the "Student" and "Haverfordian," together, for \$1.50 per year.

The present carriage road leading to the residence of our President is in a condition which is a disgrace to the college. With such grounds of which to boast as Haverford possesses, surely the surroundings of the residence of that President to whom she owes so much should be made as pleasant as any part of the premises, and the approaches to it should be equally attractive. At present, the lane leading to the President's house is neither pleasant nor attractive, but is filled with stones which render a journey over it anything but pleasing, and presents to the eye a spectacle, than which there are many more desirable. We hope the college will see the propriety of having this road put in proper repair.

During the days spent at college we should strive not only to educate our mental powers, but also to cultivate our physical strength; for we all know that as the character we form in our youth is the character we retain in our manhood, so the constitution we build up in our college days is apt, to a certain extent, to foreshadow that of our after years. Moreover, success in after life depends, to a large extent, upon the physical stamina there is to back up and aid the mental qualifications we possess. The faculties for physical culture offered at Haverford are such that no student should complain of

ill health on account of the want of well-directed exercise. Dr. Ladd has carefully examined each student, to discover what muscles are poorly developed, and has given to each the exercises qualified to remove the deficiency, if there be any. He has done all in his power; the rest remains with each student. At the present time, the beginning of the winter term, it would be well for every one to decide to take advantage of the grand opportunity thus offered; and if the instructions are followed out regularly and consistently, we are sure the benefit obtained will not be small.

Our favorite books may justly be called the mirror of our minds. And we fear that many of us, should we look at ourselves in this glass, would have reason to be ashamed of our own image. True it is that we haven't much time in which to read books of any description, but that is no reason why we should occupy the few spare minutes that we have in reading trashy novels. If we only could give one half-hour daily to reading the best thoughts of the men who have moulded the character of the English-speaking nations, we would be surprised to find how much ground would be gone over in a single term, and how much improved our style and ease in composition would be. It is absolutely necessary for a well-educated man to have some knowledge of the literature of his own language. The ground gone over in an ordinary college course is necessarily limited, and must be supplemented by the student if he wishes to become a cultivated citizen. Most of us find time to read the newspapers every day; in fact, some students seem to read them all day, in the recitations, at dinner and elsewhere; and if we could curtail the time devoted to these by reading only the editorials and important news items, we would find in this way alone time to do a large amount of improving reading.

The better the thoughts we read, the better will be our own thoughts. Therefore, let us strive to be able to say, "All the great and wise and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number of those whose good deeds have outlived their names, all these have labored for me. I have entered into their

harvest. I walk the green earth which they inhabited. I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow. I can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook, the task of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier."

While we clearly recognize that the criminal case pending at Washington is one in the highest degree calculated to provoke the spirit of revenge, it has yet been a matter of some surprise to us to observe that not a few of our number are willing to vindicate the absolute justice of the extreme penalty of the law in the present instance. We do not intend here to enter into an argument upon this much-mooted question, but we would like to call the attention of the students to the inscription over the front entrance to Barclay Hall,—“Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus.” If the spirit which prompted the selection of this motto is still active here, it will certainly antagonize the introduction or propagation of any principle so directly opposed to its teaching as that of a belief, however modified, in the intrinsic justice of the death penalty, even though it be linked with the heinousness of the crime of the arch-criminal Guiteau. It may seem to be a matter of slight consequence to the world at large what convictions a few college students may entertain as to the morality of capital punishment; but if there is a better doctrine than that which now prevails, we, as students of a college whose avowed aim is to teach the highest standard of morality, will be responsible if we leave here with judgments misinformed upon any of the great ethical questions now agitating society.

We notice many evidences of an impression in the college, on the part of some, that we, as a college, are overburdened with rules. We think it would be well for us, before forming any such opinion, to inform ourselves as to the amount of rules usually imposed upon students while in college. There are a few of the larger colleges which have almost no rules, but they are very few indeed. We have come, within the past year, in contact with students from a large number of colleges, and we know of very few in which the rules are as little burdensome as they are here. Some think our evening collection a barbarous invention for spoiling a pleasant evening, and preventing a man from going to bed when he pleases. Grant this, and what have the discontented gained? Has anything happened to them but that which is common to man? Most college students have to get out in the morning, take breakfast, and get to chapel at an hour scarcely later than that at which we breakfast; and some, at least, of the same, are compelled to attend evening chapel as

well. We could name colleges where students must present themselves in chapel at 7.45 A. M., rain or shine, summer or winter, without regard to the distance the students had to walk before that hour. Of course, a fellow must take breakfast before chapel. We could also name a well-known college where, until a few years since, the students were expected to have recited one lesson in the morning, and duly presented themselves in chapel by 7.30 A. M. Ye who revel in your pillows till 7.25 A. M., think ye of that.

In regard to church-going, moreover, we have no more stringent rules than almost any college you could name, excepting, of course, a few massive institutions like Harvard.

It seems to us presumption for a few students just entering upon a pathway of which they have at the most a very limited experience, to arraign the action of their superiors, who have not only trodden the same path thoroughly, but assisted scores and hundreds of others to do the same. The presumption, too, appears the more exaggerated when the same fellows who talk so loudly of “reform” and their rights as gentlemen cannot be left alone for an evening without reducing everything to a state bordering on primeval chaos.

It is the declared determination of our superintendent to reduce the discipline to a state of self-government just as fast as we, the students, will permit him to do so; and every one who knows anything of the history of Haverford for the past two years knows that all steps in this direction have been taken which the best interests of the college would warrant.

There is a question which is yearly growing of greater importance to the well-being of Haverford, and which will, sooner or later, demand a solution. It is—What provision must be made for imparting general instruction in elocution? Ask any careful and thoughtful student, and he will tell you he would hail with joy the advent of a systematic elocutionary course; a course that would commence with his first entry here, and end only when he left, or had fairly mastered the intricacies of the art. A drill, sufficient to secure to every student the possibility of his making of himself, so far as he might be capable thereof, a correct and elegant reader and speaker, would add to his future influence, minister to his personal comfort, and redound to the interest and reputation of the college to a degree far from insignificant. Some may think our wants in this direction are imaginary, and that if we made proper use of the means at our command we would find but slight ground for our importunities;

but, those who have thought carefully upon the subject will not, we are confident, judge so hastily.

That we have professors here well qualified to impart the desired instruction no one doubts. That we gain much from them bearing both directly and indirectly on the subject in hand, is a matter of fact. That all the attention is given to elocutionary instruction that can possibly be spared from other duties is just as true, and yet it is plainly manifest that all is not effected that would be desirable.

We have good elocutionists among ourselves. We have three societies, in all of which prizes are offered for excellency in oratory, and far be it from us to say they are not accomplishing great good. That they do not succeed in reaching the great mass of the students cannot be denied. That in not a few instances the self-imposed instruction is not satisfactory in its results is beyond questioning. That the continued and oft-repeated private rehearsals, without any accompanying suggestion and careful criticism, tend to fix more firmly the native peculiarities and inconsistencies of manner and speech, is evident. These features and many others must be considered in estimating the advantages to be reaped from such partial instruction as our societies provide. And yet we cannot think that this instruction is other than beneficial in the main, which, if a fact, furnishes an additional argument for hastening the time when we may possess the means of attaining a higher standard.

We do not anticipate that any remarks we may make will produce immediate results; neither do we imagine we are presenting a new subject for thought to those who have the interests of Haverford most at heart, but we only wish to assure those to whose discretion all action upon this question is wisely submitted, that whenever it becomes possible to provide this additional means of improvement there will be no lack of co-operation on the part of the students.

Before our next issue makes its appearance, the mid-year examinations will have come and gone. At the mere thought of these severe tests of knowledge, various are the sensations which rush through the brain of him who has the ordeal yet to pass. The Freshman, to whom the whole way is as yet unknown, thinks of them with awe, and sighs for the realization of hopes which he fears will end in despair; while those to whom past years have afforded some knowledge of the meaning of an examination, share the Freshman's fears if they are conscious of unfaithfulness in work. Have they accomplished each day's duties properly, they sleep as soundly and dream as

serenely as though they had already been admitted to those happy regions where all go who get more than six.

But let a man work ever so faithfully during the course of a half-year, a series of examinations cannot but be a severe strain upon his brain and nerve. It was thought, until within a few years, that without this mental strain there was no means of determining a student's fitness for a degree. As most of our readers are aware, this plan has been abandoned in some of our colleges, and excellent results are claimed for that adopted in its stead. In lieu of an examination, students are graded entirely by the standard of their daily recitations, all those falling below a given standard enjoying the privilege of going over the ground a second time. Those who favor this plan claim that it accomplishes its purpose as a test of the students' knowledge fully as well as the old method; that it relieves delicate constitutions from the hurtful strain and excitement of examinations, and that it forces every man, even the most indolent, to do faithful work from day to day.

It seems to us, however, that such a plan would hardly be advisable, as yet, at Haverford. There always have been, and we suppose, always will be, lazy students, and while our recitations embrace, as at present, so many branches of study each week, we need the drill of both class and private reviews in order to get a properly connected idea of our studies.

Possibly, examinations might be done away with were our order of recitations so modified that we should confine our attention to a limited number of studies till we had mastered them, and then take up others. Until some such plan is adopted, we think few students would carry out from college either the amount of knowledge or of mental drill, under a system which embraces no examinations, that a college course is designed to give.

If we as students will work judiciously and faithfully, we shall have little cause to complain of the present system as too severe, either for our mental or corporeal powers.

FOOT-BALL.

On the 26th of November the foot-ball team of the Freshman class played a match game with the team selected from the students of the Germantown Academy. The ground, which had been frozen the night before, had been thawed out and made very soft and slippery by the warm sun of the morning. This was greatly to the disadvantage of the Freshmen, as they were, as a rule, much heavier men than the Academy boys, and therefore not as light on their feet. A few minutes after three o'clock both teams were on the ground kicking the ball to and fro; and the looker on could not help wondering at the

seeming audacity of those light Germantown boys in expecting to make a stand against the solid weight of the Freshmen. But the result of the game justified the audacity. The game began about half past three, the Academy kicking up the slope (or perhaps it would be more proper to say running up the slope, as they did but little kicking). The game was exciting, as both sides were very evenly matched, the agility of the Academy boys making up for the extra weight of the Freshmen. Now the Academy had the advantage, then '85, until towards the last of the game the Freshmen seemed sure of winning, when the Academy snatched the victory from them by the energetic play of the last ten minutes. When time was called, the Academy had won the game with a score of two goals and two touchdowns to one goal and one touchdown.

On the following Saturday the Freshmen thought to redeem their lost reputation, and so arranged another game which was played at Germantown. But they found, to their sorrow, that it requires more than desire to bring success, as they were again defeated. The fleetness and quickness (of the Academy boys) were (a second time) too much for the collegians, and '85 returned to college sadder and, let us hope, with a little less confidence in its size. We feel sure that had they practiced nearly as much as they should, the result would have been different. At the end of the first three quarters of an hour it seemed doubtful which side would win; but towards the last of the game the Academy was ahead, and evidently intended to keep the game in its hands, which it succeeded in doing until time was called. This game was won by the Germantown Academy with a score of two goals to one goal and two touchdowns.

OLD TIMES IN THE LOGANIAN.

(Concluded.)

At a special meeting of the society, held 9 mo. 8, 1837, a report was submitted on the proposed publication of a printed monthly paper. The president of the society was to be editor-in-chief, with five other editors; four of the six to be residents of Haverford, and two of Philadelphia. The contributors were to be the active and honorary members of the Loganian Society. The name of the monthly was to be *The Literary Gymnasium*. Agents were appointed from the members in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Cincinnati, New Bedford, Providence, and other places. All looked very promising; but, somehow or other (I am afraid for financial reasons), that promise never reached the stage of performance. No number of the "Gymnasium" was ever published. A manuscript paper, however, *The Collegian*,

was started with good success in 1838; and another, *The Weekly Budget*, in 1844.

Nathan Dunn, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, made some handsome donations to the institution and to the Loganian Society; and his liberality suggested the construction of a new and larger green-house. Through the managers and other friends of the institution, between two and three thousand dollars were collected, and a really fine conservatory was erected. Besides its "*nominis umbra*," all Haverfordians know well the "ruin," which has been so long its melancholy remnant. Old students will also remember the burly English gardener (afterwards known as somewhat affected with *thermhydromania*) who took charge of it, and who also attended skilfully to the planting out of the clumps of trees which have made the college lawn so umbrageous.

Being on the committee to solicit subscriptions for the green-house, I have some recollection of its experiences. One afternoon we called on two different men of means, a few squares from each other on Arch Street. The first was the late Dr. George B. Wood. The impression of that visit upon my mind was never effaced. Not only by his prompt subscription of fifty dollars to our needful fund, but by his entire demeanor, he realized then, as afterwards on farther acquaintance, my ideal of "a perfect gentleman."

On ringing the bell of the other object of our solicitation, who was a rather wealthy Friend, we seated ourselves, three in number, in his parlor. The Friend entered, and, without any salutation but the interrogative "Well?" stood awaiting a reply. Isaac Collins began, in his hearty, cheerful way, to speak of "a new green-house at Haverford." Our friend turned at once on his heel, walked to his front door, threw it open wide, and stood there waiting till we had all walked out in rather gloomy silence.

About the same period, a minor event in the proceedings of the society was the impeachment and trial of the directors of the carpenter-shop for misdemeanors in office. The jury, after two sittings of the court, brought in a verdict of guilty on five counts of neglect, partiality, and extortion. Their penalty is not recorded. They were again tried for similar offenses in 1841, but the "bosses" got the upper hand when, in 1843, they impeached the society for damages to the shop, and were sustained.

Much literary activity existed in the society in '41 and '42. After that, tempered by an occasional burst of imagination, practical aims were uppermost. "Science and utility bore rule, and poetry and philosophy were at a discount." In 1845 came the crisis in the affairs of the

institution, ending in its suspension for three years. 1846 brought an enthusiastic gathering of old students, for a game of foot-ball on the lawn, a dinner together in the old dining-room, where ninety of us met, and a meeting of the society in the lecture-room. Haverford "was not dead, but slept." At that meeting the impulse began, out of whose steadily increasing momentum came the energy of support required to lift it from the ground; and thus the pamphlet I have quoted bears the name of "Haverford Revived."

The Logonian Society was re-organized 5mo. 29, 1848. There I leave it for some coming historian to take up its later chronicles. HENRY HARTSHORNE.

"LUCIAN'S PLACE IN GREEK LITERATURE."

Whenever we think of Greek life, literature or history, we insensibly find ourselves grouping everything around the famous Attic period from the Persian War, 490, to the Battle of Chæronea in 338 B. C. It seems almost that Homer, Archilochus and Sappho had but lived and sung to prepare for the existence of Pindar and Aristophanes, and that all who came after them lived in their reflected light,—at the most, to gather in an aftermath of that rich harvest.

The period following this we name, for the sake of convenience, the Alexandrian period; namely, from Alexander the Great, 336 B. C., to the establishment of the Roman Empire, 31 B. C. Through this period, while the purity of Attic itself was modified by barbaric elements, Greek arts were carried into the remotest parts. Greek was the French of the period. It was spoken in Carthage, and Armenian kings wrote Greek tragedies. It was introduced, however, not by refined Attics, but by a rugged Alexander. Athens lived on in its great literary traditions. Antioch, Ephesus, Rhodes, Pergamon, and Alexandria were centres where these traditions were being rearranged and assimilated.

With the following period we have to do more particularly. This may be called the Roman period, extending, roughly, from the accession of Augustus to Justinian (329 A. D.).

During Lucian's life-time, that is, the second century A. D., Greek was the official language of the Romans in the East, and was finally used as the language of the Roman law.

From the time of Menander (immediately after Alexander the Great), no name, if we except Theocritus, meets us that has much to add to Greek literature,—strictly as literature, of course, for the New Testament scarcely enters into this comparison,—until Lucian; four hundred

years of almost level dullness. It was at least some merit to have struggled against this incubus.

Lucian's life is told, what we know of it, in a few words. Born in Samosata, on the river Euphrates, in the north-eastern part of Syria, about 120 A. D., he was at first apprenticed as a stone-cutter, but having spoiled some blocks of marble, he was well thrashed by his master, withdrew, and devoted himself to rhetoric. He achieved success as a lawyer, and as a rhetorician also, under the Antonines; was probably not a little in Rome; certainly was long in Athens, where he got many of his "points" in philosophy; lastly, he seems to have held some minor government office in Egypt, and to have died there, probably under the Emperor Commodus, towards the close of the second century.

Traces of many Attic authors may be found in him. Aristophanes was his intellectual godfather; at first reading, indeed, he seems a satirist or a parodist merely; but Lucian was "an artist before he was a satirist," and this view will furnish us with the best thread to lead us through the whole maze.

But not even this gives the full estimate of Lucian's character. One might read many of his works consecutively, it is true, and rise from them feeling that the writer was an abnormal creation, with his sparkling wit, attacking all things, human and divine,—dragging the gods down to the level of human frailty, and depressing all human kind correspondingly deeper into a slough of depreciation; and yet Lucian's satire, except when it becomes personal (in some few pieces), is not in reality malicious, his pessimism is not willful. "The lost guides calling left and right perplexed" him too, and while, in time, he came to know them as blind, his own eyes were never opened, and in the *Hermotimus*, which is probably one of his last manifestoes, he tells the young searcher after Truth that she is hard to find. His strictures upon certain schools are spoken with no enmity. He is, in fact, a universal doubter. Beneath the garb of satire is the hungry wolf reality; the perplexity of the gods does but envelop the riddles of life; under the garb of the fathers of philosophy, truth is sold at the shambles. This current he would stem, and in the *Piscator* (c. 52), Lucian "the out-spoken," and Eleuchus, accept the high missions of going up and down in the world to crown the true and to brand the false. Nor was Lucian so much of a pessimist that he could find no honest man, sane man. Demonax he praised, and to others, as to Kelsus, he could speak sympathetically; he was neither Diogenes nor Timon.

Finally, to take an example where both his artistic and satiric powers are exhibited at their best, in the

Charon, as though it were a musical composition,—some weird dance of death,—we have running throughout a theme awful in its tone, appalling in its swift recurrence, —*vanitas vanitatum!* a confused scurry across the stage, but not a thought for the grim messenger who waits to conduct the actors *κατ'α τῆς χαρμονέους ἡμέρας*.

MODERN THOUGHT, AND SOME OF ITS RESULTS.

In the literary and social circles of the present day, in civil and political life, in church and in state, the careful thinker marks a change from the sober days of fifty and a hundred years ago, from the conservative cautiousness of England's Puritan days, from the dark era of mediæval history, and from the still more remote standard of Grecian and Roman life.

On one side of the picture we can see the vast progress in scientific research, and in the application of the fundamental principles of science; the great fields of literature are laid open to the rich and poor, the ignorant and the learned. On the other side we can but see degradation and poverty in every quarter of our land; crime and corruption in the so-called high circles of society; the standard of statesmanship seems to have sought a lower level; and the church is extending a too willing hand to meet the world half-way.

The brighter side may cheer and satisfy the casual observer; but he who realizes the truths of the darker side, must look beneath the surface; he must search for the underlying principles, the causes of such disastrous results.

As the stream cannot rise higher than its source, as the corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, neither can the great results of the life of the individual and the community be above the standard of the thoughts and thinkers of which they are the immediate outgrowth.

What form of crime or vice or corruption, from which the mind shrinks back instinctively in perfect horror, is not found in its milder and more subtle form in the very lives of those whom we have learned to consider "honorable men"? The monster intemperance, with all its train of crimes and criminals, is but the offspring of moderate drinking, of the social glass. The excesses of vice and the gaming-table are but the sure results of the less heinous forms protected by law. The most brutal acts of murder and rapine are but the development of the teachings of the principles of war: the one, denounced and punished with the severest measures; the other, upheld and lauded by nearly all classes of the community, yes, even by the pulpit itself.

Is not, then, the responsibility for the darker character of our picture thrown back directly upon ourselves?

Education, in its powerful effects for good, is, we are proud to say, working out the solution of this fearful problem, and, if rightly sustained, will, in due time, at least check the onward flow of the great tide of evil.

In the social circle of to-day, the main avenues of thought, instead of leading to the consideration of the great questions for discussion in the fields of literature, science, and art, run off into the superficial channels of the topics and gossip of the hour. In political life, party strife and party policy, private ends and private aims, seem to be the prime factors in legislation. We look in vain for the men of old, whose adherence to firm principles, whose impartial judgment, whose disinterested advocacy of what they believed to be right, rendered political life and political power worthy objects of ambition. To-day, our greatest minds avoid public life; they look upon the political arena as a field that would lower rather than raise, that would detract from, rather than add to, their honor as men. In the church, too, we fail to see the Puritan zeal of a century or more ago; the line of distinction between the church and the world is gradually being blotted out.

The enthusiasm and fervor of the great fathers of the middle ages are dying down into a carelessness and indifference utterly at variance with the highest principles of the church.

Where then do we find the check to this downward tendency of modern thought, and the crime and wrong resulting therefrom?

Education alone is the check. Education, to mould men and women of such a stamp that they will put life and impetus into the society they enter; that they will carry society with *them*, and not *be* carried on by society. Education, to give young men (and young women, too) such a foundation in the principles of political science, and in the great truths upon which the principles of our government are based, that they will be above party policies, above private influences, and will be guided by the higher laws of justice and right. Education, that will teach the members of the church that its grand mission is to raise the world to the higher plane upon which it itself stands, and that it is never to yield one iota to the influences of its alluring enemy.

The same great laws of justice, truth and right remain, that have guided the ages that have gone before. As soon as modern thought and modern thinkers are guided by these, and these alone; as soon as we learn to adhere unflinchingly to the great principles which are the groundwork of these laws,—so soon will we remove the great cause of the evil we see so prevalent around us.

A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT THINKING.

What man in ages past has thought
 The lettered pages plainly show ;
 What now he thinks is widely known ;
 His future thoughts we little know.

As the lower animals are distinguished from the vegetable kingdom by the powers of sensation and volition, so man's superiority is distinctly marked by his ability to think. The inferior animals are governed by instinct ; man governs himself by reason. They make known their desires by rude signs and noises unintelligible ; man expresses his thoughts and feelings in beautiful, flowing language. While their capacity of learning and understanding is very limited, the mind of man is capable of indefinite expansion.

The faculty of thinking is unquestionably the highest endowment of the human race, and we seldom contemplate the inestimable value of the intellect, or pause to consider for what end we were created, how we are living, or what, by earnest effort, we should be able to accomplish. As a little sparkling stream gradually becomes a mighty river, and, ever increasing in its progress, finally mingles with the fathomless deep ; so the mind of man, from youth to age, is always acquiring strength, is ever gaining a more extensive range of thought ; and this advancement, doubtless, does not cease at the grave, but continues throughout eternity.

Considering the intrinsic worth of so great a gift, it is of the utmost importance how we avail ourselves of its utility. How *ought* we to think ? History informs us how man has thought ; observation tells us how he now thinks, but who can declare to what a high degree of civilization and refinement we should soon be elevated if every one would strive for the highest mental development ? Perhaps some one will say, " If the mind is entirely given up to abstract thinking, it will be overtaxed and eventually destroyed." This certainly ought to be taken into consideration ; but the tendency is, not to think too much, but too little.

We should think about the small things as well as the great. The delicately tinted flower or the tiny insect illustrates the wondrous plan of creation with as much precision as the disposition of the oceans and continents, or the laws which regulate numberless worlds revolving in the infinity of space.

The thoughtful observer cannot fail to notice countless wonders in the works of nature. He perceives the great diversity of form displayed in the animal and vegetable kingdoms ; the admirable skill with which everything is constructed, and the remarkable adaptation for fulfilling the ends intended. And one thing which makes a deep impression on his mind is the magic effect pro-

duced by contrast. The little dewdrop glittering in the morning sunlight is a representation of exquisite beauty. The dark blue waters of the boundless sea afford an effective example of sublimity. The sunshiny days and whispering breezes of summer seem agreeable when compared with the cloudy skies and chilling blasts of winter. The lofty mountains, rearing heavenward their snowy peaks, are impressively sublime when contrasted with the depression of the adjacent country.

Besides contemplating the wonders and beauties of nature, and considering many other things that are continually presented to our minds, most people spend a part of their time in reading and studying. When thus employed, the aim should be, not how much we do, but how thoroughly. It is far better to have read one book carefully than to have gone through a dozen in a negligent manner.

When we are reading history, by means of diligent application and concentration of thought, we can enter ardently into the spirit of the age in which the scene is laid. In imagination we are carried back to the vine-clad hills and fertile vales of Italy, where rolled the "yellow Tiber," and where upon the seven hills arose "the walls of lofty Rome." Rapidly advancing on the wings of thought, we can soon arrive at the shores of "fair Greece." We converse with the famous painters, sculptors, historians and poets. We gaze, entranced, upon magnificent temples and pleasant groves. We hear the evening wind sighing in the forest—it is the voice of a sylvan god. We listen to the low, sweet murmur of a fountain,—it is the complaining of a water-nymph. Or we hear the dreaded tones of Zeus rolling forth in far-resounding thunder. Indeed, every mountain, wood and stream around us is the abode of some guardian deity. Their mythology is beautiful, but what we most admire is the wonderful influence exerted by so small a state—the great power they held among the nations. We rejoice as we behold the effeminate Persians defeated by a handful of Greeks. We weep as we accompany Socrates to his doomed cell. Oh, what a study is history ! How vividly are the scenes portrayed ! What defeats ! what victories ! What crimes ! what virtues ! What telling examples of the vicissitudes of life !

In perusing the records of the nations of antiquity we perceive that the majority of individuals are lost in oblivion, and that those who are now remembered are those whose *thoughts* have procured for them immortality. We also see that as a person's life has been good or otherwise, so is the influence he leaves behind him. "As a man thinks, so he is." Then let us guard our thoughts with the greatest care. Let us strive to bring

them into complete subservience to the divine will, ever remembering that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

J. H. A.

NOTICE.

We acknowledge the receipt of *Vick's Floral Guide*, published by James Vick, of Rochester, New York. It is a volume of about one hundred and thirty pages, and is amply illustrated, affording a cheap encyclopedia of information to any one who wishes to cultivate flowers to any extent whatever. Any of our readers would, doubtless, do a favor to a mother, or sister, or a friend who is particularly fond of cultivating flowers, by spending a dime to place the *Guide* in her hands.

LOCALS.

Where did you spend vacation?

We wished you a happy new year.

R. S. Rhodes, of '83, has quit college to go into business.

Professor Brun has gone with an invalid brother to Florida. He will return in a few weeks.

A lecture from Professor Thomas, on Practical Book-keeping, was made practical and interesting.

Can the Freshmen account for the unusual greenness around the college during the most of our fall term?

The Athæneum Society has added forty-one volumes to its library during the present college year.

The Senior class passed a very pleasant evening, not long ago, in the rooms of Professor Thomas and wife.

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "'Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

Jun.—What is the law in regard to an emigrant ticket?

Prof.—I don't know; I generally come out on the 10:30.

Prof.—"If I should put on green glasses and view this class, would I not be deceived in their appearance?" "Well, no; I don't think so."

There may be seen in our Library a large and fine picture of President Garfield. It was purchased and framed at the expense of the Loganian Society.

Can you read Greek?

No, I cannot read Greek, but I have a lot of "cheek," and my pony, meek, keeps me from dropping Greek.

The only biz
Of the Senior is
To let the artist take his phiz.

It is, we believe, definitely settled that Edward A. Freeman will deliver a number of lectures before the college, some time during this term. The exact dates are not known at this writing.

"Judge" is going to leave us. After serving us impartially six years longer than he served in the Crimean War, he still has a

firm step, and bears the marks of vigorous manhood. May he meet with deserved success in whatever new field he enters.

The practical advantages of our new gymnasium are becoming more manifest every day. As the results of examinations made some time ago, Dr. Ladd has furnished the students with cards containing definite instruction as to that use of each piece of apparatus which shall most fully contribute to the perfect development of every man's physique.

There was one of our city's young beauties,
Beguiled a Soph from his duties;
Bewitched by her looks,
He neglected his books—
Such, of love's fascination, the fruit is.

In the extract from the letter of William Chase, printed in No. 1 of the present volume of *The Haverfordian*, he stated that so far as he knew there were no Friends in America members of Congress. For fear any should receive this as true, we may say there are, at least, two members of our society in the House, Jonathan Chase of Rhode Island, and J. T. Updegraff of Ohio. The former took his seat at the opening of the present Congress, but the latter has been a member since '78.

A series of readings from classical authors (both ancient and English) has been undertaken by some of our professors since our last issue. Going over ground not covered by the college course, the student gains from them a somewhat critical knowledge of authors he would otherwise be comparatively ignorant of. In the Greek and Latin readings he has an opportunity, by carefully following the reader, to increase, in no slight degree, his vocabulary in those languages. At the first meeting Professor Thomas read extracts chiefly from Marlowe and Jonson, accompanied by explanatory and critical remarks. Professor Allinson occupied the second evening with selections from Lucian's dialogues, and an account of the general character of Lucian and his writings. Both meetings were well attended, thirty to forty students being present, and all seemed well pleased. It is to be hoped that the project will meet with enough encouragement to warrant the professors in continuing to give their time to it. There are in prospect readings from Chaucer and Spenser, and from the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature.

A REASONABLE DOUBT.

"When young men and women are brought together, their conversation is not characterized by a tone of frivolity, but is elevated by their mutual studies."
—S. B. ANTHONY.

When in his chair the Soph perceives
His neighbor's fingers taper
Drop betwixt his "pony" leaves
A slip of tinted paper.
Writ and rewrit from rim to rim.
And signed, "Your loving Mamie,"
Will he reply in Sanskrit hymns,
Or answer her in paradigms
Of *cimi* and *tithemi*?

When from the ivied College Hall
The lights begin to glimmer,
And forth they stroll at even-fall
To watch the starlight shimmer;
And not a soul is nigh to hear,
While silence soothes the senses—
Say! will he murmur in her ear
A lecture on the lunar sphere,
Or achromatic lenses?

PERSONALS.

(The editors of *The Haverfordian* earnestly request every subscriber, who knows any item of interest concerning the whereabouts and doings of Haverford graduates, to forward the same to *The Haverfordian*. Unless this column is supported by the Alumni, it will be a failure.)

"Stephen Roberts, instructor in mathematics at Haverford College, in 1851, is now farming near Le Grand, Iowa. He is a staunch friend of education, and an active member of the Board of Managers of the Friends' Academy at Le Grand."

'62.—Isaac F. Wood has entered into partnership with F. Kloeckner and W. L. Collins for the transaction of general brokerage business. The office of the firm is No. 98 Broadway, New York.

'67.—John Ashbridge died at Colorado Springs, December 3, 1881.

'69.—Ludovic Estes, we hear, was married during the summer.

'72.—John E. Forsythe has charge of the classical department of a school in Philadelphia.

'80.—"Charles E. Cox does not use the rod, but, notwithstanding this, his pupils at Le Grand, Iowa, continue to learn, and many of them show by their efforts that they realize the earnestness of life."

'80.—William Bishop is engaged in the store of James W. Queen & Co., Philadelphia.

'81.—John C. Winston is the president of the Friends' Literary Society in Indianapolis.

'81.—Levi T. Edwards is at present teaching in Indiana. He intends to return to Colorado in the summer.

'82.—R. Mott made us a visit on the 21st; he is now in the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

'83.—R. R. Dunn is studying practical chemistry in the laboratory of Booth, Garrett & Blair.

'83.—H. L. Wilbur returned from Amherst to spend his Christmas holidays at Bryn Mawr. His three months' absence has added nothing to his height.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Oberlin Review*, in the number before us, gives us its approving smile. From what we know of the *Review*, as well as of Oberlin and its students, we are much pleased with the character of all, and humbly trust that the smile of the *Review* is not altogether wanting in those elements which make a smile enduring.

We are glad once more to welcome the *Oakwood Index*. Its appearance has greatly improved since last year, though its typography is not yet the clearest or best. We think that both the appearance and value of the paper would be improved were the blank leaf of the number before us filled either with advertisements or reading matter. A column for the criticism of exchanges might, we think, be of advantage to the *Index*, as well as to its contemporaries. The *Index* has our best wishes.

We find upon our table a swarthy youngster, imbrowned, doubtless, by the circumstances of his birth, called the *Swarthmore Phoenix*. The youngster presents a healthy appearance, and has the symptoms of growth and vigor, namely, a clean tongue, normal pulse, and healthy digestion. It certainly will not die for want of care, as twelve sponsors stand by its cradle ready to guide its every attempt in its upward progress. Let these sponsors fulfill their vows, and the *Phoenix* will soon stalk a giant through the land. Our best wishes go out to it.

We meet this month, for the first time, the *Lutherville Seminarian*, which has its origin in a ladies' seminary in Maryland. The paper is a neat little sheet, bearing in almost every sentence of its contents the undoubted marks of female authorship. Perhaps our masculine tastes are too critical, but it seems to us that the author of "The Value of the Natural Sciences in General Education" would have produced a more instructive and interesting article, if, instead of treating her readers to a short, dogmatic assertion with reference to fifteen or twenty branches of study, she had treated her subject in a broader and more philosophic manner. The author of the "Influencing Causes of Civilization" has written a very readable article, but one which seems to leave one very much in doubt as to whether its author comprehends the true principles of our modern civilization. However, the *Seminarian* is up to the average standard of college journalism, and we anticipate pleasure from a further acquaintance.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* says that "Each succeeding number of the *Niagara Index* makes us better pleased with that paper. We congratulate the exchange editor upon the ability with which he manages his department, which has decidedly improved upon former years." We are glad the *Index* has some friends, as we know of no condition more deplorable than a too utter friendlessness. Yet, come to think of it, it is not so strange that the *Index* should awe some of its neighbors into friendship, for we remember how, in our school-boy days, every bully had his circle of admirers, and observation teaches us that among grown-up boys the same principle holds good. If the statement of the *Scholastic* as to the improved management of the exchange column of the *Index* be correct (and we hope it is), we thank our stars that never until the present year did it become our lot to be bored with the particular exchange column in question. If the *Index* has improved, however, we rejoice. Let the good work go on. There is still room for a mighty reformation in the line of good sense and taste.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.

"Sun, moon and stars forgot," quoted a Junior after flunking in astronomy.

"However great my fall, my spirit is unbroken," remarked the overturned bicyclist, feeling in his coat-tail pocket.

The Boston young lady of culture does not call it the Irish Land Bill. She designates it as the Celtic Real Estate William.

Scene: *Psychology Recitation*. "Now, Mr. S., how is the existence of the desk here made a reality in your mind?" Mr. S.—"By the *something* which is behind it." [Loud applause.]—*Ex.*

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is cradled, then threshed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.—*Ex.*

A Senior called out to his creditor, "Get out, you ornithorhyncus." The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend. "An ornithorhyncus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines it as 'a beast with a bill.'"

A finely dressed lady slipped and fell near the post-office, yesterday, and the gentleman who assisted her to her feet inquired, "Did you break any bones, madam?" "No, I guess not," she replied; "but I am just as mad as if I had broken a dozen of 'em!"—*Ex.*

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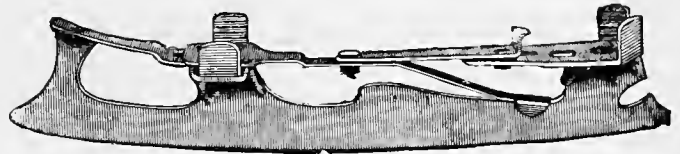


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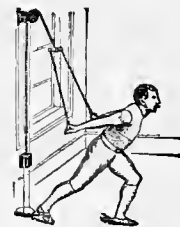
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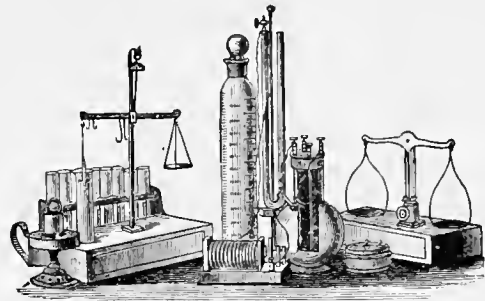
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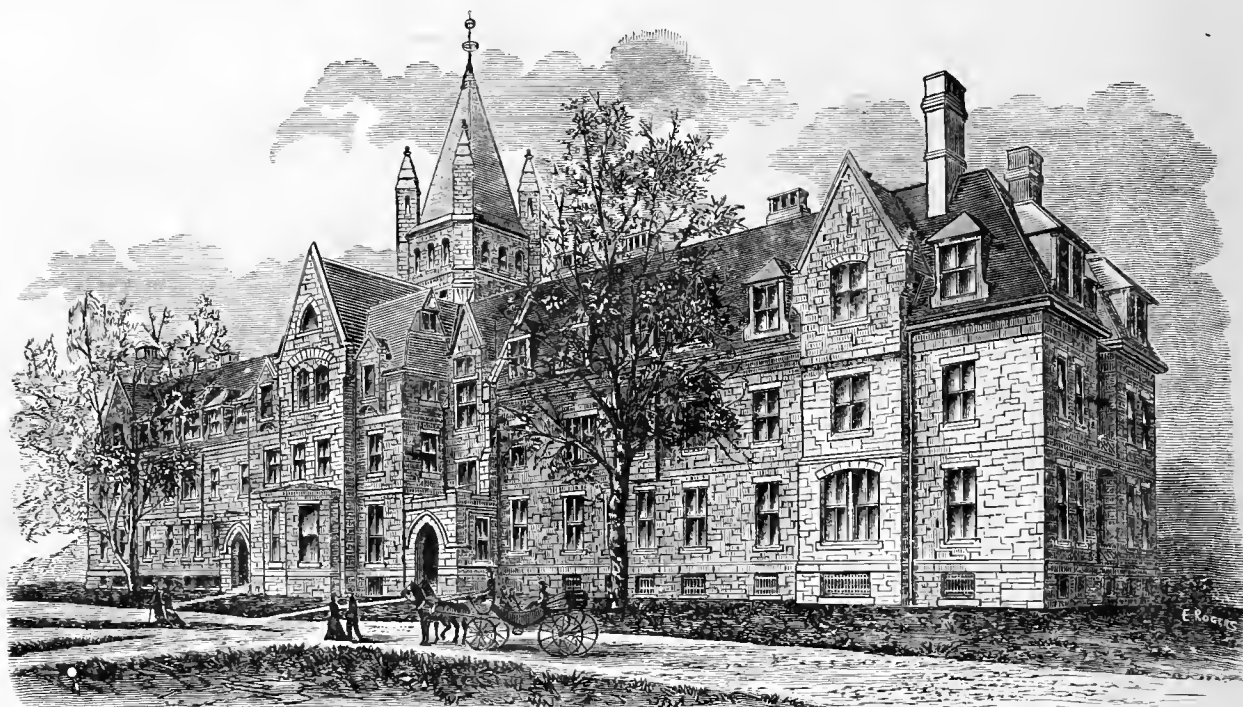
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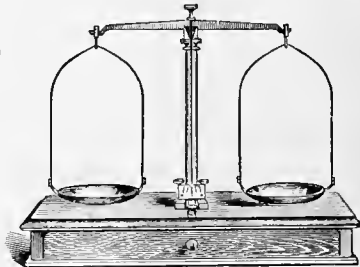
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
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Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

Seldom has a college community more sincerely sympathized with a bereaved household, than Haverford, since the 20th inst., with President Chase and family.

The death of our President's beloved wife on the morning of the 20th, after an illness of only a few hours, came upon us all like a thunder-bolt, and none could at first believe, much less realize, the sad fact.

Upon the evening of the 18th, she had attended a lecture in Founders' Hall, and seemed as well as usual till the evening of the next day, when she was taken ill, and the rest of the sad story is already known to our readers.

During the present college year every student in the college has been entertained by President Chase and wife; hence all know her, and can more sincerely sympathize with those who have lost in her the best of wives and mothers.

The funeral at the Haverford College meeting-house was largely attended on the 24th.

There are certain expressions current in every circle of college students, which, though pregnant with meaning to students, are senseless to the vast portion of the com-

munity, and are rightly branded as vulgar. To such a degree does this use of vulgarisms extend that what some one has said of Harvard might with equal propriety be applied to every college, "that they have ceased to talk English, and talk 'slang.'"
A man may enter college with ever so strong a determination to refrain from imbibing any tendency to use such expressions, but no one can hear them constantly for four consecutive years without unconsciously falling into the habit of expressing himself in the same way; and after he leaves college, or when he happens to be outside the college circle, it is often embarrassing to find the attention of a whole company drawn to one's self by the thoughtless utterance of some unfortunate expression, which ought never to be uttered in good society.

Would that some man with equal enthusiasm but more sense than the "aesthetic Master," would inaugurate a crusade against this growing evil!

Few students appreciate, during the earlier of their college days, the advantages to be derived from a systematic course of reading. The typical Freshman and Sophomore is apt to care more for cricket, foot-ball, baseball, or something affording pleasant pastime, than to spend hours in the library making the acquaintance of the earth's noble. We have nothing to say against athletic sports; on the contrary, we would by all means emphasize the necessity of maintaining them; but we do think every student ought to realize that his college course is incomplete unless he has imbibed from the college library some of the stores of useful knowledge which are there in such abundance.

Nearly every student, as he nears Commencement Day, begins to realize the value of such knowledge, and if this realization came soon enough, he may partially retrieve the consequences of neglect in the early part of his course. But how much better to have appreciated one's advantages, and to have made the most of them from the beginning! We would suggest to some of the younger members of the college, that were more time spent in reading and less on the "war path," college life would be pleasanter to all concerned, and, in future years, their recollections would be equally pleasant.

We have a very high estimation of the characters of our fellow-students, but would like to suggest to the minds of some of them a matter, which, if not new, they may never have thought of in its true light.

It is a trite proverb that "time is money." We feel safe in asserting that no student of Haverford would willingly deprive a fellow-student of any property; and yet there are not a few who rob their classmates, their friends, or their neighbors, of that far more valuable. A man is busily at work; the success of a recitation, a debate, or the production of an essay at its proper time, may depend upon every moment being improved. Presently a friend casually drops in; "will he take a chair?" "oh, no! he can't stop," but proceeds to seat himself in your window, on your table, or in the easiest chair, with feet elevated to a carefully selected position of dangerous altitude; and there he sits and talks and talks till the exasperated possessor of the room is ready to wail for a "lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade." Well, say you, why not tell him frankly that you are busy, and cannot be interrupted? Well, *why* not? Happily there are but few who can deliberately invite a fellow to exchange his room for his company; and the good sense of any student should prevent his putting upon any man,—especially in college, where every moment is of value—the painful necessity of so doing.

Those students, however, who sponge one's time in his room, are by no means the most blameworthy portion of those who consume unprofitably time, both their own and that of more industrious mortals. Any respectable man would rather open his room for the entertainment of his fellows in pleasant conversation, than to have his thoughts distracted and his nerves unstrung by fellows, either over his head or in his corridor, who rend the air with sounds so wretched that study is an impossibility.

Surely, in these things there is no "virtue" or no "praise," and we hope some will "think on these things."

BLAISE PASCAL.

The stories of ancient heroes and the remarkable lives portrayed in Bible history seem to us as things of the distant past. We are inclined to refer them to the days of miracles long before the Christian era. And yet if we could lift the veil from lives around us, if we could see the noble efforts, the firm resolves, the brave sacrifices, the true hearts that are concealed in human forms, we should be forced to admit that there were yet heroes in the land, and that the days of wonders had not ceased. Human beings are full of mystery. We cannot explain why one man should move the world and another live and die unknown, or why one should grasp great truths

as by intuition, while another must be content to plod on step by step in the pursuit of knowledge, advancing with greatest difficulty. No more can we understand why a mere child is sometimes endowed with the faculties of a man, and a man is oftentimes more stupid than an average infant. It seems as if only a given amount of work can be done by our minds while in this strange connection with our bodies, and if more is accomplished in childhood the days of manhood are shortened in proportion.

For other reasons, as well as this, we experience a feeling of pity accompanying that of wonder when we behold a marked case of precocity in a child.

A remarkable instance of genius early developed is that of Blaise Pascal. It is a source of regret that there is no full and satisfactory account of his life, though the sketch given by his sister is full of interest and instruction.

His father, who was a man of considerable reputation as a scholar, had been ennobled by Louis XI. and awarded a government office at Clermont, where Blaise was born in 1623. His mother died in a few years after his birth, leaving an only son and two daughters. Etienne Pascal, the father, considering the interests of his children as of the greatest importance, resigned his position under the government, moved to Paris, and devoted himself to instructing them in science and art. As Blaise was very frail, and unable to attend the schools, he received all his instruction from the father. When only a child he began to show signs of his wonderful genius, and at the early age of eleven years had composed a little book on the cessation of sounds of vibrating bodies when touched by the finger. He had heard of geometry at meetings of the Academy of Sciences, of which his father was a member, and wished to study it at once. The father, however, fearing that it might interfere with his other studies, put him off by promising him the pleasure some time in the future when he should have mastered Greek and Latin. But the young Euclid was determined. In his leisure moments he retired to his chamber and passed the time drawing geometrical figures with charcoal on the floor. He made axioms and definitions to suit his fancy, and was at one time surprised by his father when he had just succeeded in proving that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. The father overjoyed, rushed at once to his friends, related the circumstance, and gave the boy a Euclid, which he read without asking assistance before he had arrived at the age of thirteen years. But here his studies were interrupted. Richelieu had become angry with the elder Pascal, and would have shut him up in the

Bastile had he not gone into voluntary exile. The story of his recall is interesting. Richelieu was very fond of the drama, and had given orders for the "L'Amour Tyranique" of Scuderio to be acted before him. Jacqueline Pascal, the youngest sister of Blaise, then thirteen years of age, was given a part to perform in the play. The Cardinal was so well pleased with her acting and appearance that at her request he promised to restore the father, which was immediately done. E. Pascal now received an office under the government at Rouen where his son assisted him. Weary with the mechanical work of adding columns of figures, our boy of seventeen conceived the idea of inventing a mathematical machine. After two years of intense application the machine was produced. Leibnitz speaks in highest terms of this invention, and endeavored to make a few improvements but without success. Pascal now turned his attention again to mathematics for a few years, until the writings of Torricelli and his contemporaries called him into the field of physics. Torricelli suspected that the ascent of water in a common pump was due to the weight of a column of air, but was unable to prove it. Pascal cast aside the reason usually given, namely, that nature abhors a vacuum, as no reason at all, and adopted the ideas of Torricelli and Descartes. He made many valuable experiments, the results of which are given in a book published in 1647 and entitled "New Experiments Respecting a Vacuum." In 1648 Pascal performed the celebrated experiments with mercury at several different elevations above the level of the sea. His career now seemed to have properly begun, but the death of his father in 1651, and of his sister, Jacqueline, two years afterward, caused a complete change in his life. His discoveries thus far seemed only as a prophecy of what should come hereafter.

He was only about thirty years of age, and his fame had spread over all the countries of Europe. But just at the time when all were awaiting another announcement from his lips, Pascal turned his back upon the world and worldly studies, and determined to give himself up to meditation and prayer.

He became a recluse, and retired with the "brethren" to Port Royal. An attack of paralysis and diseases of various kinds, probably brought on by exposure, bore him to the very verge of the grave. He now thought only of religion, denied himself all the comforts of life, became a fanatic in the fullest sense of the word, and barely stopped short of insanity.

After some months he recovered part of his bodily strength and regained his spirits, but only for a very short time.

When out riding, the horses became frightened, and, rushing across a bridge, fell into the stream beneath. The traces fortunately broke, however, and the carriage was left standing on the very brink of the precipice. Pascal fainted away, and with great difficulty was restored to consciousness. He considered the incident as a direct warning from Heaven to relinquish the things of the world, and now became more of a fanatic than ever before. It is painful to read of the terrible punishments which he inflicted upon his feeble body, and the voluntary privations which he endured.

When the great disputes arose between the Jansenists and Jesuits, Pascal espoused with all his heart the cause of the former party, and wrote the celebrated "Provincial Letters" in its defense. For grandeur of expression, beauty of style, wit and eloquence, these letters have no superior in French literature. Even Voltaire, who was no admirer of Pascal, was forced to admit that the Provincial Letters are models of eloquence and pleasantry. The best comedies of Moliere have not more wit in them than the first letters. Bossuet has nothing more sublime than the last ones.

Worn with toil and voluntary suffering, Pascal became a confirmed invalid, unable to rise from his bed. His life was rapidly drawing to a close. Amid paroxysms of pain he began to make preparations for a great work on the philosophy of human nature and proofs of the Christian religion.

In 1662, feeling that his end was drawing near, the Christian philosopher made his will and tranquilly prepared to die. In August of this year he called with great earnestness for the last service of the church, and a moment afterwards fell into convulsions, and died on the twentieth day of August, 1662, his great work scarcely begun. The scraps of paper on which he had written detached thoughts were collected, and their substance published under the title of "Pensees de Pascal." The chief purpose of the work seems to be to show man's need of religion, and to explain the enigma of his present state. The following extract may give some slight ideas of his powers of expression: "Let not man confine his views simply to the objects which surround him; let him contemplate all nature in its lofty and entire majesty; let him consider the great orb set like an ever-burning beacon to illumine the universe; let the earth appear to him but a point in comparison with the vast circle which this luminary seems to describe; let him wonder that this vast orbit is itself but a delicate point when compared with that of the stars which roll in the firmament." And now returning to himself, let him consider what man is in comparison with all that is; let him look upon

himself as lost in this by-corner of nature; and from the appearance of this little dungeon in which he is lodged—this visible world—let him learn to estimate himself and the cities and kingdoms of this earth at their true value."

Pascal was really the originator of what is usually known as Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy of the Conditioned. The fundamental proposition of this system is that everything which is conceivable to human thought lies between two extremes, both of which are inconceivable. Hamilton adds that these inconceivable extremes are opposed to each other, but Pascal has proved that this is not the case. Such is a short and imperfect account of the life and works of one of the greatest geniuses as well as one of the purest and most lovable characters that the world has ever known. His writings lift us above the things of time, and show us that "there are realities all around us which the human mind cannot comprehend or conceive." We form higher resolves and are spurred on to renewed efforts from contemplating his philosophy, even if he does tell us in opposition to the stirring words of our own poet, that "Life is only a rather more constant dream."

BIBLICAL POETRY.

PAPER I.

To the larger portion of the readers of our authorized version of the Old Testament it may be presumed that it seldom if ever occurs to think of any portion of their Bibles—except, perhaps, the Psalms—as poetical. The New Testament, with the exception of Paul's citations from the Greek poets and the quotations from the Hebrew poets, is everywhere in its form prosaic.

Not so the Old Testament. Nearly one-half the entire mass of matter contained in the canon of the Old Testament Scriptures—the proportion is as twenty-two to twenty-five—is not only poetic, as to its diction, but metrical in its form.

It must not be supposed, however, that Hebrew poetry, like the Latin or Greek, can be resolved into metrical verses. It cannot be supposed that a people as poetical and musical in their constitution as the Hebrews were, failed to catch the beauty and charm resulting from metrical measures; but the language has been too long in disuse for the modern Hebraist, however erudite, to make even a probable guess as to what the meter was. The fact that it existed, and still exists, is all we can now assert; and this fact, briefly stated, is this,—that each separate utterance of religious thought,—and, with two exceptions, the Hebrew poetry gives utterance to no other thought,—whether theological, ethical or devotional, is thrown into an antithetical form, so making up

a couplet or a triplet, or an integral verse in five or six measured lines. This metrical formation, plainly apparent to a reader of the original, is not wholly concealed from a careful reader of an English translation.

In kind, the Hebrew poetry is unique. There would be little meaning in the words if we spoke of odes, lyrics or epics in this case. Hebrew poetry has its kinds, but they are peculiar to itself. It has originated species of poetry, but has itself conformed to no models; it has sprung from nothing earlier than itself, or nothing that is extant; it has no cognates in contemporary literatures. Through the medium of innumerable versions of the Bible the sacred writings of the Hebrews have combined themselves intimately with the intellectual existence of all modern civilized nations. Drawing its force from the deepest and most universal principles of human nature, these writings, when they have thoroughly permeated a people, become an undistinguishable element, not only of the moral and religious life, but to a great extent of the intellectual life also.

Indeed, the Hebrews seem to have been the pioneers both in history and poetry. Let Herodotus be called the father of history, but Moses, with his account of the creation,—an account singularly confirmed by the light of modern science,—far antedates him. Homer, again, whose "Iliad has been called the beginning of all literature," even if we place him as a contemporary of David or Solomon, is greatly excelled in antiquity by the beautiful poem of the Book of Job.

For the birthplace of poetry, no land could be better fitted than Palestine, such as it was three thousand years ago. The requirements of a land to be the home of poetry have in all instances been peculiar. It has sprung up and flourished in countries of limited extent, upon areas rock-ribbed and walled about by mountain ranges, and diversified by the inroads of land-locked seas. These lands have been diversified by vast inequalities of surface and climate, by mighty rivers and gently flowing rills, and clothed as well with ancient forests as with lovely flowers. Never has an unbroken prairie, the arid plains of Tartary, the desert of Sahara, or the wearisome monotony of either a tropical or an arctic climate been the home of poetry; but rather a country rich in those gifts of nature which, by their diversity, stimulate both the physical and the intellectual activities of man.

Palestine in an eminent degree fulfilled all these conditions. About equal in size to the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island, it embraces within its narrow limits more varieties of surface, and of aspect, and of temperature, and of produce, than can be found elsewhere in countries of ten times its area. Palestine, in the age of

its wealth, was an epitome of the world,—a museum country,—many lands in one. Come from what country he may, a journey of a few hours will bring the traveler into a climate which will give him a recollection of his own. Neither in Switzerland or Greece, or in any other country known to us, are there to be experienced so many differences in those external things which affect the bodily sensations and stimulate the imagination: and all this comprised in area that may be viewed from three elevations or from four. All differences are met, from eternal snows in the mountains of Lebanon to the tropical climate of Jericho and the valley of the Dead Sea. Such is the cradle of poetry.

It may be said that the Hebrew poetry is wanting in art. So it is. Unlike Greek poetry, which was pre-eminently a product of the imagination arranged in accordance with artistic principles, either to please, or to teach the principles of some polytheistic system, the Hebrew poetry is expressive of the highest form of monotheism, and of devotion to its teachings, arranged according to the laws of a language in the highest degree simple and natural, yet unartistic. Not only is monotheism taught in the Hebrew literature, but its chief and only aim is to teach religious truth in all its purity. Hence it is that the Hebrew poetry has no epic and no fiction. Men and things are all represented in their natural condition. As men are not always acting as heroes, no continuous course of deeds enacted by one man, if faithfully represented, would correspond to the dignity of an epic; but all that is lost in the absence of fiction is more than made up in the grandeur of the object both aimed at and accomplished in Hebrew poetry. If it is lacking in subtle discrimination and in artistic beauty, it but corresponds to the atmosphere in which it was produced,—an atmosphere which makes all objects remarkably real, and lends to them none of that beauty of hue which tinges our atmosphere, and has impressed itself upon our poetry.

The language of the Hebrews, again, was eminently adapted to poetical composition. In poetry, the more inanimate things can be represented as living, as acting, the greater the poetical effect; hence the more verb a language possesses, the better is it adapted to subserve the purposes of the poet. In Hebrew all is verb. Everything is either acting in some form or derived from that which acts; and moreover, the language, even in the meagre condition of its present existence, is rich in synonyms beyond most other tongues, and in the days of its vigor must have been eminently fitted for the poet's use.

In future articles I hope to dwell on some details of biblical poetry often misunderstood, if understood at all;

but enough has been said in a general way to show that, though the pioneers in their field, the Hebrew poets need yield little to the hosts of bards, both ancient and modern, that have followed in their footsteps. It is difficult, however, to institute a ground of comparison, the ideals of any poets at all near the Hebrews in point of time being so different. Who, for instance, would be willing to compare Homer with Job, or Æschylus and Sophocles with David and Isaiah?

The purpose of the Hebrew poet transcends the aim of the Greek as far as revelation transcends reason; and while the Greek could only wish that some god would reveal to him what was beyond his reason, the Hebrew could look up in loving confidence with, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

EVIDENCES OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

All have heard many times of the nihilism of Europe; of organizations formed for the purpose of banishing society, humanity and God from the world. We know of the wild theories of the German socialists, and the fanatical plottings and king-killings of the Russians. We have been accustomed to look at these matters as from a distance; and few of us fear to-day that America will ever be troubled with such questions as are raised because of socialists or nihilists.

We have consoled ourselves with the reflection that such social turmoils as Germany, France or Russia have experienced, were the result of the European system; that they followed naturally from the oppression of the poor and lowly by the rich and high.

Oppression and repression being absent and unknown in America, we have been rather inclined to treat that famous prophecy of Macaulay's with ridicule, in which he predicts for the United States freedom and prosperity until the broad acres of the continent shall be packed and crowded with ignorant human beings; and after that, either a chaos or a monarchy,—a chaos in which capital and labor shall wage war, until every man's hand shall be against his brother, and the blood shall flow in streams; or a monarchy in which the power at Washington shall rule the nation with a rod of iron.

We have seen how total has been the failure of repression in Europe. We have thought that, when any man helped to govern, we should be governed in such a way that none could say he was oppressed. There are legal remedies for diseases of the body politic; and he who, knowing this fact, yet descends to base violence of speech or action, may not hold himself a patriot. It is the height

of foolishness to make inflammatory speeches about any oppressed class in the United States. In the eye of the law and the constitution, there are no social or political plebeians, no aristocrats. A man, with us, is a man; no greater nor lesser being. Nevertheless, of late there have been indications of the creeping in of these very foolish socialistic ideas. They are carried hither by German and Irish emigrants.

That the Germans have grievances at home that may not be remedied, as matters now stand, except by clamoring and violence, no one will be prepared to deny. A huge military system which is intolerably oppressive; a kaiser and a chancellor with the most conservative views about liberty; and a press which is under the control of the government,—in such a country, much and long-continued injustice may be practiced upon the lower ranks of society, without opportunity presenting itself for a legal remedy. But when the down-trodden government hater emigrates to America in search of a larger liberty, he is too prone to forget, when he arrives here, that he has found the freedom which he craved; too apt to keep with him that antagonism toward the rich and powerful, even though the cause and reason of that antagonism be left behind in the Fatherland. It is difficult, to say the very least, for the leopard to change his spots.

Similarly with the Irish. Oppressed as they are in Ireland, they are subjects for our sympathy. Cruel land laws, and insolent aristocracy set over them; their industries destroyed by British Free Trade fanaticism; subsisting on potatoes and bacon, and every few years swept off by the hundreds by a famine. We pity them, although their methods of seeking redress are those of cut-throats and ruffians, rather than of men and Christians. But when they bring their rebellious spirit with them to America, and let it have full course here, they demonstrate to the world one of two things: either that they are a race of thugs, and very low-lived ones, or that they are in woful ignorance of their legal privileges as American citizens. But as to the existence of incipient socialism among us.

First we will talk about the trades-unions. Among the artisans of almost every kind, we find certain unions, whose purposes and plans in each particular case are to a large extent unknown outside the membership; but whose avowed object is (in a general way) the protection of individuals and classes of laborers against the power of capital. Printers, puddlers, engineers, watch-makers, weavers and plumbers, all have their "unions." Butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers, are banded together to repel the fiery onslaughts of capital.

The stated object of these organizations is a laudable one. All are aware that the capitalist is sometimes inclined to become oppressive. So long as the workingmen are engaged peaceably in withstanding improper demands, no one may call them to order by virtue of any moral or legal principle. But when we investigate the practical workings of some of these unions, we discover that acts of gross injustice sometimes receive their sanction and support; and often deeds of real outrage are perpetrated by members of the organizations. Some of the so-called defensive measures of these leagues savor of injustice and tyranny.

In many printing-houses, the members of the Printers' Union have sufficient power to prevent the proprietors employing any but Union men. No one is permitted to enter such an office as apprentice until he has joined the Union. In a certain firm in Philadelphia, one of the proprietors determined to put his own son in the printing-office, that he might learn the business of his father. Immediately the printers sent in a communication, declaring it their purpose to abandon their places unless the son was withdrawn. He did not belong to the Printers' Union. The son was then sent to a neighboring town to learn the trade, where the Union men were not so powerful.

Such an act they call defensive. Such an act is unjust and tyrannical also. Let us illustrate this matter farther.

The Brotherhood of Engineers, members of which organization had complete control of the engines on the Reading Railroad, and perhaps have yet, once ordered a strike. Every engineer on the road left his post. They demanded an advance in wages. The Company paid no particular attention to them, but attempted to put on new, non-union men. Every new man who obtained a position as engineer was beaten, robbed and maltreated generally. After a week or more of terrorizing, during which some murders occurred, a compromise was effected, and the business of the Company once more moved smoothly. In this strike we have one more illustration of the injustice and cruelty of the Trades-Unions.

There is another and a different sort of organization of laborers, the last traces of which are yet lingering among the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. I mean the Molly Maguires. The members of this association were, without exception, Irishmen. An ominous fact is that the same organization exists in Ireland under the same name. This is a proof positive of our theory that the socialistic ideas are imported with Irish and German emigrants to the United States.

The horrible deeds of the Mollies need no description this evening. A mere reference to them is sufficient.

The most horrible outrages were perpetrated by them; but none more brutal, perhaps, than many of the "noble, chivalrous deeds," as the lying ballads call them, of the Patricks and the Jimmies of the Old Country. The reign of the Mollies, lasting as it did for over twenty years, was the reign of a most horrible socialism. Members of the order held high offices in county and township; and court and jury were often under their control. It was against the capitalists and mine-owners, the bosses and the laborers who did not belong to their society, that their fiercest attacks were made. Although the prominent Mollies have met their just doom, yet it is a fact not to be lightly passed over, one worthy of attention, that an organization like theirs has been able to procure even a temporary foothold in America.

(To be continued.)

THE QUAKER REPRESENTATIVE.

A letter from London in a recent number of *The Haverfordian*, stated that there were several Friends in Parliament, while there were none in the United States Congress.

There have been several members of the Society in the House of Representatives during the past twenty years, and there is one in the XLVIIth Congress.

The representative who was qualified by affirmation at the opening of the present session, traces his ancestry through seven generations of Quakers in Massachusetts to William Chace, who came to Boston with Governor Winthrop in 1630. Jonathan Chace, who represents the Second Congressional District of Rhode Island, was born at Fall River, Mass., 7th mo. 22, 1829. He received an academic education, chiefly at "The Friends' School," Providence, Rhode Island.

His business life began in Philadelphia in 1850. In 1857 he returned to Rhode Island, where he has since been engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods, his father and grandfather having been pioneers in that industry.

While Jonathan Chace has never been an aspirant for political honors, his sense of the responsibilities of citizenship have always led him to take the deepest interest in affairs of government, both local and national; and a few years ago he was in the State Senate for two terms.

In the autumn of 1880 he was requested to become a candidate for Congress, but, shrinking from the duties and distractions of the position, persistently declined. The convention which met in Providence 7th of 10th month, tried in vain during thirteen hours to unite on

some other name, and on the eighty-eighth ballot Chace was unanimously nominated.

Entering the office without pledges, he is free to vote and act in all matters in accordance with his sense of right. He is an advocate of a protective tariff; of reform in the civil service; and of a dollar worth one hundred cents in gold, or one redeemable therein. He is president of a national bank, and believes the present national banking system to be sound, safe, and one of the best ever established.

A few days ago Nicholas Fort, a member of the House from Missouri, the Greenback candidate for Speaker, mentioned the names of his three sons, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Frederick Douglass, and said: "A man who has named his son Frederick Douglass can no more vote with the Democratic party than one who wears a Quaker coat." A. H.

NOTES ON COLORADO.

When Horace Greeley said "Go West, young man," it was after he had "been there;" and the little town of Greeley, a few miles north of Denver, attests by its thrift the wisdom and foresight of the illustrious journalist, who saw in the then barren soil possibilities which a less penetrating mind would have overlooked. It needed a mind like Greeley's to look through the deceptiveness of this country,—a characteristic which displays itself in more ways than one.

On approaching the above-named town, on the Union Pacific Railroad, and seeing through the car windows the irrigating ditches carrying water not very plentifully through fields of apparently stunted wheat, about twenty-four inches high, and corn not much higher, we were led to pity those poor victims of Greeley's enthusiasm, and wondered how they managed to make life livable in such a place. But on finding the town made of thrifty-looking houses, and learning that the little stunted wheat produced from thirty to fifty bushels per acre, and meets with a higher-priced market than in the East, and that potatoes thrive equally wonderfully, our pity was turned, not exactly into envy, but into a feeling of relief and gratification.

And farther up in the mountains we were still more pleased to find that the miserable-looking ranchmen (farmers), who seemed to "force a churlish soil for scanty bread," are in reality a well-to-do class of people, who follow their business, not from necessity, but from choice.

Another way in which a new-comer is deceived is in the judgment of distances. Arriving at that beautiful

town, Colorado Springs, which, together with the neighboring village of Manitou, has been not inaptly styled the Saratoga of the West, and drinking in the beauties of the panorama of mountains which rise just to the west of the city, bathed at the time in the soft morning sun, we were contemplating a morning walk to Pike's Peak, the most prominent of these mountains, apparently about two miles away; but when told by a friend that the distance was twelve miles, we concluded we would at least postpone our walk until after breakfast. This deception is partly due to the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere,—a quality of which the mountain streams also partake to a wonderful degree.

Another peculiarity of the air is its antiseptic nature, or perhaps, more properly, its want of septic qualities. An Easterner is surprised, on going by the markets in the summer, to see the walls of the butcher's shop lined from floor to ceiling with his various meats, and whole beeves dressed and hung up in front of the door. The troublesome refrigerator is an unnecessary encumbrance, except in the hottest weather, and is then far from being a necessity, even when large stocks of meat are kept. A family can buy a whole deer or beef, hang it up in the wood-shed or elsewhere, and use from it until all is consumed. The last piece will be as fresh and sweet as the first.

These qualities of the Colorado atmosphere doubtless contribute to its wonderful power in curing certain classes of diseases, and its consequent reputation as a healthful country. Generally speaking, it is healthful; but we are reliably informed that many constitutions are unable to endure the high altitude, and are compelled to return to a lower level. Others, as we know by sad experience, have to go through a severe course of acclimation. The sudden removal of from five to eight thousand feet of atmospheric weight from the surface of the body is pretty sure to cause a rather violent and unpleasant internal ebullition in the act of equalizing the pressure.

However many anomalies and deceptions there may be in Colorado's soil and climate, we think we are not deceived when we see in her unbounded resources, and in the great push and energy of her citizens, all the necessary conditions of financial greatness. To those young men, therefore, in the East, who are without financial capital, but have a good reserve of moral strength, energy and discreet judgment, we would second Greeley's motion, feeling confident that to this class of young men the advantages offered by Colorado are equaled by no other State in the Union.

COLORADO SPRINGS, 1881.

L. T. E.

LOCALS.

Johnnie, write me the train you will go by on, and I will be at the station.

Kisses are said not to retain their flavor, we therefore recommend them *fresh*.

The open fire in the library has power to charm the most æsthetic of our young men.

Professor S. Alsop, having come in from Colorado on business, stopped a short time at our college.

Junior Day is lowering in the horizon; though it is not yet larger than a medium-sized skating-pond.

Those Freshmen whose ponies failed them, can take comfort in examining Dr. Fothergill's bust in the library.

The new and elegant ash table on the platform of the Athenæum Society completes their stage improvements.

Does any one believe, if certain of our Sophs were just as good as they could be, that they could not be *very* good?

Students are now wondering why we have not had voluntary readings from the ancient and modern classics long ago.

S. R. Jones ('84) has left college. He is spending some time in Washington previous to joining some friends in the South.

Skating is certainly a virtuous amusement, for both grace and patience are required to become even in a slight degree accomplished.

The Loganian Society met on the 23d ult, and adjourned one week, through regard for the sympathy so eminently deserved by our beloved President and his bereaved family.

She said her father was going to buy her a farm on the mountains near H——.

He innocently inquired whether she was going to stock it with "deer."

The Haverford College Consolidated Telegraph Company are in danger of being served with an injunction for having taken liberties beyond the limits of their charter, and some intimations of other irregularities are hinted at.

Courtesy demands that we call notice to the fact that, unknown to us, before our last issue, the attention of the authorities had been directed to the condition of the road leading to the President's house, and the preliminary steps taken for its improvement.

Come in and shut the door, George, and take that easy chair,
And I'll tell you a little story, George, that will make your honor stare.

It's all about a girl, of course, her picture's over there,
And don't you think she's pretty, with all that golden hair?

I met her last vacation in a little country town,
And at a country ball, George, and—yes, her name is Brown.

She said she lived in Brooklyn, and knew some friends of mine,
Who gave away completely our latest little "shine."

Ah, George! my heart beat faster, as I passed her house next day,
For somehow, George, she touched me in a curious sort of way.

And then we went out walking too, to get some flowers we said;
But I got one little flower, George, and for that I lost my head.

To-day I called and told her of the conquest she had made,
And that I loved— But here she interrupted and very coldly said,

"These very words you uttered, with your eyes and face aglow,
To my pretty sister Daisy about one year ago."

A further collection of coins, medals, etc., have been presented to the college, and have been arranged in a new case in the collection room in Founders' Hall. This case is situated on the opposite side of the room from the old one, and is almost its counterpart.

"Be a *law* unto thyself" seemed to require a supplement in order to bridge safely the examination chasm. This new printed code reverses the wise counsel of Moses, and commands, saying, Borrow naught of thy neighbor, neither pencil nor rubber; neither shalt thou lend.

An efficient assistant in the Observatory to relieve our professor from the important though time-killing details of astronomical work, is a desideratum at this time. The deficiency simply means, so much time lost from that telling work which is sooner or later destined to place our professor in the front rank of American observers.

PERSONALS.

'69.—E. B. Taylor is now superintendent of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway, his division extending from Pittsburgh to Columbus, Ohio.

'77.—W. F. Smith is one of the leading lawyers in Barnesville, Ohio.

'77.—Wilson Townsend is tutor to a gentleman's sons, in Alleghany County, Virginia.

'80.—Mahlon P. Hill has gone to Minneapolis, with a view to entering business life there.

'81.—Edward Y. Hartshorne has accepted a position in the office of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

We have long thought the *Colby Echo* worthless, but never before were willing to waste space enough to announce to the public a fact so patent to everybody. We only do it now to let the *Echo* know that there is no love lost.

The *Album* would be quite a respectable paper if it was decently printed. The number before us, in addition to poor paper and indistinct typography, contains many errors in spelling, etc., which the enterprising editors have corrected in pencil on the margin, giving one the impression that, through mistake, he has received the proof-sheet, and not the real paper. We do not know what the facilities for printing are in the region which produces the *Album*, but no paper should long allow itself to be disgraced with such careless work.

We like the look of the *Alabama University Monthly*. Its typography is good, its form tasty, and its matter certainly up to the standard of average college journalism. Like so few of its contemporaries, it is sensible enough to exclude from its columns that superabundance of ineffectual attempts at prurient jocosity, which, as one reads so many college journals, makes the head sick and the heart faint. Its exchange man, moreover, possesses, evidently, a proper conception of the sphere of such a mortal, and aims to do justice to all. Some of its more pretentious neighbors would do well to go and do likewise.

So it is, so it has been, and will, we suppose, continue to be. One can't call the attention of a bully to his faults without being made the butt of his insolence. We expected as much when we called attention to some faults of the *Niagara Index*, which are too glaring to have escaped the notice of anybody, but which many seem to fear to mention on account of this same insolence, and the result does not surprise us. Hurl forth your venom, "ye *Index*," if you choose; we care no more for it than for any other manifestations of impotent rage. "You are not egotistical!" Oh, no! neither is Guiteau, if you take his own story for it; yet who doubts the fact? If we are chicken-hearted (which those who know us have never intimated), we aren't that sort of a cock who, just as his wings begin to grow and his tail-feathers to push themselves forth, imagines himself ruler of the roost, and pitches into every other specimen of his kind he can set eyes on. Doubtless you are a pretty bird, "ye *Index*," but bear in mind that the proud peacock is not always most esteemed, nor the best judge either of his qualities or of his importance in the universe.

The *College Cabinet* goes off into a fit of hysterics because we profess to respect a man for expressing an opinion candidly wherever it hits, and then proceeded to express some sentiments which the *Cabinet* was thick-headed enough to entirely misconceive, and to construe to its own hurt.

If the expressions in the *Cabinet* are the sentiments of a sane "ex"-man in his sober moments, we certainly respect him for giving utterance to them.

If, however, the *Cabinet* has mental vigor enough still remaining to comprehend the fact that our remarks were intended for nothing more than an exaggerated picture to impress the fact that we did not attempt to dictate to it as it had done to us, we think it will also be able to comprehend the fact that the charge of cynicism lies more justly at its door than at ours.

We cordially thank the *Cabinet* for its advice with reference to our future conduct, but would as cordially invite it to share with us a practical application of the same admonition.

It is our endeavor to make our paper conform to our ideal of a college journal, but it is evident that our ideal differs materially from that of the *Cabinet*. It was not our intention to criticise the *Cabinet's* ideal, but to impress upon its comprehension, which evidently is not the clearest, that our ideal corresponds to our circumstances, and not to those governing its conduct.

However, *Cabinet*, come again, and when you know us better it is just possible you may change your hastily formed opinion.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.

A Senior says that his girl's father is a regular old freebooter!—*Occident*.

The Greek play *Antigone* will be brought on the stage at Toronto University this winter.

An American took the first prize in mathematics at the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

Miss Helen Gladstone, a daughter of England's Premier, was a successful candidate at the Cambridge examinations.

Sophomore to sleepy room-mate: Come, S., why don't you get up with the lark, as I do? "S. (grimly): "Been up with him all night!"—*Ex*.

Dr. Cuyler wants all young ladies to band together and say, "No lips shall touch my lips that have touched a bottle." Rather rough, this, on the fellows that were brought up by hand.—*Ex*.

A PICTURE.

There's a face that haunts me ever,
There are eyes mine always meet;
As I read the morning paper,
As I walk the crowded street.

Ah! she knows not how I suffer,
Hers is now a world-wide fame;
But, till death that face shall greet me,—
Lydia Pinkham is her name.

The Dartmouth.

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," said the sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."—*Post*.

Lesson in political economy: "Is time money?" "Yes, sir; it is."—"Prove it by an illustration." "Well, if you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps, it is a quarter to two."—*Tablet*.

The salutatorian at Yale this year was a German, the valedictorian a Hebrew, the prize declaimer a Chinaman. But when it came to real classical culture our native land came to the front. The pitcher of the Yale Base Ball Club was an American.

A LEFT-HANDED LUNG TESTER.—At a singing-school at Three Springs, Arkansas, the other night, a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs, and invited a girl in the company to hit him in the breast. She said she was left-handed, had been washing that day, was tired, and didn't feel very active, but at his earnest request let go at him. While his friends went to pick him up, he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

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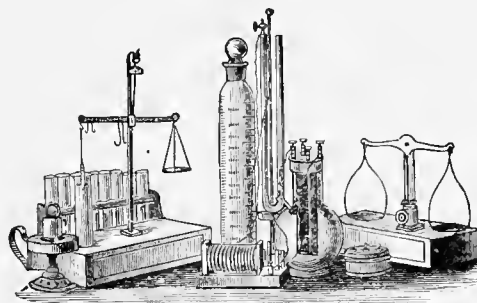
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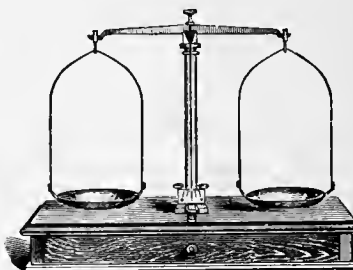
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Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

In certain well-educated circles of American society there is displayed a lamentable ignorance of the history of the Christian Church. That there is any good cause for this at the present day may well be questioned; that it is an outgrowth of the schisms of the sixteenth century is quite certain. The bitterness toward everything Romish which, not unnaturally, distinguished many of the Protestant sects, led them to look with marked disfavor upon any part of the history of the church which seemed to countenance Episcopal rule or Papal supremacy. This feeling, in time, gave place to more moderate opinions, and finally there existed only that repulsive force naturally resulting from the hostility of diverging faiths. The feeling of intolerance that once accompanied this righteous enmity now no longer shackles us. We have nothing to fear and much to gain from the careful study of the growth, the spread and triumph of Christianity,—the gradual falling away from the primitive purity, and the final apostasy. We need to be awakened to a consciousness of the losses we are sustaining. There is no grander study for man than man; and if there is anything in which the present age is peculiarly blessed, it is in its admirable facilities for studying him through the recorded events of his past history. We, as a people, are not backward in making use of our privileges whenever we conceive they tend to our interest.

This condition is undoubtedly fulfilled in the early history of the Christian Church. Those of our readers who have neglected this period cannot afford to wait longer before entering a field filled with the choicest facts and principles of history, and rich in all the varied elements of human nature and phases of human character.

It is apparent to every intelligent man that the terrible struggle the nation is now making to rid itself of the withering blight of corruption and fraud is one which demands the sympathy and support of every good citizen. Turn our eyes which way we may, and we are greeted on every hand with the glaring evils of stifled justice and licensed robbery.

The loathsome malady has not simply infected the great arteries of government, but is stagnating in its minutest channels. The state, the county, the township, has each its characteristic symptom, and lurid above all is the political horizon of many of our great cities. It is vastly more easy for the modest Christian to stand aloof and sigh over the unhappy condition and deplore the vices of this unregenerate age, than faithfully and boldly to enter the contest, and consistently act his part and carry forward, little or much, his high aims. Every man must be the keeper of his own conscience, and may well decide how far it is proper for himself to enter into the turmoil. But we certainly go to unwonted lengths if we claim the only safe course for the devout Christian is complete divorcement from all active interference in governmental affairs. The incidents and associations of public life may not be congenial. They may not be conducive to the calm and quiet of which the Christian ever feels the need; but Duty does not always lead her followers into the smoothest paths. If there is a work to be done, no man can acquit himself of its responsibility by pointing to the temptations that accompany it. These may be a part of his discipline. Now, in the hour of our country's spasmodic effort to purify herself, what man can afford to withhold from her his services? To spend and be spent in a good cause is worthy of the best men of every denomination; and none are better qualified than those who are the followers of Fox and Barclay, and have Penn for an example of a Christian statesman.

Many old Haverfordians will learn with regret that the Loganian Society has decided to hold its meetings once in two weeks, instead of every week. We cannot say that we are fully in favor of the arrangement. We consider it, however, an experiment which is, perhaps, worth trying. To any one acquainted with our college it is evident that those students upon whom the burden of work—both in Loganian and the private societies—falls have a great deal to do. So long as the college contains a class of students who would rather work for the societies than do anything else, all goes well; but when, as seems to be the case at present, there is a growing feeling that the societies demand more of a man's time than he can justly take from his other work, then we believe that there is needed a radical change either in the opinions of the students or in the organization of the societies.

That the present organization of our societies fails to meet the wants of the students we do not intend to deny. We do object, however, to all the sacrifice being made on the part of the Loganian,—the society in which we meet our professors on an equal footing, and in which, if anywhere, we may expect the best literary culture Haverford can afford.

As the arrangement now stands, we fear the Loganian has dealt a severe blow to the literary enthusiasm of the college. Attachment to one's private society is all right in its place, and the work done in the private societies is very important; but every man, when he enters a private society, should do it with the expectation of becoming, sooner or later, a member of the Loganian. During the early part of the course this should be an incentive to more earnest work, that the student may sooner receive the honor of a Loganian election. Now, if the Loganian members practically say, Our society does not pay us for the trouble it takes to run it, they take away one strong incentive to earnest work from the younger members of the college.

The result may not justify our fears,—we hope it will not; but think it would be well for those interested to be vigilant, lest the present arrangement may prove disastrous.

The question of college government, intellectual as well as moral, has reached an interesting phase within the last few years. The question at point is, whether a college should be "a place for general training, moral as well as intellectual, in which the professor should stand literally *in loco parentis*," or whether it should be satisfied with merely offering the best advantages in the direction of learning, while leaving it to the individual

student to gain as much or as little benefit from these advantages as he pleases. The history of American colleges, from the founding of the first down to about the year 1870, presents an uninterrupted interval in which college governments have taken upon themselves the parental care of their students in respect to both moral and intellectual training. This plan is peculiar to America; we find nothing like it in the European universities. That this plan was adopted in America was owing, to a great extent, we think, to the fact that almost all the original colleges were founded in the New England States, where the Puritan element, and therefore Puritan ideas, were in the ascendency. This element of Puritanism in college government led to the strictest regard for the morals of the students, which rather increased than diminished as the years went by. And, moreover, the colleges not only cared most zealously for the moral training, but prescribed most particularly the direction and extent of the intellectual training.

In England and other European countries the plan, more or less fully adopted, was that the province of a university was not to care for the moral training of its students, but to develop the intellect—and *that* only in the direction and to the extent in which the student would willingly co-operate with the university. Both plans, no doubt, have their disadvantages, yet the results show that the European plan is the wiser. The scholarship produced by American colleges cannot, it seems to us, be favorably compared with that produced by the universities across the Atlantic. Though various causes have combined to produce this effect, yet it seems very probable that it was owing, to a great extent, to this fundamental difference (which we have tried to point out) in the respective schools.

Harvard showed its appreciation of this fact in a practical manner in 1870, by modifying its plan of rigid parental care, and allowing the students some choice in the branches to which they were to devote their four years at the college. From that time to this, Harvard has gradually been extending the elective system, and "with every extension of the system," as President Eliot asserts, "there has been a gain to the individual student, to the college, and to every interest of education and learning." The Johns Hopkins University from the first adopted the European plan, and gave each student the opportunity to pick out, within certain very wide limits, the course of study he wished to pursue.

Yale, and a multitude of smaller colleges, on the other hand, have adhered to the original American plan, and still continue to consider youths of eighteen and upwards as mere children, and to treat them as such.

That this course should fail in colleges where the number of students is great seems inevitable; for the fact that the number of students is great necessarily renders the number of officers inefficient to enforce the rules, unless the officers be more numerous than is practicable; and then the restraint itself becomes, to the average human nature of college students, a strong inducement to evade and break the regulations and rules laid down. Thus, a parental care over students in the larger colleges must be of very little benefit either to the college or to the students. And again, it seems very evident that a course of study, more rather than less rigid, prescribed to students who have reached the age when they know in what direction the inclination of their minds points, must be disastrous to the intellectual welfare of the student, as well as to "every interest of education and learning." Hence it seems that the American plan can only be successfully carried out in colleges where the number of students is comparatively small, and their average age is less than is the case in most colleges at present.

If, therefore, it is true, as we have tried to show, that the university plan is the most advantageous for larger colleges where the students are of the age to choose their own courses of study, while the American plan is most successful in smaller colleges, where students are of a younger age;—if this is true, the only rational solution of the question is that the larger colleges should become more and more universities, where students may perfect themselves in special lines of study, while the smaller colleges should lower their standard of admission, retain their parental care, and endeavor to ground their students in those branches, knowledge and practice in which must underlie all literary and scientific training.

BIBLICAL POETRY.

PAPER II.

In a former number of *The Haverfordian* I offered a few remarks upon Hebrew poetry in general. In the present paper I wish to speak of a poem, the right of which to a place in the canon of the Holy Scriptures is often, by many, doubted. I refer to the "Song of Solomon." This poem, with one exception,—the Book of Esther,—is the only composition in the Hebrew Scriptures that has no theistic import. These two poems, unlike the remaining canon of Scripture, contain not so much as a mention of the Holy Name. The one is pre-eminently amatory in its character; the other, Jewish, patriotic, national.

The "Song of Solomon" may, perhaps, be called a dramatic composition. If we place it in this class of poetry, however, we must extend the term "dramatic" as

applied to poetry, so that it shall include not comedy and tragedy only, but every poem composed in dialogue, where the characters are made to carry on the conversation without the intervention of the poet. This composition is exemplified in several of the *Beucolies* of Theocritus and Virgil, and in two of the *Odes* of Horace. If dramatic poetry may still be permitted to embrace, as it once did, all this, then the *Canticles* are dramatic. The conversation is represented as carried on by King Solomon and his bride, she being attended by a chorus of virgins, who are occasionally appealed to, and who help carry on the strain; and he by his young men, though these latter remain mute. But what place has a love song and a dramatic composition in our Bible? As to the latter point, the composition is no more dramatic than the 24th Psalm, or the first six verses of Isaiah 63; and as to the first point of our question, we shall attempt to show that, as in many other parts of the Bible, a valuable lesson is taught here by this allegorical representation.

The fact that the virgins are introduced, as well as the young men, who, in the New Testament, are called "the children of the bridechamber," and the "friends of the bridegroom,"—where, too, we find mention of the virgins who went forth to meet the bridegroom,—points to the nuptial feast as the occasion for the pouring forth of the impassioned expressions contained in the *Song of Songs*. As the memory of a paradise—a paradise of rural simplicity—is the soul of all poetry, whether Hebrew or Greek, sacred or pagan; so Solomon represents himself here as enjoying the nuptial feast of a rural man, happy in his garden and his flocks.

The nuptial feast, as were nearly all the rites of the Jews, is allowed by nearly all students to have been hebdomadal. Bossuet, availing himself of this fact, has made it the basis of an analysis of the poem, which is ingenious, and seems, the more one studies the song, to be correct. He supposes the nuptial banquet to have been concluded. The bride is in the evening brought to the house of her husband, and here the nuptial week begins; for in their reckoning of time the Hebrews always begin at evening. The bridegroom, who is represented as a shepherd, goes forth early in the morning to feed his flocks, and to the various occupations of rural and pastoral life; the bride, presently awaking, and finding him absent, breaks forth into a soliloquy full of tenderness and anxiety. This forms the exordium of the poem. His going forth seems to have been customary, hence the frequently and anxiously repeated precaution, "I charge you, ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and the hinds of the field, not to wake my love till *she* please" (not *he*, as in our version). Not less frequent is the exclamation of the virgins, "Who is

this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning on her beloved?" etc.

The different changes from day to night are marked with more or less distinctness, sometimes by direct statement and sometimes by the circumstances. The same writer, Bossuet, thinks he can trace in the poem, with considerable distinctness, the seven days and nights of the marriage week. He also thinks the last day is the Sabbath, inasmuch as the lovers seem then to be in public.

Whatever of truth there may be in this outline, every reader must judge for himself. This is certain, however, that the poem represents a beautiful picture of joyous rural life, as it existed among the ancient Jews; and it is equally certain that it is not dramatic, if drama needs any plot or fable for its basis, or if the pastoral poems of the writers mentioned above are to be excluded from the drama. There is no fiction in the Canticles. There is much of beautiful imagery and of poetical expression; but the picture, after all, is the representation of a natural reality, or what would be real if man were always innocent, and woman but faithful and loving.

In one point, however, the Song of Songs bears a striking resemblance to Greek tragedy. The chorus of virgins seems in every way to correspond to the tragic chorus of the Greeks. Indeed, some scholars claim that Theocritus, who was a contemporary of the translators of the Septuagint at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, was not unacquainted with the beauties of this poem, and almost literally transcribed some of its passages into his own works. The origin, however, of the Greek chorus, has no connection with that of the Hebrew virgins of the nuptial feast.

But to return to our inquiry as to the religious lesson taught in the Canticles. To a modern mind of this western world, the connection between the impassioned utterances of an infatuated lover and deep religious truth does not seem very obvious. The Jews have always maintained that the poem contained a mystical meaning of a religious character; hence they assigned it a place in their sacred canon, and, following their example, it has been given a place in ours. Doubtless to an oriental mind, accustomed to the constant use of bold imagery, it would much more readily occur to apply the mutual expressions of endearment found in the Canticles to Christ and his church than it would to us. But why should even we hesitate to accept the poem as an allegory, illustrating most beautifully the intimate connection between Christ and his church? Much of the Old Testament is figurative, much of it allegorical; and, while none can claim to have drawn all the nectar from any flower, let us appropriate both food and enjoyment

wherever it can be found. All through the Scriptures the relations of God to man are illustrated by the relationships of earth. God is our father, Christ the elder brother. Again, God is the master, man the servant,—God the king, man the subject. Now Christ is a friend among his friends. Again he is represented as the bridegroom who, at the marriage supper on the last day, takes to himself a spotless bride. In consonance with all this comes in the Song of Songs, representing so touchingly the passionate love of Christ for the church, and the hearty manner in which, if his church were pure, that love would be reciprocated. Free from the licentiousness sometimes attributed to it, healthful in tone, attributing to God a justifiable anthropomorphism, beautifully illustrating to our finite comprehensions the love of Christ to us, the Song of Songs vindicates to every careful student a right to an important place in sacred poetry.

EVIDENCES OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

(*Concluded.*)

But scarcely had the Mollies been properly dealt with, than a most extensive strike occurred among the railroad men, accompanied with immense destruction of property, both public and private, and much hurrying about of soldiers, together with mobs in cities, and terror in the country. Fourteen States of the Union were defiled by the touch of this crazy mob spirit. Millions of dollars and many lives were part of the price paid for the gratification of an idiotic rage against the money-holding classes, and the railroad corporations in particular. The circumstances most worthy of our notice in connection with these riots of 1877 are their wide extent, the fury of the mob, and the tendency exhibited among the soldiery and the Trades-Unions more particularly, to sympathize with the movement. In fourteen States, almost simultaneously, engineers and firemen stopped work. This fact points unerringly to the existence of some extensive organization, whose power is very great. The violence of the mob indicates that there had been real or supposed grievances, brooded over for many a day. Steam has no power of explosion except when closely confined and compressed. The explosions of passion are harmless, save when the passion has been long treasured up. Sympathy with the rioters on the part of the soldiery and laborers, which is an undeniable fact in the history of those times, is a most alarming circumstance.

Just such conditions go far to assist the inauguration of such reigns of terror as the French Revolution.

Alas that a mob should learn its real strength! The country is in the power of the laborers. In the proper education of the common people will alone be found the safety of society. Let the rank and file remain in ignorance, and it will require but a sufficient infusion of foreign fanatics among them to cause a movement that shall "shake the pillars of this commonweal."

But there is yet another indication of the grafting into American society of foreign socialism. I refer to the existence of a National Socialist party. It has not been very conspicuous for the past three years. The principal exploit of its members, last year, was the holding of a meeting in New York, at which resolutions were passed in praise of the assassination of the Czar Alexander. The membership, which is said to number many thousands, is largely made up of naturalized Germans. The ring-leaders of the movement are, without exception, Germans. Many of them have been banished from their country on account of socialistic tendencies. The party is in the habit of sending money to Germany, to enable home socialists to carry the elections. Among the leaders are jail-breakers and notorious scoundrels, like Gustav Lyser and Henry Eude.

Surely, you say, such characters have no great following in America. But therein consists the marvel. At the Philadelphia convention in 1876, there were delegates present from nearly every State in the Union. A formal organization was then effected. The name finally decided upon at Newark, N. J., in 1877, was "The Socialistic Labor Party."

At the meeting in Philadelphia, just before the railway strikes of 1877, language was used that doubtless had the effect of hastening an outbreak which proved disastrous to all concerned. "Join hands with us," said one speaker, "for the establishment of that fraternal union of the disinherited and down-trodden wages-laborer, which will relieve us from the ills of capitalistic society."

I cannot refrain from saying just here, not because the sentiment is weighty, but as a vent to my own feelings, that, in my opinion, any man who will leave his country and come to us, and having been received with open arms, will then feed our citizens on such poison as this,—with talk about being down-trodden in this land of freedom, with threats against the constitution of society in the land of his adoption; such a man is either an idiot or a villain, or, more probably, both in one, like Guiteau. Wherefore do they come, preaching of down-trodden and disinherited laborers, to men who are living in their own houses, in the midst of their happy families, at peace with all the world? We do not know anything about the down-trodden in this country. If

the United States is in a better condition than Germany, with regard to wages-laborers, let these beer-drinkers begin their reforms at home; if we are in a worse condition than the Fatherland, why do the Germans pour in upon us by the thousands every year? or, having come here, wherefore do they stay? The platform of the party declares that "the system under which society is now organized, is imperfect, and hostile to the general welfare, since through it the directors of labor are enabled to practically monopolize all the means of labor, . . . and the masses are therefore maintained in poverty and dependence,"—a most foolish assertion. The proposition in the first part of the sentence in no way follows from the false statements of the last part; neither are any of the allegations supported by facts. The platform further declares that the movement which led to the formation of the party is international. Of course it is. Without foreign demagogues, no such movement would have been made in the United States. Among the demands of the party are these: "Eight hours as a legal working day, and *prompt punishment of all violators.*"

"Prohibition of the employment of prison labor."

"All conspiracy laws against the right of working men to strike, or to *induce others to strike*, shall be repealed."

"All indirect taxation to be abolished, and a *graded income tax be collected in its stead.*"

"All banking and insurance to be conducted by the government."

"Importation of Coolies must be immediately prohibited."

The above are the most reprehensible of the demands of these ignoramuses, led by demagogues. In the hand of such men,—I affirm it,—civilization would become barbarism, freedom would give place to tyranny, and cosmos would turn to chaos in half a decade. There is no liberality in such a creed as these men profess. They do not work for the good of mankind, but while ignorantly supposing that they are promoting their own interests, they strive with might and main toward an end that, gained, would but involve them in the common ruin.

These "demands" of theirs! Why, any properly educated school-boy knows they are opposed to all common sense.

But no such madcap doctrines will meet with success in America. There are too many true Americans in the land. There are too many young Garfields and Lincolns, too many fathers and mothers of statesmen in the humbler walks of life. Let the children of these foreigners, who talk so wildly, be educated in the public schools of our country, and one-half this evil is already remedied.

Let all be educated as thoroughly as possible in the axioms of government and society, and the fallacies of these "self-seeking pests" will fall on deaf ears. Men will learn that the interests of capital and labor are one. No more railway riots; no more applause when a Czar is killed; no more intimidation of fellow-laborers. But the spectacle of the socialistic party in Philadelphia calling on the sons and daughters of labor "to arise," and that of the arising which followed, namely, the strikes of 1877, remind us of the speech of the poor blind Gloster: "'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind."

In the times approaching, the madmen will be Mentors to no blind, for there will be none walking without the light of day. Already the eyes of most are opened. In the tide of prosperity which is bearing us onward, the laborer sees the vindication of "capitalistic society;" in it he beholds the promise of an age of national greatness; in it he realizes the rebuke upon the utterances of these wildest of fanatics, the Socialists of America.

LOCALS.

Two-tenths!

Query: "What shall we advertise?"

Is a Sunday night "high" legitimate?

The Hebrew class are reading the Book of Daniel.

Which sea would make the best bedchamber? The *A-dri-atic*.

G. A. Barton, '82, won the debating prize in the Everett Society.

Those were matter-of-fact young men who went sleighing in the Park.

The prize declamation contest in the Loganian will come off on the 13th proximo.

A zoologically minded Freshie wants to know whether an oyster is a univalve or bi-valve.

The student in whose arms a biddy was seen some time since now sings: "I'll bid farewell to every fear."

A Junior says that when a man goes as a delegate to a convention, and gets a mash, it is a *delicate* matter.

Our oyster suppers are taken with a gusto. Not even a Freshman thinks of inquiring whether they are "univalves."

Estes ('84) gave some readings in Philadelphia on February 14th at an entertainment for the benefit of the Home for Incurables.

The Washington Birthday meeting at Westtown, under the auspices of "The Literary Union," was addressed by Professor I. Sharpless.

Professor Sharpless's house is enclosed, and begins to look as though it might be inhabited ere long. It will be an ornament to the college grounds.

The student who called at the office lately to get a copy of "Prometheus Bound" was told that all the binding for the college was done in the city.

It was gratifying to see the members of the cricket team out practicing on the first fine day. It presages a lively interest when spring invites them out again.

"Billy Walkemfast," our able carpenter, has lately come into the possession of some valuable property in Burlington, N. J., through the death of an uncle residing there.

The Senior astronomers who have been reveling in the vaporous atmosphere of a warm winter seem dismayed to find there is nothing can shield them from an *eclipse*. They now have the moon in charge.

An intelligent Soph, in a conversation on the desirability of foreign travel, very complacently observed: "I think I shall remain abroad at least two years. I want to do it up right: visit Egypt, Asia and Africa."

We come before our readers this month with our editorial corps re-enforced by two new names. In making this change we hope to lighten the work of each editor, and, at the same time, give an added interest to our paper.

Our mail has for some time been reaching the station about 7.20 A. M., and it is quite a question among us why it is necessary for us to be obliged to wait more than an hour and a half before we get it here. If there is any remedy, we trust it will be applied.

There was an ambitious young Fresh,
With a superabundance of flesh,
Who said, "I am fat—
But what care I for that?
There's all the more need to be fresh."

We will not be surprised at any time to hear of Seniors being requested, when making evening calls, to leave their rubbers at home, or be so kind as not to draw them outside the door. It is not always convenient for ladies to receive visitors the following day.

The class in Horace have lately made the valuable discovery that the Sapphic strophē can be sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body." They are looking now for an ode that will go to the tune of "The Skids." Such enthusiastic work for the cause of learning should be encouraged.

An accident occurred lately on the second floor that *might* have had a tragic ending. A Sophomore left a pistol under his pillow, and during his absence (while the Bids were busy in his room) it went off. The professor, however, finding that it was harmless, returned it to him later in the day.

The prospect of having new benches, cushions and carpet in our meeting-house has been very pleasing, and, in anticipation of the advantages gained without incurring the costs, we were profuse in our commendation of the generosity manifested; but it is touching now to observe how tenderly we treat the very reasonable invitation to aid in the subscription for paying expenses. We are not stingy, but it is amusing to hear mention made of the possibility of class rivalry in such a matter. We do not believe our friends will be disappointed if they remember the injunction, "Blessed is he that expecteth little."

Sixty-three students who support honorably two weekly rival literary societies, edit a paper, attend their Christian organizations, and do their full college work, have good grounds for claiming that bi-weekly meetings of the Logonian Society will be more effectual in promoting the solid advancement of its members than the weekly meetings.

It is with regret we learn that the opening of the Bryn Mawr Ladies' College has been put still farther in the future. We are, we believe, correctly informed that not before the fall of '85 can we hope to exchange greetings, and welcome into the charmed circle of learning this new, fresh and fairer life just springing into being at our side.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at Haverford by the delivery of a lecture on "Washington's Position in English History," by Mr. Edward A. Freeman. Alumni Hall was well filled at four o'clock with the managers, professors, students and friends of the college, and Mr. Freeman's masterly estimate of Washington was greatly enjoyed by all. Mr. Freeman delivered an interesting lecture in Alumni Hall, on March 1st, on the "Origin, Use and Abuse of the English Language."

There is among us an enterprising youth from the heart of Yankeedom, who, after having exhausted other resources for pastime, is now pointing a camera about indiscriminately. Rather than frighten the harmless Sophs and innocent Freshies, we would suggest that he exercise his skill in procuring lunar views of benighted Seniors and wakeful Juniors. An application of science in this direction might provide reliable data for advanced theories in Psychology, or, better, form a new school of Romance.

The errors and blunders of men form the solid foundation upon which the pyramid of journalism is built. If we, then, only occasionally, by a chance local, point individuals or classes to faults they have fallen heir to, it does seem hard that we should be "committed" while thus laboring in our legitimate sphere. It might appear to less charitably inclined observers a fresh evidence of the *verdancy* before criticised. We, however, will not regard it so, but only ask that the commendable zeal manifested against every indication of class indignity may find its proper basis, and exercise its potent influence in securing and promoting true class honor and class dignity, which are ever found to cohabit with college honor and college prosperity.

A SLAM OF STRIFE.

Tell me not in empty numbers
Life is but a pleasant dream,
I, who've made so many blunders,
Need no sympathy, I ween.
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But the lessons for to-morrow,
Better pony now to-day.
Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Pony in the living present,
Let nothing else disturb your head.
The *Senior Class*, they all remind us,
We can also have a shine,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Ponies for the future time.
Ponies that perhaps another,
Who cannot his place retain,
A forlorn and flunking brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still translating, still construing,
Expect a 10, and get an 8.

TO THE JUNIOR CLASS.

I felt the silent presence of a ghost
Come to my study door,
And point with icy finger at the host
Of books upon my floor.
His skull was bare, and toothless 'was his jaw,
His bones were white and sear:
Within his hand a manuscript I saw,
And in his eye a tear.
He slowly said, and shivered as he spoke,
"I was a Junior too,
But that was long ago." And here he woke
The echoes as he blew
His bony nose, then wiped away a tear.
"Yes, that was long ago;
My Junior laid me cold upon my bier,
My death was sad and slow.
"Ah me! I read all day, all night, all week,
And only slept in class;
Then wrote a month. The day I was to speak
Found me a corpse, alas!
"The fifty sheets of stolen thought I wrote
Still haunt me as of yore:
And so I dared to cross the Stygian moat,
And enter at your door,
"To warn you not to read as much, or write
As long as I." Thus said,
He bowed, and slowly vanished into night,
And I returned to bed.

A student who had been—no matter where—the night before, gives a Sunday morning experience as follows: "I was aroused from the embrace of Morpheus by a bell—the breakfast-bell, of course. Instinct prompted me to assume a perpendicular position somewhat precipitately. In my haste I collided severely with a neighboring door, only to awake to the fact that this was the rising bell, and breakfast was still half an hour in futurity. Being up, I proceeded to dress, only to find that a certain garment which it was necessary to button closely about the neck lacked a button. From my trunk I produced the necessary implements, and with alacrity proceeded to fasten the button in its place. The job was expeditiously and neatly done, and I was just congratulating myself upon my skill as I made my ingress into the garment, when I discovered to my sorrow that I had sewed the button on the inside of the concern. Scissors were produced, my work, of which I had been so proud, undone, and I began once more. After about five minutes I discovered that I had only been putting the thread through the button one way, the rest of the time over the outside, which gave the thing a very picturesque appearance, but made it somewhat unwieldy. Once more I pulled her off and tried again, comforting myself with the thought that Rome was not built in a day. This time the thing would not stay worth a cent, and, after considerable manœuvring, I found that I was trying to sew it on the button-hole. I always had had an idea that holes were somewhat ætherial beings, but, somehow, in fooling with this one, I broke my needle, and jammed the tarnal thing into my most choice *digitus*. My heart sank. The breakfast bell was now ringing, however, so I made one more attempt, proceeding cautiously and slowly. Just before I got done, I discovered that my thread was black, and most big enough for a ship's cable, but 'twas then too late, and I too exasperated to remedy that. I donned my habiliments, and rushed into the breakfast-room just in time to hear the chaplain read, "In the world ye shall have tribulation."

PERSONAL.

(Any one who can give information as to the whereabouts and doings of Haverford graduates, will confer a favor by forwarding the same to *The Haverfordian*.)

'40.—Anthony M. Kimber is building a house at Newport.

'54.—John B. Garrett is going to build at Rosemont Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

'59.—William H. S. Wood presided at the recent educational conference in New York.

'59.—James C. Parrish, the graceful Haverford skater, whose skill on the ice in the Bois de Boulogne attracted the admiration of the Empress Eugenie, and caused her to invite him to skate with her, was married in London, January 5, as appears in our marriage column.

'64.—Charles Roberts has been elected a member of the Common Council of Philadelphia on the Independent or Reform ticket.

'65.—Arthur Haviland is engineering on railways in Mexico.

'65.—Benjamin A. Vail is a member of the State Senate in New Jersey.

'69.—Henry Wood, associate in the Johns Hopkins University, lectured, on the 16th ultimo, in Philadelphia on "German Life and Institutions."

'70.—J. Stuart Brown is a prominent iron merchant in Pittsburgh.

'70.—O. Iver Gummere Owen is Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of Lapeer, Michigan.

'70.—Charles Wood has returned from his European residence and voyage around the world, and is pastor of a prominent Presbyterian Church in New York. He published in the *New York Observer* an interesting account of his visit to Dean Stanley.

'70.—Dr. William H. Hubbard and his bride, of Indianapolis, visited Philadelphia and Haverford last autumn.

'70.—Charles E. Pratt is President of the City Council in the new government of Boston.

'78.—Henry Bailly is a classical teacher in the famous Chauncy Hall School, Boston.

'84.—William M. Ellicott, we regret to announce, has been compelled to leave Haverford on account of ill health. He is studying architecture at the University of Pennsylvania.

MARRIED.

PARRISH—KING.—In London, January 5, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. F. E. H. Payne, James C. Parrish ('59), of Philadelphia, to Emma Thorn King, daughter of William K. Thorn, of New York.

He was a facetious Sophomore. "What quantities of dry grasses you do keep here, Miss Smith. Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she said, with sweetest gravity.—*Er.*

EXCHANGE NOTES.

We are glad to greet once more the *Cornell Era*, which has not favored us with a visit before for some time. The *Era* is vigorous and spicy as of yore.

The *Oberlin Review* says "it is difficult to understand why the *The Haverfordian* exchange man should direct his sneer at the *Review*, and Oberlin students generally." With this we most heartily agree. In fact, it is so difficult that it puzzles us to see how the Oberlin exchange man ever conceived the idea. We certainly never intended anything of the sort. For the comfort of said "ex." man, however, we might say that we like his paper's character well; the principal point in which the *Review* needs improvement being in its typography. Oberlin is, we believe, doing a good work, and when the *Review* charges us with sneering at it he manifests considerable inability to comprehend plain English.

We welcome to our exchange list this month the *Hamilton College Monthly*, a paper above the average college journal in literary merit, in size, and in general appearance. It bears the undoubted evidence of female authorship, but the paper speaks well for the faithful labors of the two editresses upon whom the whole management devolves. The *Monthly* approaches more nearly the excellencies of the *Vassar Miss*, than any other publication of a ladies' college known to us. The *Monthly* should be more popular in exchange circles than the *Vassar Miss*, as it seems to be much less haughty than the latter, whose fair editors, the *Cornell Era's* exchange man complains, have coldly met all his most chivalrous advances.

We would advise the *College Argus* to manifest a little common sense in the selection of its grounds of criticism, and to refrain from manufacturing deliberate falsehoods in its attempts to gain notoriety among its exchanges. The very sarcastic remarks of the *Argus* exchange man about *The Haverfordian*, in the number before us, are, in the first place, utterly without foundation in truth, in the second place, show a very poor conception of the province of a college journal; and, thirdly, show a mighty amount of presumption on the part of the *Argus*, unless, as it intimates, its own deficiencies are excusable on the ground that it is issued every ten days, and hence is necessarily filled with stale matter. We consider it entirely legitimate to urge our fellow-students to appreciate their opportunities, and it will take more than the insults and slanders of a paper which practically confesses its own weakness, and which can support no literary department, to convince us that we are wrong.

The Spectator favors us with a criticism which itself acknowledges to be built upon an entire ignorance of the motives that prompted our comments. *The Spectator*, however, offers some very just remarks, as follows: "College journals meet, as it were, in the arena for literary contests, and these conflicts assuredly do not consist in 'throwing mud' at any combatant. It is the province of the 'ex.' editor to judge of the merits of each exchange. When, therefore, they insultingly attack the editors of any contemporary, they overstep their bounds, for they herald before the exchange world the man with all his failings, and do not, as they should, criticise the offspring of his intellect." Very good, *Spectator*; very fairly stated. As a general rule we most heartily concur. As with all other rules, however, this rule has its exceptions. When an "ex." man habitually oversteps the bounds laid down by *The Spectator*; when he not only "heralds before the exchange world the failings" of the "ex." men of all his contemporaries whom he deigns (?) to notice, but goes so far as to defame the characters of the faculties of the colleges from which those contemporaries proceed; and when, in addition to all this, he becomes regardless of any mild criticisms of his conduct,—surely it is time for the college press to unite and so thoroughly exhibit that man's character to the exchange world that he will be glad to change his tactics. It was not that we wished to become a champion for the *Olio*, nor because our own corns had been trodden upon, but to bring about the universal observance of *The Spectator's* "bounds" for an "ex." man, that our remarks were offered, at which *The Spectator* takes exception. We thank *The Spectator* for its manly criticism, and will join hands with it to bring about the observance of its rule, but beg it to recognize the fact that desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

PLUNDER.

Blessed are they that crib, for they shall not be flunked.—*Ex.*

Aphorism by a perfectly reckless belle. "Be flirtuous, and you will be happy."—*Ex.*

"All love is blind," and it is well known that lovers never seem to need any light.—*Ex.*

If Prometheus had been up to snuff he would have used a liver-pad and fooled the vulture."—*Ex.*

An exchange remarks: "An umbrella that keeps Lent all the year round is too religious for us."—*Ex.*

The Harvard students are like widows—they are always trying to take advantage of a fresh man.—*Ex.*

Professor of Physics.—"What is Boyle's law?" Diligent (?) Junior.—"Never trump your partner's ace."—*Ex.*

Miss — to a Freshman: "M-a-n should not be a-l-o-n-e." Freshman: "Correct; therefore he should buy a dog."—*Ex.*

Co-education. Prof.—"Who will see Mr. T. before next Monday?" Lady student (blushing).—"I shall probably see him Sunday night."—*Ex.*

Junior upon having his attention called to a long hair on his shoulder, replied, "That is nothing, I have had a whole head of them there."—*Ex.*

A red-haired Englishman says that in his native country they call him an "hauben blonde, but 'ere in America they call 'im a red-'caded son-of-a-gun.—*Ex.*

Pleasures of science: A scientist claims to have discovered a kind of wasp that does not sting. He must have had a heap of fun experimenting before he found it.—*Ex.*

A newly married couple, riding in a carriage, were overturned, whereupon a person standing by said it was "a shocking sight." "Yes," said the gentleman, "to see those just wedded fall out so soon."—*Ex.*

At the medical examination: "How should you detect prussic acid among other substances?" "By breathing it," answered the candidate. "If I died immediately, I should know prussic acid was present."—*Ex.*

A punster asks: Could Socrates the girls? Could Bartholomew? Could Shakespeare an eel? Could Shylock a bank safe? Could Cataline his trouserloons? Could Americus? Could Livingstone a tom-cat?—*Ex.*

A red-or-green-plush young girl,

A Russian-hare-muff young girl,

A little-fur-capery,

Æsthetic-drapery,

Ten-acre-hat young girl.—*Ex.*

One afternoon a stranger observing a stream of people entering a church, approached a man of gloomy aspect, who was standing near the entrance, and asked: "Is this a funeral?" "Funeral! no," was the sepulchral answer; "it's a wedding." "Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought from your serious look that you might be a hired mourner." "No," returned the man, with a weary, far-off look in his eyes, "I'm a son-in-law to the bride's mother."—*Ex.*

An old gentleman stepped on Nook's foot in the horse-car the other day. "Beg pardon," said he apologetically. Oh, never mind," replied Nook; "my feet were made to walk on!" And he gave one of those sweet smiles for which he is so famous.—*Er.*

A little kiss,
A little bliss,
A little ring—it's ended.
A little jaw,
A little law,
And lo, the bands are rended.—*Er.*

The Harvard Annex in 1900. Miss Martingale.—
"Say, Julia, old girl, you ought to go down to New

Haven and back up the foot-ball team,—you ought now, really." Miss Basbleu.—"Why, I think it is perfectly brutal! Last fall those horrid Yale girls threw Tootie Peters right down flat on the ground, and pinched Daisy Tompkins' arm so that it's been black and blue ever since."—*Er.*

Two Irishmen were talking about the moon and sun. "Sure," says Pat, "the sun gives a stronger light." "But the moon is more sensible," replied Mike. "How will you prove that?" cries Pat. "Oh, aisy enough," says Mike. "Prove it," cries Pat. "Faith," replies Mike, "the moon shines at night, when we made it. But the sun shines in broad daylight, whin a mon wid one eye could see widout it."—*Er.*

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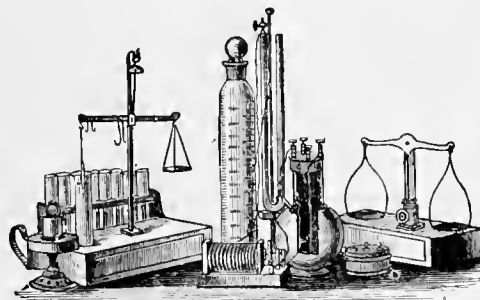
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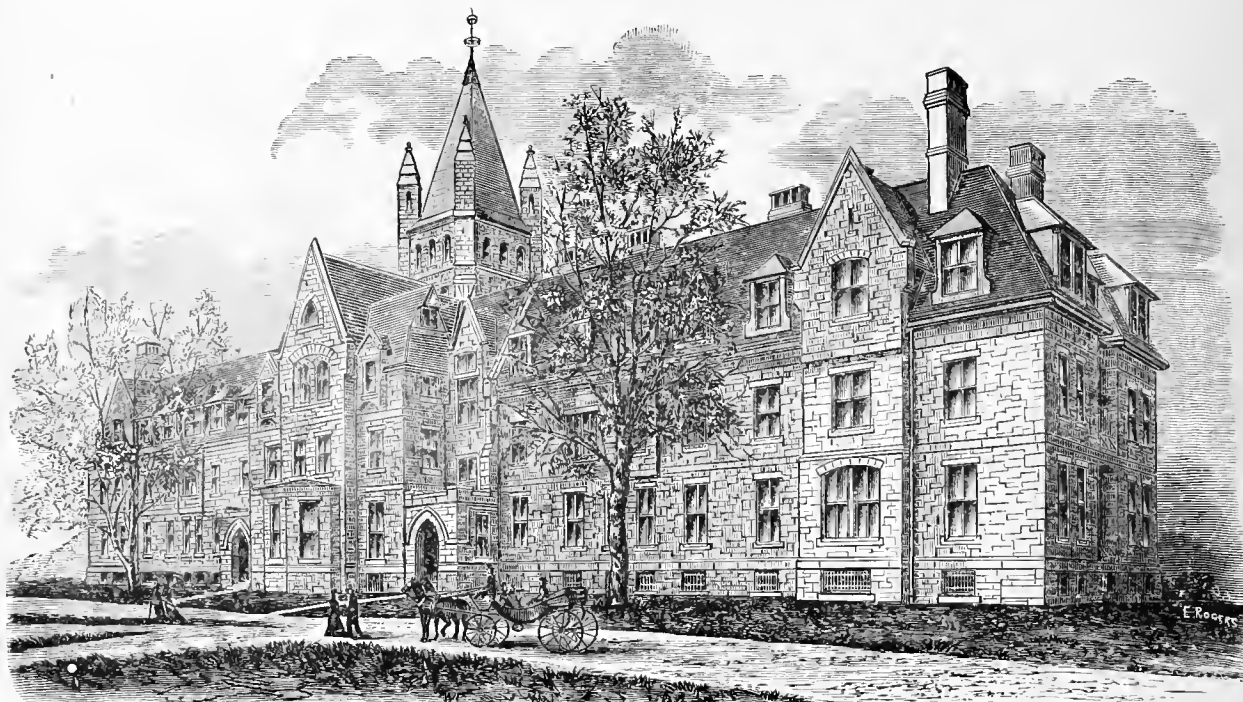
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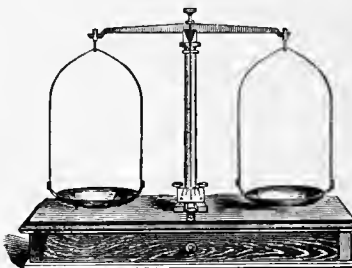
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

The departure of E. Gamble for Europe has deprived *The Haverfordian* of one of its most able editors. Though his opportunity was such as any worthy young man should embrace, and though his place on our staff has been well filled, the fact that his able advice and cheerful countenance will no more aid our labors of the quill is a cause of sincerest regret.

We are sorry to learn that our Glee Club failed to send contributions to the collection of college songs that is being published in Chicago. In all harmless amusements and sports Haverford should be represented; and we believe that nothing is more conducive to good fellow-feeling while in college, nothing helps a man to enjoy himself among men of any college, or that will call up pleasanter recollections in future years, than some of the songs, of which the most that can be said either in praise or dispraise is that they are amusing, and afford a convenient escape for some of the vivacity of youth. With those who would banish music from both college and home life, we have no controversy. It is our own opinion, however, that it has an important place in each sphere which must sooner or later be recognized by members of our Society, and we would have been glad to see Haverford represented in a collection of college songs.

What sort of a carnival those students were celebrating who burned the old hay on the campus the other night we don't know; but all whose studies were interrupted or their slumbers disturbed on that night, will, we feel sure, unite with us in suggesting to those whose boyishness tempts them to fire hay and perform gymnastics in the smoke, to let their yells suffice in making night hideous, without the use of firearms enough for a Fourth of July celebration.

In the early part of our college course, we used to hear considerable fault found with the recitation system. Some said that the lecture system, or the University system—or whatever they called it—was far preferable. It was urged that to make men who ought to be old enough to think and act for themselves, learn lessons and recite them verbatim like children, left them at the end of their course mere children, without power of original investigation. Experience, we think, has shown that those most clamorous for this sort of thing are just the men whose original investigations would consist in a good easy time and a jovial loaf. Young men need the drill of hard tasks to be accounted for at a certain time, in order to give them habits of perseverance and industry which will enable them, when knowledge sufficient for a groundwork has been acquired, to investigate to some purpose. The system pursued by some, if not all our professors, in the higher classes, at least, of combining with the recitation system the lecture system, is for the very best interests of the student, as it gives him the drill he needs, opens to him a mine of information he has neither the time nor ability to accumulate for himself, and does not necessitate the unearthly cramming which accompanies a pure lecture system.

In college life, as in life beyond classic shades, the fact is demonstrated that in these days of hurry and bustle a man must, in order to become pre-eminent, have a specialty. Undoubtedly, in theory, a man while in college should endeavor to attain that broad and symmetrical basis of knowledge and development upon which special knowledge and special development may be erected to great advantage in after years. Theory does

not prove practicable in all instances in this any more than other matters. A number of men are formed into a class. One has an especial aptitude for classics, another for mathematics, still another for literary and elocutionary work, and a fourth may be equally good in all, with no particular inclination for one more than another. As they go on in their course, each pursues the bent of his inclinations. Our student who has no specialty may make the classical man work hard for his honors, the mathematician burn the midnight oil in order to maintain his pre-eminence, and our literary friend tremble lest the honors of his especial delight shall fall to another; but from the nature of the case, our man of varied talent, unless he be more than the ordinary, will find himself outrun in all these departments by the several specialists. He may possess as much ability and gain more lasting good from his course than any one of his fellows, and yet the world, which judges from appearances, will hardly give him the credit he deserves.

There are, however, some, and there should be more in every college, who make their own proper development the object of first importance, and who regard—and justly so—the evanescent honors of college life as secondary. To be sure, it is not altogether pleasant to be seen delving in every field and surpassed in all; yet it is a course which, while in college, we believe men should pursue.

As the warm weather approaches and the buds begin to shoot, the fancy of the Haverford student naturally turns to thoughts of cricket, and he begins to consider whether or not the elevens will be able to hold their own with the other clubs who will bring against them the best cricketers in America. Naturally one is appalled at the thought of cricketers of four, three, two and one year's experience, contending with those who have had a life-long training in this noble game. Yet, with a few exceptions, Haverford has always been able to hold its own, and for some time has been considered among the best elevens of this cricketing centre. But if it would keep this reputation, each individual member must exert all his energy, and be willing to undertake much hard work in the cause of cricket. Let no one think that the captain of the eleven has all the responsibility, and that he is the only one who should trouble himself about the practicing of the members; but rather let every member (not only of the two elevens, but) of the club exert himself to the utmost to advance the welfare of Haverford cricket, and endeavor to co-operate with the captain and aid him to the best of his ability. In this way alone, it seems to us, can the Dorian Cricket Club expect to retain the position

among Philadelphia clubs she has so long held. It must be acknowledged that the "odds" are against her. The other clubs all have their professionals, and their members are experienced cricketers, many of them graduates of Haverford, while our elevens are composed of men who have had but little experience and still less instruction in the science of cricket. Nevertheless, we feel confident that the Dorian will be able to overcome these "odds," and be successful if each individual member does his duty.

It is very encouraging to see so many of the Freshmen taking up cricket with so much energy and determination. Already they have managed to steal many afternoons from blustering March in which to practice. It is to be hoped they will continue in well doing, for on them will soon rest the duty of protecting the honor of the Dorian. May they be equal for the task! To them we would say, Do not be satisfied with a good defense and hard hitting, but remember that batting is but one-third of the game, and that third to which the Dorian the least owes its former successes. A few years ago the Dorian Eleven was the best fielding eleven in Philadelphia, but recently, for some reason, it has deteriorated very perceptibly in that respect, and has often given the opposing eleven many runs needlessly. That this is a fault which can easily be remedied is a fact patent to all; and we would especially advise the Freshmen to endeavor to perfect themselves in fielding as well as in batting. And still there is another acquirement without which no one can expect to become a good all-round cricketer, and that is the difficult art of bowling. Let those of the Freshmen who are at all able to bowl, practice continually, and try to acquire this art. If you are able to bowl well, you will be of more advantage to your eleven, perhaps, than if you were a most brilliant bat.

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

There are probably some persons to whose minds it has never occurred that the ordinary forms of salutation of which they are accustomed to make daily use are not the same as have existed from time immemorial, and that the significance of these is not the same in all nations and languages. It is, moreover, a peculiar fact which many are likely to overlook, that the forms of salutation of every nation are to a certain extent, perhaps, entirely due to the history, character, geographical position, occupations, or other peculiar circumstances, connected with that nation.

In order to show that this is the case, it will be necessary to give some examples from which we may

also form some idea of the variety of methods of greeting employed by different races of people.

A large class of salutations may be traced to intercession. The deeply religious character of the Orientals remarkably showed itself in this way. The Hebrew word "*barak*," "to bless," had all the meanings of saluting, welcoming and bidding adieu, in each the person addressed being commended to God. "Blessed be thou of the Lord," "the Lord be with thee," etc., are instances illustrating the use of the word. Similar to these are the Arabian "God grant thee his favor," "May God strengthen your morning," and the Ottoman, "Be under the guard of God," "My prayers are for thee," etc., and it is but reasonable to suppose that the French "*Adieu*," and our own "God be with ye," corrupted into "Good-by," have come down from these Oriental forms. The fact of the Western nations generally leaving out the name of God may be attributed partly to their reverence for the sacred name, and partly to the tendency of these nations towards brevity, which would find illustration in our own "Good-day," the German "*Guten Tag*," and the French "*Bonjour*."

The phrase "Be prosperous" was much used in ancient times by those who considered prosperity in temporal affairs a special sign of the Divine favor. "Peace be on you" was common, especially among the Jews, when wars were almost constantly being waged, and a person's property was never safe from plunder, the only times of prosperity being the short intervals between wars, hence this salutation contained a wish for something very desirable.

The mode of politeness of the Mohammedans especially showed the clannishness and selfishness of their religion. No social distinction prevented a Moslem from saluting one of his own faith, but if by mistake he saluted a Jew, he would either immediately recall it or change his blessing into another similar sounding phrase which meant "Death to you,"—to which, of course, the Jew would respond, as was his custom, "Same to you."

The absence of hurry and the leisure of Oriental life were clearly exemplified in their mode of salutation. When two friends met they joined their right hands, highly complimented each other, and went through so many ceremonies that it is said a whole set of such salutations would, if written out, occupy twelve ordinary-sized pages. Seeing this to be the case, we cannot wonder that Elijah, when he sent his servant on an errand requiring great haste, charged him, "If thou meet a man salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again;" and when the seventy were sent forth on

their mission that they were told to "salute no man by the way."

One of the usual salutations in China is "Have you eaten your rice?" the origin of which is by no means obscure. But the greetings of the Chinese are usually most elaborate, being rigorously prescribed by an Academy of Compliments. Their national humbleness appears in their avoiding the use of the first person of the pronoun when addressing another, designating themselves by some depreciative phrase, and using a complimentary one concerning the person addressed. For instance, if the saluter be a young man, he may style himself the "stupid younger brother." A person in saluting his relatives will likely call himself the "tail of relationship." The person addressed, if he be a father, is spoken of as the "honorable greybeard." The emperor is the "Sire of myriad years;" a mother "the good gentleness;" etc.

If we glance at the salutations of a few of the more Western nations, we shall find the forms quite different, and yet some of them, at least, showing the characteristics of the people making use of them. The French "*Comment vous portez-vous?*"—How do you carry yourself? is a phrase which one is not surprised to hear used by a people who have strived chiefly for outward grace, have cared for show more than for reality, and for *how* a thing was done rather than *what* was done.

"*Wie gehts?*" and "*Wie befinden Sie sich?*" the ordinary salutations of the Germans, are not essentially different in meaning from some of our own, and like the "How do you do?" of the English-speaking people, seem to characterize a nation full of business and active life. The expression of the Low Dutch, "How travel you?" is not inappropriate for a people whose trading vessels are to be found in almost every port of the world.

Salutations by gesture must have originated from the fact that actions speak louder than words. The gestures employed vary from a slight movement of the head to a complete prostration of the body with a kissing of the ground.

The origin of our common shaking of hands in salutation is obscure, but it seems to be the most appropriate as well as the most natural mode of expressing the pleasure felt on meeting a friend. The Esquimaux express this feeling by rubbing their noses together—which, of course, is very appropriate for them—the nose being the only part of the body which is exposed. The multiplicity of forms of salutation which existed among the ancient Orientals, as well as the time consumed in performing them, have continually decreased as time has advanced, and there is also a decrease in these as we

proceed to the West from the Oriental countries. We in America, for instance, are a busy people, and have not the time to devote to needless forms, when we meet a friend. While we believe this to be in perfect keeping with our active business principles, yet there may be a danger of almost altogether ignoring any salutation. A good shake of the hand takes but little time, and often conveys more than words would do. It has been said that hand-shaking is a distinctive feature of the Society of Friends, and certainly this assertion, if true, is no discredit to them, for it is no more than saying that they are a sociable people.

BIBLICAL POETRY.

PAPER III.

In the Book of Job—a book regarded by the ordinary reader as somewhat mysterious and hard to be understood—we have, in all probability, the oldest poetical composition extant, and certainly one of the most beautiful poems in any language. Job cannot be properly understood in either a religious or a poetical sense, unless studied as a whole. You need to read all the composition, to take in the whole narrative, and to observe the design of the book, in order to get the lessons it is intended to teach.

Leaving its religious character, however, and endeavoring to forget, for the moment, that it is an inspired book, let us consider it for a while simply as an ancient poetical production. When once we have seen its beauties as a poem, when we have learned to behold in it those charms which lend to poetry, whether Greek, Latin or modern, its fascination, we shall see in the book additional beauties, and imbibe with new delight whatever lessons, religious or ethical, it may contain.

That it far antedates the most ancient specimens of the Greek literature, few, if any, will now deny. Its archaic phraseology gives at once undoubted evidence of its antiquity; and the fact that it treats as open questions things that, after the Mosaic period, were settled, so far as the Jew was concerned, by the commands and rites of the law, indicates for its production a time as early, at least, as the exodus from Egypt. The law of the Jews demanded a silent obedience; and a people little given to the speculations of abstract thought were not likely to overstep the bounds of their law. Nowhere in all the Bible, save in this Book of Job, are the dealings of God with man and the apparent anomalies in the conditions of the just and the unjust freely and at length discussed. True, in Ecclesiastes and Psalm 73 the subject is referred

to, but it is not so fully and elaborately expanded as in this oldest specimen of poetry.

The characters of the poem are of the dignified patriarchal type, and the most probable period of its composition seems to be the period just before the time of Moses, while the descendants of the several sons of Abraham, though they were founding distinct patriarchal families, still maintained a sort of friendship with each other, and all spoke a common language. Job has been called dramatic; but it is obvious that, unless drama can be made to include dialogue devoid of any fable or plot, Job is no more dramatic than the Song of Solomon. Indeed, it is not so perfect a drama, even in that sense, as the Song of Songs, for the author does not maintain his dialogue throughout, but himself fills out the story at the beginning and end, in order to make the narrative intelligible and its lesson complete. That the poem, is, on the whole, a dialogue, is obvious; and that there is a story developed in the dialogue is equally obvious; but, after all, it cannot be called dramatic.

Job, a patriarch of great wealth, meets with most grievous misfortunes. His three friends come, after the manner of the East, to condole with him. After the extravagant expressions of grief characteristic of Orientals, and after their long silence, his friends, their opinion of Job becoming changed for some reason, upbraid him. A long conversation follows, in which all take part freely, but in which Job's three friends prove themselves miserable comforters indeed. Eliphaz is the characteristic representative of the patriarch, grave, dignified and conservative. Bildad is a weak-minded man, devoid of much force of character, who relies for his arguments mainly on hackneyed proverbs and the opinions of others. Zophar represents the narrow-minded bigot of his age. He is evidently young and strong-headed, and is often offensive in his language.

Taking for granted that Job's misfortunes came as the consequence of sinfulness, they endeavor to impress upon him a consciousness of his alienation from God. Job, in his conscious integrity, waxes eloquent in his own defense, and, in the warmth of his feelings, longs for an opportunity to plead his cause before God. Elihu, a young man sitting by, seeing that in the discussion Job and his friends have implicated God's character, speaks as the vindicator of God.

He upbraids all parties, to a considerable extent—the friends for their unjust inferences with regard to Job's affliction, and Job on account of his apparent want of humility. Elihu's arguments, however, are not free from objections, and God himself comes in to vindicate his own doings. No poetical conception could be bolder or

grander than this; and there is in all poetry no greater sublimity of expression and grandeur of imagery than in these last few chapters of Job. God himself addresses man, vindicates the character of his dealings with man, and, by appeals to the works of Nature, shows how puny is man's power and how limited his knowledge.

Bishop Butler, with all the aids of logical science, has not more completely proved man's incompetence to judge the works of God.

In all this, however, there is no plot at all allied to the plot of a Greek tragedy or a Latin comedy. The poem is much the same as could be formed on a single scene of the *Antigone* of Sophocles. Take, for instance, the last scene, where Creon finds himself bereft, by his own headstrong conduct, of both wife and son, and all his joy destroyed. Upon this scene of bereavement and woe a poem might be constructed bewailing the hard lot fated to the king, and dwelling in pathetic tenderness upon the dealings of the gods, and Creon might, in the end, be, like Job, declared once more a happy man; but this would not, in the ancient sense, at least, be a drama.

Job, like the rest of the Bible, is no fiction, but a true, life-like picture of enduring integrity, intended to show the value of fidelity to God even under severe dispensations of Providence.

The oldest of poems, Job is rich in beautiful description and striking illustration. Its author, forgetting, for the moment, his inspiration, was no ordinary student of nature. His references to behemoth, leviathan, the unicorn and the ostrich, are rich and forcible, yet expressed with a primitive lack of artificial nicety. His reference to astronomical facts are grand and poetical. No careful reader can fail to see the beauty of the poem from a poetical point of view, as a whole; and if any one doubts the right of Job to a high rank as the grand precursor of Homer, let him read carefully the last four chapters of the book.

Simply as examples of some of the beauties of this antique poem, the following quotations are given. It will be noticed that in some instances our Authorized Version, by an obscure translation, hides much of the beauty of the thought:

Job 38 : 4-11 :

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
If thou hast knowledge, declare.
Who found its measures? for thou knowest;
Or who stretched the line upon it?
Upon what were its foundations sunk?
Or who laid its corner-stone?
When the morning stars together sang,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Or who fenced in the sea with doors,
When it burst forth as if from a womb?
When I made the cloud its garment,
And gloom its swaddling bands,
When I broke its course with my barrier,
And made it doors and bolts,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further,
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

And again, chap. 38 : 31, 32 :

Canst thou bind the bond of Pleiades?
Or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou bring forth the zodiacal signs in their season?
Or guide Arcturus and her sons?

Surely a book so rich in poetical conceptions should be read with greater zest for the religious lessons it contains.

A PHASE OF MODERN POETRY.

Within the last twenty-five years a marked change has come over the face of English poetry.

Longfellow, Whittier and Tennyson will pass away, their writings will indeed remain, but who are worthy to fill their places? We live in a progressive age, and yet prefer the senseless platitudes of Oscar Wilde and the disgusting lewdness of Swinburne to the sublime thoughts of Milton and Shakespeare. The poetry of the latest generation of writers is characterized by its lack of the vigor and grandeur with which our elder poets are inspired.

The common classification of English poetry is familiar to all: the natural, the artificial, and the present period; the first period open only to a heaven-born genius, the second to almost any intelligent man, and the third to the whole human race. At the present time the influence of the first period is almost imperceptible, and the influence of the second is so great that it detracts very much from the individuality of the third period.

However, we may claim originality in many ways: for wild yearnings, hopeless tenderness, self-satisfied despair, rotten sentiment, elegant blasphemy, and a coarse view of things in general, our most recent poetry may well deserve to be honored with a classification essential to and peculiar to itself.

The most celebrated authors of poetry of this class are Swinburne, Walt Whitman, Oscar Wilde and Dante Rossetti. Those who follow in their illustrious footsteps are legion. To my mind Shelley's definition of poetry is most beautiful, and, in a moral sense, true: "A record of the *best thoughts* and happiest moments of the *best and happiest minds*." Alas, how far short of this definition doth Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," and Oscar Wilde's "Charmedes," fall!

"Poetry," says Mallock, "as practised by the latest masters, is the art of expressing what is too foolish, too

indecent, or too profane to be expressed in any other way." Does not this exactly define the productions of poets of the Oscar Wilde type? Swinburne, Whitman, Wilde and Rossetti illustrate a peculiar phase of modern poetry, and are, perhaps, *the* poets of the modern school. Swinburne has failed to fulfill the promise of his earlier years. Many of his writings are of the foulest description.

The trick of alliteration is so overdone that the pleasure of reading many of his poems is greatly marred. Two verses from "A Leave-taking" will illustrate his style. They have nothing to recommend them as poetry, except their music and neat versification:

"Let us rise up and part, she will not know,
Let us go seaward, as the great winds go,
Full of blown sand and foam; what help is here?
There is no help, for all these things are so,
And all the world is bitter as a tear.
And how these things are, tho' ye strove to show,
She would not know."

"Let us give up, go down; she will not care.
Tho' all the stars made gold of all the air,
And the sea moving saw before it move
One moon-flower making all the foam flowers fair.
Tho' all these waves went over us and drove
Deep down the stifling lips and drowning hair,
She would not care."

Oscar Wilde has so closely followed Keats and Swinburne that he fails to have any distinctiveness at all, save a cry of *odi profanum*, considerable self-esteem, and a cloak of vile sensuousness. Indeed, he is hardly worth mentioning except for the very large share of these attributes which he possesses.

Rossetti follows closely in the footsteps of Swinburne. His writings are of the precious, wailing character, often mixed up with much that is indecent. However, he places the modern school in rather a more favorable light than does Oscar Wilde.

Now remains Walt Whitman.

Conceited and materialistic to the last degree, he represents the lowest type of modern poetry—poetry falsely so called. He wrote chiefly about himself and the animal passions. Let the following speak for itself.

"Walt Whitman am I, a Kosmos, of mighty Manhattan the son.

I believe in the flesh and the appetites:
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.
Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch and am touched from;

The scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than prayer;
This head more than churches, bibles and all the creeds.
If I worship one thing more than another, it shall be the spread of my own body
or any part of it."

And again:

"I accept reality and dare not question it,
Materialism first and last imbuing."

If there is a single ennobling sentiment, or even any poetic merit in the above, we fail to detect it, and it is an average specimen of his writings.

The influence of a low type of æstheticism may be seen in the work of Oscar Wilde, and an undercurrent of agnosticism and general skepticism is evidently present in the case of Swinburne and Walt Whitman. Even great minds like Tennyson's are influenced by the prevalent, and we might almost say fashionable, forms of unbelief. Swinburne's is a mighty, though rather sulphurous, genius, and he is at the head of the modern school, and so has in great part shaped the minds of the disciples of his school. His idea of poetry may then be fairly taken as an index of the tendencies of modern poetry. An imitation of musical sounds, brilliant tricks of alliteration, and other tricks of verse, without any poetic sentiment to back them, are held in equal esteem by him with the noblest lines of Milton or Wordsworth. Poetry, to him, means a mixture of sensualism, materialism, word-painting and music, stirred up together with a quantity of words for batter, and dealt out in ladlefuls to suit the demand. He says that Collins "could put more spirit of *color* into a single stroke, more breath of *music* into a single note, than could all the rest of his generation into all the labor of their lives."

And here, I think, is one point on which he and his school are astray. Music is an essential part of poetry, but, of itself, does not constitute poetry. Poetry should occupy a nobler and higher sphere than painting, which is the true means of expressing that which is sensuous and stationary in art. Walt Whitman cannot even claim music for his verses, and I have mentioned him as representing merely the materialistic and sensuous type.

"I believe in the flesh and the appetites:
I accept reality and dare not question it,
Materialism first and last imbuing,"

he says.

Now taking this phase of contemporary poetry let us see what the tendencies of modern poetry really are.

The present age is eminently one of investigation and criticism. The very advancement of civilization, greater in the last fifty years than in the whole previous history of the world, has had its bad effects on the development of true poetry. Men wrapped up in science, devoted to their manufactures, railroads, and daily cares, which become more and more pressing with every step that civilization advances, have neither inclination or leisure for poetry. Relaxation, of course, we need, but who would take up Shakespeare, or Milton, or the best parts of Wordsworth, for this purpose? It is hard to prove, but I think every one will admit, that the present age is too practical for art and poetry in their truest development. Poetry that is read for relaxation and amusement, of necessity cannot be of the highest class. For what is poetry? I have used Shelley's definition rather as a moral than as

a critical standard. According to the latest canon, poetry is (not, as Matthew Arnold says, a criticism of life, but) a transfiguration of life. The greatness of a poet does not consist in the truthfulness of his criticism of life, but, in the amount of life which, meliorated by the creative power of his imagination, he has transfigured. It may be said that the modern school possesses imagination in the highest degree. On a little careful investigation it is evident that the men whom I have mentioned depend almost entirely for their effects on *emotion* and musical combinations, with an aromatic dash of indecency thrown in to add flavor. Now imagination is a creative power whose end is an elevated purpose; emotion is a passive state of the mind, and often is the effect of a struggle between contending desires, and is the means of expressing the sensuous.

Our recent poetry falls far short of our critical standard, and, for the most part, very, very far short of Shelley's moral standard. When it lacks the spice of wickedness such as Swinburne gives, it will cease to be read and admired. In short, it is fitted only for relaxation and amusement, and so, perhaps, is filling the sphere for which it was intended. Acknowledging that the poetry of to-day is not what it should be, let us attribute this deplorable state of affairs rather to the age than to the poets themselves.

Poetry is the mirror of the age in which it is written. As the *man* is (and he is influenced by the age in which he lives), so is his poetry. To adapt a metaphor from the editorial columns of *The Haverfordian*, his poetry is the mirror of his soul, in which his individuality and character are clearly reflected. "He who would write an heroic poem must lead an heroic life," says Milton. Now, referring again to Shelley's definition, it is evident that a corrupt man cannot produce pure elevating poetry,—“Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles.”

Compare the lives of Chaucer and Oscar Wilde, and Milton and Swinburne (I am ashamed to name them in the same breath), and you will not be surprised at the contrast in their poetry. Who knows but what Dante Rossetti might have been as true a poet of nature and reflection as Wordsworth, if he had not had the misfortune to have been born into this critical unappreciative age?

Who knows but what Swinburne, with his magnificent genius, might have been a Milton if he had only lived the life of that pure, noble, God-serving old Puritan,—the greatest poet in English literature, if not the greatest in the literature of the world? When *will* the, so called, poetry of the present age fulfill our highest and truest

ideals? Not until a man shall arise who shall have as humble, as pure, as just, as lovable, as God-fearing a character as Milton's, and can say as truthfully as did Milton in that noble sonnet (on his blindness) one line of which is worth more than all the modern school ever produced,

“God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

LOCALS.

Birds did thee say?

Did you see him qu'il donne?

The new catalogue is now out.

He has a universal joint. “Do you see it, boys?”

The bowler and batsman are again busy on the field.

The chicken-pox has broken out among the Freshmen.

The new flag-pole will soon be ready for the cricket field.

Skinned noses show us that the bicycle season has begun.

Dr. Ladd is giving our first eleven practice in the gymnasium.

Ferris ('84) has again made his appearance upon the campus.

Gamble ('82) left us on the 15th. He sailed for Europe March 29th.

A Soph. in astronomy wants to know whether the moon ever moves.

Twenty young ladies visited the Observatory on the evening of the 28th.

Who was the first dead-head on record? Leonidas, because he held a pass.—*Ex.*

Who was the first trickster with cards? Xerxes, because he made the pass.

The Earlhamite informs us that White ('85) “is the strongest man in college.”

J. Ellen Foster of Iowa, attorney-at-law, lectured in Alumni Hall 3d Mo. 7th.

March went out like a raging lion. We had a violent snow-storm on the 22d.

Monthly Meeting had its usual effect,—an infinite number of “bucks” next morning.

The astronomy class visited the Observatory on the 23d, and “took in” all of the planets.

Ethics.—Prof.: “In the next chapter we will take up ‘Future Life.’” Student. “Not prepared!”

It is rumored that the Freshmen are making preparations for a barbecue at the close of the year.

Work on the meeting-house has been begun. The painters and calciminers now have possession.

In spite of the coldness of the evenings, a pile of brush left on the campus is sure to catch fire before morning.

Work on the lawn has been commenced,—a thing which brings a very forcible suggestion to the mind of the Junior.

Crow-hunting is still very popular among the Haverford sportsmen. It is exciting sport, and not without its danger.

It would be a very great accommodation to the students and others if our clocks could be kept near railroad time if we cannot have the same time.

A certain Senior resembles Juvenal's Buccae in three points: first, he has a large gas-bag; second, he is very cheeky; third, he "bucks" all the time.

We are glad to see that the Wednesday evening readings have been kept up. They are rendered very interesting, and there is no lack of attendance.

Mr. Freeman's lectures were well attended by the friends of the college, and he says that it was the best reception he has received since he came to America.

The Prize Contest in the Loganian Society came off on the evening of the 13th. The prize was awarded to W. R. Jones ('82), although there were ten contestants.

The Haverford College Photographing Co. will soon be ready for business. Class pictures, landscape, etc., carefully executed on short notice. Perfect satisfaction, or money refunded.

Somebody, no one seems to know who, has of late taken great delight in turning the farmer's cattle into the cricket-field, and consequently the new platform has suffered considerably.

Latin Prose.—Prof.: "Mr.—," "You are no match for that strong and active wrestler."

Slim Soph.: "You just wait till Dr. Ladd gets through with me."

(Prof.) "How is your conscience now?"

(Soph.—who has been caught with "Clark's Horace Inter-linear" beside him in the class-room) "It's as good as new, sir, for I have never used it."

It is very strange that we are unable to have plenty of warm water in Barclay Hall. It is a common thing for all the warm water to be out before nine o'clock Friday evening and it greatly inconveniences those who go to the city the next day.

Is our Observatory too far from civilization to enable its being heated? It is generally as cold as a barn there in the evenings. A class spent a few hours there the other night, and they were all laid up the next morning with bad colds.

Since the days have become warmer, the space in front of Founders' Hall is covered with cricketers, many of whom are Freshmen. We are glad to see them taking such an interest in the good old game, and feel as though we will have something more to rely on.

He was a nice dapper young man, with curly golden hair and a light fantastic cane; but she didn't open her motherly arms and say, "Come to me, my pretty!" Oh no! She only took him a lick along the side of the head that sent him staggering into the coal-scuttle, and ejaculated: "Don't let me catch you smoking again, or I'll—"

There is a band in Barclay Hall. They consist of two violins, a flute, a mouth-organ, a tin horn, a whistling demon and a singing demon. They practice at all hours of the day and night, but the time they love best is when we are trying to dig out our hardest lessons. Even now as we labor at the Editorial desk there comes a series of squeaks and groans from over the way, while a stentorian voice chimes in with—"Ha-way down hupon the Swa-nee River." Let us have music, by all means; and let us also build a Music Hall a mile and a half away, where the devotees of the goddess of song may pursue their art far from the unhallowed ears of common mortals.

The following examination questions were found among some old papers in Founders' Hall the other day:

"Questions proposed to the Junior Class."

"Ye fair who can with ease unfold
What puzzled Edipus of old,
And can from algebral art,
The abstrusest of all things impart;
From what you see appear below,*
John's age and fortune you will know;
Who courts young Susan of the mill,
(But she is more in love with Will)
Will's young and spruce, but hath no store—
No mouldy sterling to count o'er.
John boasts of gold, and more than that,—
Which makes Sue's heart go pit-a-pat:
She begs the ladies' kind advice,
Were they to choose and take their choice,
Whether 'tis best to marry John,
With all his gold,—or Will with none."

* $x + y = 152$, and $(x - y)^{\frac{2}{3}} x (x - y)^{\frac{3}{2}} = 8192$; where $y = \text{John's age}$ and x his fortune.

PERSONALS.

'51.—Philip C. Garrett, Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, lectured on "Party Politics in Large Cities" at the Academy of Fine Arts; on the 16th ult.

'51.—Richard Wood gave an elegant "Reception" to the English historian Freeman on his recent visit to Philadelphia.

'60.—Dr. James Tyson gave the address to the graduates at the recent Commencement of the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

'65.—James A. Chase is assistant engineer on the Lehigh Valley Railroad in their office at Hazleton, Pa.

'70.—Charles Wood of Albany, N. Y., is the author of the article in the April number of the *Atlantic* entitled "A Modern Hindoo Reformer." He describes the Bramo Somaj, and tells of his interview with Keshub Chunder Sen.

'73.—J. S. Tomlinson is principal of a graded school at Wilson N. C. A journal of that town is before us, and its words of commendation indicate that Prof. Tomlinson is attaining success worthy of a Haverfordian.

'76.—Frank H. Taylor has removed from Cincinnati to Philadelphia. He gave us a call with his brother Harry L. ('78) on the 9th ult.

'78.—We read in the account of the Educational Conference in Maine given in the *Friends' Review* that "the afternoon session was opened with the reading of a paper by Daniel Smiley, Jr., on Education in the Society in Maine, who made prominent the need of better training more than more, and of teaching children in their earliest years at home morally and religiously."

'79.—John E. Sheppard received his degree of M. D. from the University of Pennsylvania on the 15th ult., and was awarded Honorable Mention for his proficiency.

'79.—J. B. Newkirk has removed to Philadelphia.

'81.—W. A. Blair, we hear, has passed his examinations at Harvard excellently well.

'81.—We enjoyed a short call from Brinton on the 12th ult.

'81.—E. O. Kennard is doing good work for the "Christian Union" in Indianapolis, Ind.

'83.—Starkey is in business in Duluth, Mich., and not in California, as was stated in a previous number.

'83.—H. and E. Cates are enjoying an easy term at Colby University, Me.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Gospel in the Stars; or, Primæval Astronomy.
By Joseph A. Sciss. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co.
1882.

This book, by the well-known author of "A Miracle in Stone," is an attempt to trace a connection between the names of the constellations and the principal facts and doctrines of the gospel, and show that the myths and tradition are of very ancient origin, and contrary to the generally received opinion, point to gospel times. The author goes farther than most persons would follow him; but to those readers who are fond of studying types this book will be interesting.

A POSTSCRIPT TO MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

[From *The American*.]

In eighteen hundred and eighty-one
A plague of "Art" on the world shall come;
The air of a great western nation
Shall reek with over-decoration,
An imitation "Renaissance,"
When pasteboard plaque and plated scone,
And "Rogers' Groups" in drab concrete,
Find many fools to call them "sweet."
When clothes-horse screens and drain-pipe vases
Shall flaunt their horrors in high places—
And flimsy satins and cheap plushes
Fall victim to the "artist's" brushes;
"Artists" be plentiful and thrifty,
And mostly females under fifty.
"Genius" shall be a common trait,
Proved by a painted wooden plate—
Or sprawling sunflowers on a curtain,
Or tottering storks with legs uncertain,
Or gaudy bands of tickling stripes,
Or gilt horseshoes and penny pipes.
Then shall Christmas cards be fringed and tender,
With pea-green angels on a "bender."
And lanky damsels in poke bonnets
Writhing to utter lovesick sonnets,
Then in shop windows you may read:
"Who buys a paper of turnip seed,
Receives a 'circular' silk, for lined,
High toned, æsthetic and refined."
Or, "With every pound of sausage sold,
Walt Whitman's poems in black and gold."
The plague shall be heavy on the land,
Many shall fall, and few shall stand;
But those who live shall say when it passes,
"How in the world could we all be such asses?"

EXCHANGE NOTES.

It is but due to the *College Mercury* and to ourselves to state that we had no idea, when we published "A Slam of Strife," but that it was original with a student of our college of the class of '81. The way in which it came to us left us no reason to doubt its originality, and we are very sorry to have been betrayed into withholding credit from those whose due it is.

We shall be careful not to fall into a like error again.

The *College Olio* has this condensed piece of logic: "If secret societies harm the colleges where they exist, they could not but benefit those where they do not exist." It is true that their non-existence might be a benefit, but it is difficult to see how the secret societies themselves can confer any benefit if they do not exist. There is a care-

lessness in the arrangement of the sentence. Then, too, the word *not* in the sentence is superfluous. These things tell on a paper's reputation.

A cry comes up from the morasses of South New Jersey exclaiming "Mud, mud, mud!" This *Philoandsoforth Review* goes on to state that "this excruciating mixture of mud and water is plenty." We have heard that a mixture of mustard and water applied to the epidermis in the form of a plaster produces some discomfort, but we have not learned that *mud* and water ever produced painful or torturing sensations, which is the true meaning of "excruciating." Moreover, the fact that this word is rather beyond the writer of this editorial is evident from the way he spells it, namely, "excrutiating." Another article has a sentence of six lines in length without any verb. These little things count.

Mr. O'Rafferty, the belligerent exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*, published at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., conducted by the priests of the congregation of the Mission (it is the college, we understand, and not the bridge, that is thus conducted, but that's the way it reads)—this exchange man, then, deserves credit for the effectual method he has taken, in his last issue, to make us feel thoroughly uncomfortable. He speaks of the "Haverfordian and ourselves." You might as well stop now, for there's nothing else you can say that will make us feel worse. The position you take in firing this last shot reminds one of the youth who contracted a matrimonial alliance, not, as he said, from motives of affection, but because he was determined to disgrace the family of the bride.

We like the arrangement of the *Dickinsonian*, as a college paper, very much,—its short and sensible editorials and large amount of local matter. We would call the attention of the readers of *The Haverfordian* to the following sentence from an editorial in the February number of the *Dickinsonian*: "The loafer, the student who wantonly neglects opportunities to make himself strong, undoubtedly makes a mistake, but the grind is the more miserable failure of the two." We think the Faculty and friends of some colleges are a little too much inclined to judge of the real worth of a student, and to estimate his probable future usefulness in the world, by the marks he receives in his recitations? Students have an idea, not wholly erroneous, we think, that high marks and common sense (what a youth mostly needs) are not necessarily associated together,—that *common sense* is quite as often found in those who do not take the high ranks as in those who make themselves "grinds" merely for the sake of rank.

A copy of the *Album* before us says: "We are not afraid to exchange with any paper, feeling sure that the exchange will be equal." A certain amount of assurance is undoubtedly commendable; but the *Album* further states that "they don't want a new proof-reader." Now we humbly ask leave to state as our opinion that the *Album* ought to have a proof-reader, if it is to be the equal of any paper. Possibly they of the *Album* hardly understand what mischief a printer may do, even to well-

written articles, without good proof-reading, as, for instance, in the spelling of the following words, to be found in the February number of the *Album*: "straights," meaning straits; "crysalis," for chrysalis; "wreched," for wretched; "Isrealites," for Israelites (that *is really* too bad); "in-telect," and "gay-spirited child," meaning, we presume, gay-spirited, etc. The way some of these words are spelled might lead one to think that your printer (?) was trying the phonetic method, except that "straights," meaning straits, argues against it. Then, too, this printer of yours makes one of your writers speak of "temporal zones," meaning, we suppose, the temperate zones. You should at least inform your printer that temporal has reference to time, and not to temperature. Moreover, if you had followed the advice of the *Vanderbilt Observer*, and procured a proof-reader, you would have avoided the necessity of making unsightly marginalia with lead-pencil. But this

is by no means the worst of the blunders. The following sentence is to be found in the *Album*: "The massacre of Saint Bartholomew inflamed into heroism the soul of Martin Luther." Now any printer with an education such as might be picked up in a primary school would know that the massacre of Saint Bartholomew occurred in 1572, while Luther died in 1546,—a period of twenty-six years *before* the massacre of Bartholomew, which makes it a little difficult to see how this massacre could have inflamed Martin very much. We trust that this was only a practical joke of the printer. There are, however, certain wicked exchange editors who would not take this charitable view of the case, but refer this falsehood to the ignorance of the writer; and looked at in either way it is too much for a paper with such loud pretensions as the *Album*, and which so confidently assures its friends that it is "fully the equal of any."

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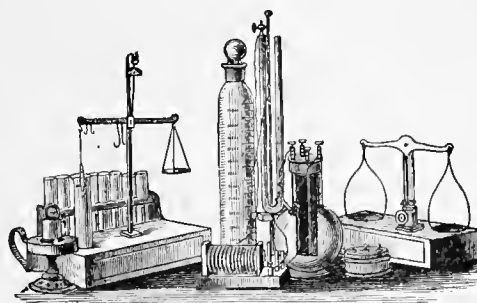
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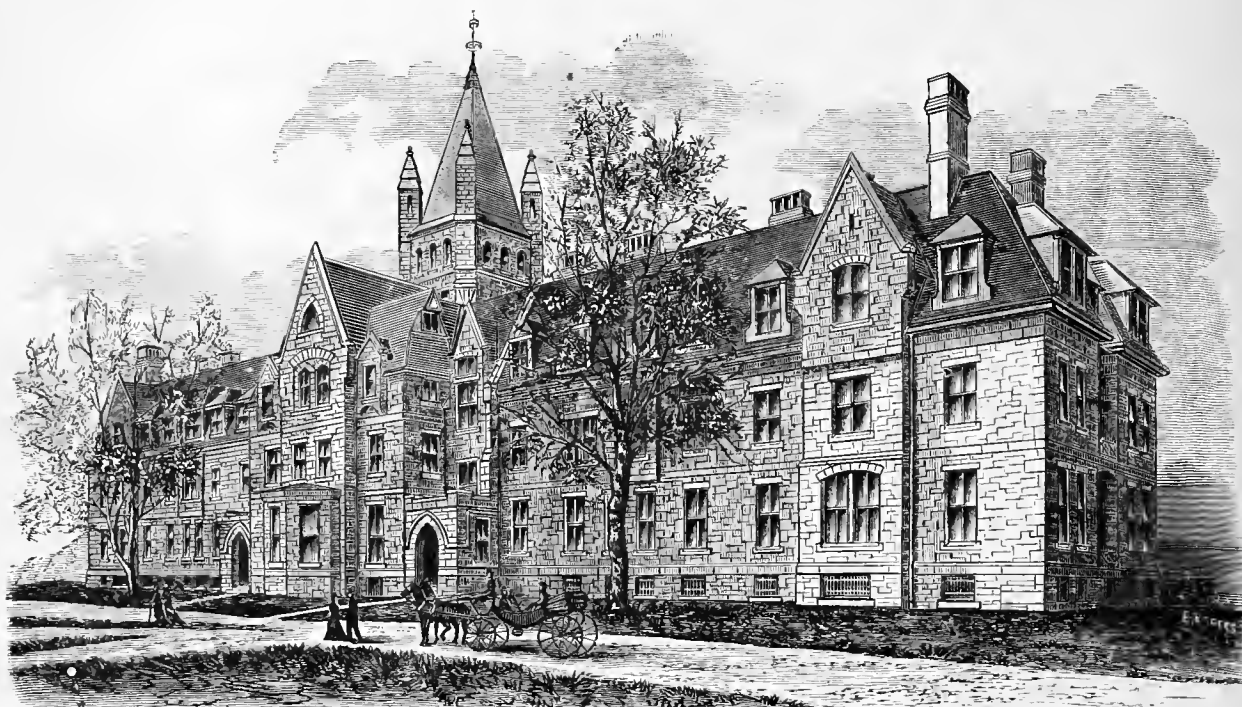
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Vol. 3.

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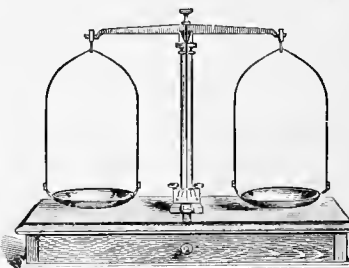
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Vol. 3.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., MAY, 1882.

No. 8.

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Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

(FOR THE HAVERFORDIAN.)

IN MEMORIAM.

The sweet season of song returneth,
The glad earth smiles again;
The young heart with longing burneth,
Forgetful of present pain.

The slow-moving Charles still windeth,
New beauty clothes the plain;
The sorrowing soul still findeth
Sunshine after the rain.

And it seems that nature seeketh
A song as in days of yore;
But the voice no longer speaketh,
The music is heard no more.

Cambridge, March 29, 1882.

The Dorian seem to be spending considerable time and labor on their cricket field. Evidently they don't intend to have envious antagonists attribute their defeats of this season to a bad crease. Before this reaches our readers, however, the cricket season will have begun, and then all can judge of the improvement by its effects.

As the Haverford student looks around him, and sees the beauty of the grounds in which the college buildings are situated, he can hardly believe that, within the memory of middle-aged men, these grounds, which are now beautiful with trees and grass, were covered with nothing but mere clay. By the energy and perseverance of the managers this desert of clay, with hardly

a tree to relieve its muddy monotony, has been changed into one of the most lovely and picturesque spots in Pennsylvania. Haverford has reason for being proud of her lovely grounds; and Haverford students should not let familiarity breed indifference and neglect. They should consider the grounds as their own property, and as deserving the greatest care on their part against any injury which would tend to mar their beauty. It seems to us to show great thoughtlessness on the part of the students that they should have worn a path around the north-west corner of Barclay Hall, when it is as convenient to go around by the road. The Faculty do not require the students to keep off the grass, but give them perfect liberty to go and come where they please; yet they expect, and rightly too, that the students should respect the privilege given them, and not willfully injure the grounds. This may, perhaps, seem a little thing, but nevertheless it is important.

The time of the Alumni prize contest draws nigh, and we see but few contestants preparing for the battle. As the weather grows warm, and the trying time of examinations is looming up prospectively, the Junior is hardly convalescent from the discharge of his duty on Junior Day. The Senior is anxiously racking his brain over the various problems connected with the obtaining of a "sheepskin," and all begin to smell the good things in their mother's pantries—or somebody else's pantry—it takes considerable ambition, combined with a good amount of pluck, for a fellow to evolve an extra oration. All will concur in that statement. We don't need to remind our readers, however, that vague rumors have been afloat, in the past, of the prize being discontinued if not more generally contested for. It is also unnecessary to call attention to the value of the prize, or to the value of the work an honest trial for it will be to a student. We would, however, remind those whose privilege it is to enter the lists, that, unless more interest is manifested than there seems any likelihood of being now, we cannot complain if the prize with all its attendant benefits is withdrawn. It is still early to predict what the contest will be, however, and there is plenty of time to trot out "dark horses;" just let them come, that's all.

The catalogue for the current year, which has made its appearance since we last went to press, is larger than our catalogues have been in the past, and presents a very neat appearance. It will be of more interest to old Haverfordians than most of our catalogues, in that it contains a complete list of the graduates of the college.

The new course it announces to candidates for the second degree, shows that Haverford's aim is to make her diplomas represent as solid attainments as men need acquire. Some men, like a writer in a recent number of the *Student*, would, we suppose, consider it a waste of time and labor for a man to attempt to become sufficiently familiar with the leading Greek authors, to be able to translate at sight any passages to which his attention might be called. Such men have the opportunity of taking their advanced degrees on subjects which are, doubtless, better suited to their tastes, such as American History, Thermodynamics, Practical Astronomy, etc. In this age of superficiality we are glad to see our *Alma Mater* encouraging the most solid attainments in all departments of scholarship.

Cricket at Haverford labors under many difficulties, and perhaps the greatest is the fact that the cricket club consists of only about thirty members. When it is considered that two elevens have to be picked from this number, it is plainly seen how absolutely necessary it is that every member should practice continually, and strive to perfect himself in every branch of cricket. This being the case, it is to be hoped that no member of the Dorian will devote himself to lawn tennis or bicycle riding. Haverford cannot afford to lose the reputation she has so long held as a cricketing college, and unless these other games give place to cricket, the Dorian will surely be unsuccessful. We would especially warn members against lawn tennis. Nothing is easier than to while away an afternoon lazily knocking a rubber ball over a net, when the practice match of cricket needs your presence to swell out the numbers and increase the interest. If every one would appreciate that the success of the club depends upon their individual exertions, cricket at Haverford would prosper, and the Haverford elevens would be more and more successful.

The handsome new benches in the meeting-house are very grateful to the students, and, we are sure, are fully appreciated by them. While the old benches were endeared by the memories which clustered around their carved backs, they were anything but comfortable to sit on during the hour of meeting. The benches which have taken their places have been most generously given

to Haverford by a friend of the college, and the students should respect them accordingly. It is a sad fact that there is an innate desire in the mind of almost every student to carve his name and class on every accessible place, and by this means hand down his name, or at least his initials, to the future students who are destined to frequent the same halls. That this desire should be checked is apparent to every one. In the first place, no one has the right to injure the property which belongs to another, even though the possessor be his college. And then it is an acknowledgment of weakness for a student to carve his name in a conspicuous place, for it simply means that the student realizes that he will not be able to make an impression upon his *Alma Mater* in any other way than with a knife upon her benches. This being the case, let the students scorn to deface these new benches in the meeting-house with their names or initials, that they may not only show their appreciation of the favor bestowed upon them, but, what is more important, that they may show their respect for the place and time of the worship of God.

The last business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and the prayer meeting preceding it, give all members of that organization great cause for encouragement. The intense interest manifested in one of these meetings, and the lively discussion of the missionary question in the other, show that our Association not only has a place in our college life, but that it is greatly appreciated by a good portion of its members. Many members are remarkably conspicuous on such occasions, however, by their absence; and the work of the whole organization is not as efficient as it might be if its members manifested a greater interest in its workings and welfare. We have a large number of organizations in college—too many, perhaps; and a man whose misfortune it is to be a member of three or four of these, and a member of about a half-dozen of their committees, may be pardoned if he does not manifest the intensest enthusiasm in the workings of all. We see no reason, though, why, if any organization must be selected for neglect, the Y. M. C. A. should be that one. Surely none of the societies and clubs are doing a better work.

Now that warm weather is coming on, we need especially to be stirred up to such work as this, since it is a well-known paradox that religious enthusiasm is apt to be warmest in cold weather, and coldest in warm weather. Haverford's life and influence is, we think, more intellectual than religious any way, and we hope every member of the Y. M. C. A. will lend all his best endeavors to have the influence of that organization cast on the right side.

Can no better occasions be found for the public meetings of the Loganian Society? As was said when the subject was under discussion some time ago, those meetings, which come at the end of the year, force those who take part to considerable extra work in that part of the year least desirable for work, and when every one wants to give nearly all his attention to his examinations. One thing can be said in favor of this time, however, and that is that, to whatever cause it is due, a speaker is nearly certain to have an audience. True, it may not be an appreciative one. Its attention and thoughts may be mostly occupied with what follows at a later hour, but one can ask no better drill than to attempt to make such an audience attentive. If one wishes to find whether he has any power or not, he needs some such occasion to bring him out. In the case of the Vice-President's annual address, however, the case is somewhat different. This oration demands more work at the hands of one man than all the orations of the other meeting from four or five men, yet he never has an audience of decent size to listen to him. True, the audience is a cultured one, and it is doubtful, even if the student were to become a public speaker, if he would have the opportunity, in years, of addressing again an audience of such high average intelligence. We feel sure that this fact is appreciated by those who have performed this work in the past, yet who can blame a man if he thinks it something of a waste of effort to spend so much time for the benefit of so large a number of empty benches? Perhaps no better time for the meeting can be found; we think it most probable that there cannot. If, however, this cannot be done, cannot the old students and friends of the college show a little more appreciation of what is an honest effort, and not a small one either?

In meditating, the other day, upon mundane things in general, and Haverford College matters in particular, it became a serious question in our minds whether the interest in scientific studies is really maintaining its ground in our college. We found some things that indicated a negative answer to our question; not the least of which was the fact that the "hammer" spent its energies in some spasmodic efforts at geologizing, and about two years ago went to its "long home," leaving few "mourners" to "walk about the streets." Then we have heard less agitation of late about the beauties of the metric system than formerly, and there are various little things which might indicate to the uninitiated that Science has fewer devotees among us than she once had.

The careful observer, however, will not be deceived by these appearances. He who is at all addicted to

wakeful nights can testify that the number of those who devote their evenings to star-gazing is not small. It might puzzle him to know just what they gaze at on cloudy evenings, but could he doubt that the *stars* are the objects of their veneration?

Then the Haverford College Consolidated Telegraph Company has devoted its large capital to the interests of science; the obliging college photographer works wonders with the "pencil of rays;" the botanists and chemists, though less noisy than they once were, may be seen, the one faithfully scouring the fields and the other manipulating his test tubes; the civil engineers, with the campus as a basis, are working wonders—on paper; the Haverford Observatory is authority for the *New York Times* and other journals, and some of our students begin to meditate on the music of the spheres. In addition to all these indications, the large number of students who pursue the Scientific Course, should dispel any doubt as to the fact that Haverford is progressing scientifically.

Elocution is regularly taught in most colleges by professors of the art; but little encouragement, even, is given to elocution at Haverford. This a great mistake. It is all well enough to say that good common sense is all that is required in delivery, that a person's own natural manner of expressing himself is the best; but it is difficult to see how correct speaking, gesture, etc., can be had by intuition, any more than correct composition. Some, whose education is very ordinary, do seem, it is true, to write by some sort of intuition, as in the case of some of our poets; but these people are geniuses in that direction, while the majority of college students are not geniuses in the elocution line. Our best literary society, the Loganian, actually seems to look with some disfavor upon any "innovation" like an attempt at something elocutionary. We have heard criticisms read before this society on its performances, when we would be willing to wager considerable (if we were in the habit of betting) that the critic was not acquainted with the elementary principles of gesture even, such as, for instance, that the wrist should precede the hand in its movements; more than this, we will venture the assertion that the majority of the Loganian members, or of Haverford college, are as ignorant on this same point as the critic spoken of. This is really lamentable, but it is only natural under our present circumstances. It would not be so bad if such ignorance was kept in the dark, but critics of the Loganian sometime "give themselves away" in a most amusing manner. For instance, at one time a Loganian critic censured a speaker, in a fatherly way, for "supporting his gestures;" that is, allowing one hand to make a slight

movement while the other was making the gesture. This critic complacently said he "knew one would involuntarily support his gestures—that it was natural to do so, but the speaker must carefully avoid this fault." Now this is simply absurd. The mere fact, which the critic admitted, that it was *natural* to support gesture, proves it to be the right thing to do—and the best authority in this country make "supporting" a necessary feature of correct gesture. All this simply shows the really absurd point to which critics sometimes go who cannot be blamed for their ignorance in a college which affects to hold in some contempt any attempt at art in recitations, etc. Haverford will continue to be behind the times until some encouragement and attention is paid to *elocution* as well as to *declamation*. If the college is not willing to incur the expense of a professional teacher of the art, which we actually need as much as an instructor in drawing, a good way of starting a reform in this direction would be to place a premium upon elocution, as well as upon declamation, in the prize contests in the societies. This is done in the private societies, which shows what views on the question the students take who have not the "dignity of the Log. Soc." to maintain. To get at this, there should be, as judges of these contests, those who are not acquainted with the merits of the students, and who don't know a Freshman from a Senior, and who are either professional elocutionists themselves, or at least fully competent to judge of the performances by strict rules of *art*.

JUNIOR DAY.

On April 14th Haverford witnessed once more the celebration of Junior Day. The anxiously expressed hopes of the various members of '83 that they might be blessed with favorable weather were fully realized in the almost faultless loveliness of the day, as the scorching heat in which Seniors swelter at Commencement was lacking, and yet the temperature was sufficiently high to afford comfort to all. It was rather early in the season for the Juniors to exhibit to their friends Haverford's grounds in all their summer beauty. Yet the number of those who made a pilgrimage on that day to our classic shades was not small. In addition to the fathers and guardians, who, of course, watch with interest every indication that their sons and wards are making a good investment of time and capital in brain culture, there were assembled in Alumni Hall venerable mothers, fair-haired sisters and cousins, and perhaps others fully as fair, who, in friendship, have a "local habitation," but to whom the student is not yet prepared to assign "a name."

The exercises, embracing orations on subjects political, literary and religious, were fully up to the Haverford standard of such occasions, being well composed, and, on the whole, well delivered. The number of speakers being limited to eight, the audience was not so wearied as it has been often on such occasions; and after the young orators had discharged their duties, their friends, having been treated in Founders' Hall to some of the substantial necessities of life, went home, having, we trust, realized all their hopes for the day's enjoyment.

The subjects of the orations were as follows: "Religion in America," G. H. Evans; "Froude's Estimate of Cicero," T. K. Worthington; "Capital Punishment," S. B. Shoemaker; "Practical Genius," W. S. Bailey; "A Modern Superstition," John Blanchard; "The Indian Question," C. H. Whitney; "Restriction of Suffrage," F. E. Briggs; "Quakerism and the Reformation in England," B. V. Thomas.

While all did well, we thought Worthington, Blanchard and Thomas deserved especial credit. The subjects of the orations not delivered, were, "The Discovery of the North-west Passage," J. S. Spruance; "The State of the Roman Church," W. E. Scull; "The Pencil of Rays in the Hand of Art," S. W. Collins; "The Wandering Huguenot," W. A. White; "The Future of the West," S. B. Whitney; "A Great Existing Evil," F. B. Stuart; "The Empire of the Discontented," D. W. Edwards.

THE QUAKER IN HISTORY.

W. R. Jones, Vice-President of the Logonian Society, delivered the annual address of that official on the evening of April 13th, his subject being "The Quaker in History." The audience, though not large, was appreciative, and the address of over an hour was listened to with marked attention, and for the most part with evident enjoyment. The following is summary of his address:

He first suggested that on all occasions like the present all the proper motives of each individual should be braced and strengthened, as in that way alone could the highest hopes of the Logonian Society in making the call be realized.

The audience was then reminded that the subject suggested mainly by the happy return of the Centennial year of this Commonwealth, naturally invited the attention to the past; rich in relations, near and remote; full of instruction, if rightly regarded; abounding in facts, ideas, and truths which are and always have been the centres around which our diversified American society has constantly moved, in a concord too often disregarded;

and which, somehow, point all sober-minded men, of whatever condition, to the broad solid basis and rich faith of American society, and which also suggest a controlling law in our society, namely, "The present, born of the past, is pregnant with the future,"—as well as the chief bond,—which our forefathers recognized as fundamental in social organizations, and inserted in our society as a corner-stone, without traditional or sectarian limitations, our holy catholic religion. Under the shelter of this great bond, really the greatest fact in American history, he was glad to speak of what, in all truth, might be said to be one of the original religious elements of American society—unadorned Quakerism,—and of the Quaker's place in history as an element of social, political, and religious energy, improvement, progress! He then called attention to some necessary principles of the most useful religious organizations of our time; namely, an unqualified recognition of the essential truths of our common faith without traditional definitions; of the church and church government as means of social and religious progress within and without the church; of the necessity of representative men; a recognition of the law of progress which always demands reform and conservatism, reform of all that is evil, conservation of all that is good,—a conservative liberality, and a liberal conservatism. Passing, then, in a hasty review, over English-European history, at the rise of Quakerism and at the introduction of the law of progress, he made prominent the change, in government, from ultra monarchy to ultra democracy, and more especially the change as following from the above change from religious to political revolution, dwelling briefly upon the following facts,—that, at this period, under the reforms of Loyola, Catholicism had almost completely shut out the influence of Protestantism, while the latter was never so exposed to the influence of the former; that there was no such thing as social and religious unity in the North of Europe; and that, therefore, while Protestantism inherited a thousand Catholic vices, there was one Catholic virtue which it did not inherit,—the recognition in interests and in purposes of the bonds of unity,—always compatible with the widest difference of opinion or mere sentiment; that even in England the royal energies of the soul, personal conviction, free action following that conviction, that anointing which scorns priestcraft and king craft seemed crushed amidst the general anarchy and corruption of the times; that within the pale of papal power the early philosophers of progress—whose history he briefly dwelt upon, more especially the history of Roger Bacon, Pascal and Descartes,—alone struggled to rise above the tradition, mental darkness, dogmatism, of the ages in which they

lived, and were the first to declare that the destiny of individual man, of societies, and of the whole human race, is progress!

Reviewing, then, some of the fundamental doctrines of the Quaker, as the recognition of "the fatherhood of God and the resulting brotherhood of man," of his Son as the redeemer, his Spirit as the constant and efficient guide of life,—these three in one without definition, discussion or compromise,—the recognition in the forefront of his belief of those two great laws, the law of right and the law of love, and the rich recognition, of the divine rights of all men as determined by divine as ever superior to human law,—the speaker endeavored to justify himself in placing the Quaker in history as the advocate of the spirit of the great law of human progress. To illustrate and strengthen that position he summed up the controlling principles of three representative men,—Penn, Sturge and Bright,—the Quaker legislator, the Quaker philanthropist, and the Quaker statesman; endeavoring to show, more especially, that all, though laboring in different times and in different spheres, were animated by common principles and a common spirit, and that all were, and one remains to be, instrumental in raising the level of human society and in establishing the more general recognition of human brotherhood, under the high protection of the law of progress.

Closing a brief reference to the encouraging relation of good feeling which Quakerism sustains with all other religious organizations, he dwelt upon the question so often forced upon Quakerism, as upon many other sects, whether the institution should live or die, especially urging that, in case of decay, the causes must be sought for within the trunk and limbs of the structure itself; and in the case of death, the spectacle for men must be that of a wretched suicide. Suggesting how pitiable the controversy between the sections of Quakerism,—resting often on hearsay and a most scanty knowledge of facts, or on matter either too light nor worth the heat of discussion, or, in the words of Bacon, so important as to drive each side to over great subtilty and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantial,—he appealed for the union of Quakerism on the grounds of its own respectability, of the demands of the great causes in which it is engaged, of its becoming an example to other discordant sects, and on the grounds of real self-government, right, law and order. He finally begged to express the hope that within the broad field of manly discussion Haverford might become, in a larger sense than it ever yet has been, the reservoir of hope for Quakerism, a fountain of energy for the age.

THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.

In some old story I have read, Science is represented as a frowning, stern-browed goddess, before whose firm step the fairies of the woods and the hills flee away and are lost. There is some truth in the idea; but all the truth of the case is not contained in the assertion that the creatures of the imagination disappear before the advance of knowledge. While it is to be acknowledged that the little people have disappeared like melting snow, as knowledge has grown, yet we should remember that science has its fairy tales for us a thousand times more wonderful than those told around the fireplace of the olden time. The giants and the dwarfs are gone. They remain to us in literature only as faint echoes of themselves; their reign of terror is over. The country girl does not now attribute the blisters on her lips or the souring of her milk in the spring-house to Queen Mab. Children are not in deadly fear of brownies in the woods. Jack-o'-lantern is no longer a malicious spirit seeking to lead the traveler into trouble. As the immigrant, peeping from his car-window, catches a glimpse of the ghostly midnight light hanging over the swamp, he is apt to murmur to himself words about vegetable decomposition and spontaneous combustion.

A black cat is no more dangerous than a white cat. The witches of our day are very harmless old women, not better acquainted with his Satanic Majesty than many a prettier female. In thus freeing the race from a degrading bondage to superstition, to signs and omens, science has done good service. Along with the evil, however, much that might seem good has been lost. Pleasing fancies, as we now know them to be, of fairy influence for good, of supernatural punishments for evil, were once firmly upheld as truth by a large majority of the race. But science has replaced all this by matters more worthy of our belief. We know that the fairy land of science is not a mirage that shall presently vanish. We know that her fairy tales are true. What fairy of the olden time so small, so ubiquitous, so active for good and evil, as the atom? What giant like the sun? What magic mirror like the thousand telescopes pointing each night toward the stars? What costly caves of gems equal to the twinkling stars which our magic mirrors call up from the depths of space? The tales of the Arabian Nights grow colorless before the glowing stories of science. They seem puerile by the side of Tyndall's philosophies. One of the apostles of modern thought tells us that the scientist and the philosopher dwell among conceptions that "beggars those of Milton." One candidly examining the question on its merits, can scarcely fail to agree with this assertion. Milton sought

to describe things that are inconceivable, and from the very nature of the case his success was not absolute. It was like an attempt to measure the infinite. But science deals with that which is conceivable. Of matter and its laws, of force and its actions, we are enabled to form some coherent idea. Let us consider one of the fairy tales of science. Here we are on a globe swinging around in space; the ocean covered with ships and the land crossed and recrossed with railroads, and millions of people traveling along as though they were running a race with death. Thousands of mills are sending smoke towards the sky, and rolling out cotton and woolen fabrics enough every year to reach to the sun and back again. Cities are lighted with gas and electricity till night is turned into day. All this is done by the clashing of atoms forced apart by the sun's energy thousands of years ago. Slipping from the hot ball of the sun, the impulse fell upon the waving leaf of a tree. Atoms were forced and lifted apart. For centuries they remained so in the form of oil and coal. Under a thousand boilers and in a thousand other places they rush together, and warm all the complex machinery into life and action.

The sun is our great giant in science's fairy tale. Consider what his beams are doing every day. We have seen what those that issued from him in the coal age have been able to do. But think of the waving leaf and the wind that moves it; of the springing grass and the rain that wets it; of the worms and flies and birds about the fields; of the brooks and creeks and rivers; of Niagara as it rolls down its precipice, and of the snow stars falling slowly through the air. All owe their being, their life and their motion to the sun. Withdraw his rays, and all would become dead and still. All this motion of animal and plant and inanimate things, all the color and life of the world, are due to the impact of atoms forced apart by the heat.

Science has of late hinted at another curious story. She has about concluded that there is a system of evolution. It has been said that there are two conceptions of the creation: the first, which is lofty, is that He made all things; the second, which is loftier far, that he made all things make themselves. This latter is the conception of modern science.

From the inorganic world science tells us that, in obedience to the commands of the Creator, there arose the lower forms of life, faintly shadowed forth in the crystal. From these lower forms, higher and higher types came forth, still in obedience to the laws of the Creator. Last of all man, "the godlike," appeared.

Thus from the "seeming evil" of strife and slaughter among competing animals, of cruel hunger and great

suffering that may not be told, this great good was educed; these higher forms of life were brought forth. Nothing that poets tell us of, nothing that comes from Arabia or India, can equal in wonder this tale of modern science. None of our old stories can equal it in beauty. This is a strong assertion; but let him who doubts it first master the theory of evolution himself, and he will no longer doubt.

These are some of the great tales. The little stories are beautiful, but they are numberless. Our sharp-eyed goddess shows us a hundred things about our path that are full of beauty and full of wonder. Insect-traps among the flowers; delicate arrangements by which bees and flies are forced to carry pollen from plant to plant; honey secreted by flowers for bees and flies, catapults for scattering seeds, balloons and parachutes for the same purpose; ugly worms taking on a beauty as their true worth becomes known.

Let the æsthetic brotherhood grumble about the materializing influence of science. They say "she has destroyed our beautiful beliefs," and a hundred college students echo the cry, "She has destroyed our beautiful beliefs." She has destroyed none, she can destroy none, that are worthy the consideration of a true man. All she has overturned are lies; and truth alone is beautiful. To the reasoning mind the poetry of science is higher and nobler than the poetry of the Trivial, miscalled the Beautiful. In science will be found the antidote for the pseudo-æstheticism of the modern school. The study of the beautiful is noble only when it is in league with science, only so long as it goes hand in hand with truth; after that it is small and silly, so that only small and silly souls enjoy it. Hence the great contrast between the beautiful in science and the trivial in the worship of the sunflower; hence the agreement between the standards of modern criticism and the products of Grecian æsthetics. This is the claim of science: that the True and the Beautiful are one. He who accuses science of banishing the beautiful does but display his shallowness. He who cannot look through the world but through rose-colored glasses convicts his eyes of weakness.

But while the True is always beautiful, its beauty does not always appear to the senses. The highest harmony appears only to the spiritual part. No one has seen the atom or handled the sound wave, neither have any of us heard, save by the ear of reason, the sweet harmony of the spheres.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Yet as the pleasures of the soul are sweeter far than those of sense, so the fairy tales of science are more beautiful than the gross and fantastic stories of the fairies of the past.

LOCALS.

Eight weeks more!

The catalogues are out.

R. R. Dunn and H. L. Wilbur witnessed the performances of their class on Junior Day.

The meeting-house cushions have arrived, and the students sit more comfortably in meeting.

Junior Day passed with the usual number of happy faces, and the Junior Class is once more at rest.

Vacation is over, and we are once more settled for hard work, both at our books and on the cricket field.

Professor Sharpless is the possessor of a new star lantern. It is quite a valuable aid to those searching out, for the first time, the constellations.

L. L. Smith, '85, entertained his class at his home on the evening of the 5th, and all who were present agree in the praise of the supper and their reception.

The Loganian Society has elected the following speakers for the public meeting: T. K. Worthington, '83, D. W. Edwards, '83, O. W. Bates, '84, and C. R. Jacobs, '84.

The Ground Committee deserve great praise for the business-like manner in which they have been at work upon the cricket field. The platform has been fixed up in good style, and we are certain of good wickets for the spring matches.

A Latin and Greek young man,
A curly-headed young man,
A little bow-leggery,
Broken-up peggery,
A little New York young man.

We take a walk from the college to the railroad station. We go the short way, the one which is used by visitors and the students. We enter the grove of which we boast. The first thing we see on the left is a pile of old boxes, lumber, dead limbs which have been cut from the trees on that part of the lawn, dried leaves which have been raked from the ground, ashes, and, finally, the refuse from the stable. We go on a little farther, and on the right of us, near where the walk joins the board walk, we see a sight which should awaken some of those who talk about the beauty of the college grounds. We see a pile of brushwood, tin cans, shoes, weeds and other things which we have not space to enumerate. We hope those who have charge of the grounds will look at these places as they pass, and will, at least before Commencement, have these unsightly objects removed.

The following cricket matches for the season have been arranged:

April 29.—Barge Club of Philadelphia vs. Dorian 1st.

May 6.—Chestnut Hill 2nd vs. Dorian 2nd.

May 13.—

May 17.—

May 20.—Young America 1st vs. Dorian 1st.

May 27.—Germantown 1st vs. Dorian 1st.

June 3.—Merion 1st vs. Dorian 1st.

June 10.—Germantown 2nd vs. Dorian 2nd.

June 17.—

June 22.—Chestnut Hill 1st vs. Dorian 1st, at Chestnut Hill.

June 23.—Merion 2nd vs. Dorian 2nd, at Ardmore.

June 24.—Baltimore 1st vs. Dorian 1st, at Baltimore.

There will probably be matches with the first and second elevens of the university on two of the vacant days; and if matches with them cannot be arranged, a match with Princeton will probably be fixed. All matches will be played at Haverford unless otherwise marked.

PERSONAL.

'36.—Joseph Walton is clerk of Philadelphia yearly meeting.

'37.—Benjamin V. Marsh sailed, on the 29th of March, for a tour of pleasure and health in Norway.

'39.—Dr. Henry Hartshorne is again one of the editors of the *Friends' Review*.

'39.—Dr. Nereus Mendenhall's Alumni address has been published in pamphlet form.

'42.—Augustus Taber and family are on a tour in Europe.

'51.—Dr. James C. Thomas gave an address at the First Day School Conference in Yearly Meeting week.

'52.—Dr. Dougan Clark is on a religious visit in Philadelphia.

'56.—Dr. Jonathan J. Comfort is living at Atlantic City.

'56.—Edward R. Wood is a prominent Reformer in Philadelphia.

'58.—Thomas H. Burgess read a valuable paper on Friends as agriculturists, at the Educational Conference in New York. He has met with a severe affliction in the loss of his estimable wife.

'58.—Daniel W. Hunt visited the college last month, having come to the East to attend the funeral of Mrs. Llewellynn.

'59.—Ellis H. Yarnall edits the *Geographical Notes in the American Naturalist*.

'60.—Professor Clement L. Smith has been appointed Dean of Harvard College.

'61.—John C. Thomas was here on Junior Day.

'62.—Samuel Parsons, Jr., has kindly accepted the office of superintendent of the planting for the grounds of Haverford College. The authorities of the city of New York took the hint, and appointed him to the same office for Central Park.

'64.—Howard M. Cooper is one of Camden's most prominent lawyers.

'69.—Pendleton King has lately lost his accomplished wife.

'70.—Charles Wood has published a volume describing his "Saunterings in Europe."

'78.—Henry N. Stokes has obtained a fellowship in the Johns Hopkins University.

'81.—Thomas N. Whitall has gone to the Cape of Good Hope for his health.

'81.—W. C. Hadley has severed his connection with the *Mining World*, and has opened a broker's office in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

'82.—William C. Chase is traveling in the southern counties of England.

(From the Lewiston Journal.)

A PICTURE.

By J. S. E.

When the regal Indian summer
Flushed the land with hazy light,
And filled with fire the forest olden,
A picture, in the sunset golden,
Was placed before my sight.

Bathed in the gorgeous sunshine
A quiet churchyard lies;
Tinged with the Indian summer's hue,
Outlined against the hazy blue,
The towering elm-trees rise.

Before a simple headstone
Which marks a grass-grown mound,
Within the ruddy sunset glow
While summer breezes whisper low,
Among the wild flowers round,—

There 'neath a spreading elm-tree
A fair girl pensive stands;
A wreath of Autumn's golden leaves,
Plucked from the Indian summer's sheaves,
She holds within her hands.

Why stands she thus? Perhaps the grave
Contains a sister dear,
Or brother, who, in by-gone days,
Roved with her through the forest's maze
When Autumn's leaf was rare.

Perhaps some sorrow hidden lies;
She seeks this quiet spot,
Where, in the rosy western skies,
She sees the gates of Paradise,
Where sorrow entereth not.

It may be, in the olden time,
A lover bent his knee;
Was loved, but love was less than pride—
He was refused, and from her side
Sailed o'er the summer sea.

And now, perhaps, her pride all gone,
She yearns again to hear,
As in the happy long ago,
Her boyish lover whisper low
In her now willing ear.

Howe'er it be, the wild birds sing,
The summer breezes blow;
And still the whispering trees around
Cast golden leaflets to the ground,
While fades the sunset glow.

And this, sweet memory's picture,
Most dearly do I prize;
For the fair girl whose image stands
In pensive mood with folded hands
Is now beyond the skies.

A new kind of dog has appeared about the college, called the *jo-ker*.

If it is not too *percy*-nal we would like to suggest that '84 appoint a guardian for a certain member of the class to keep him from "hawking" his friends about the college grounds on Sunday, and to prevent his being picked up and cruelly giped by reckless girls.

A western editor informs his readers that "Edipus Tyrannus" is a very interesting little musical drama in Greek, written for the Harvard boys by two of the Professors, "Sophocles and Paine."—*Ex.*

As Brown jumped out of the reach of one of the big apes of the museum that showed an inordinate desire to sample his flesh, said Fogg, "I've always heard that man sprang from the monkey, and now I know it."—*Ex.*

EXCHANGE NOTES.

There is a very fine sketch in the *Roanoke Collegian* entitled "Thoughtless Fun." We are sorry to believe that it was not written by any college student, but copied from some newspaper.

The *North Western* has a versified exercise in Old English which it calls a poem. The versification seems to be good, and the poet handles a difficult metre remarkably well, but we cannot see why he wants to obscure his story by the English of Chaucer,—unless he calls it something besides a poem.

The *Institute Index* has one editorial in its March number, and that is on the hackneyed subject of Reading. It contains some such startling assertions as these: "Young men need to read," "Young women need to read." It's very true, but there seems to be but little originality about the ideas, or the way of expressing them. "If you have any fresh corpses, bring them along."

The *Kansas Review* has a well written-article on "Suffering and Optimism." The writer expresses very vigorously some ideas that might startle some of our readers. His propositions are: "All suffering which is directly traceable to human agency, is evil;" and "The causes of suffering are evil." After writing very ably to prove all this, he says it is our duty to avoid and prevent evil whenever we can, and as suffering, the result of suffering, is evil, we must deport ourselves in the same way towards it. "Scarcely was the martyred Garfield in his grave, ere the profound sorrow and righteous indignation of our people were being deadened by the miserable fallacy, 'It was all for the best.' Evil, wrong, crime, suffering, are never for the best. It is the basest treachery to our Garfield to say that his suffering and death were for the best. Are good men better dead than alive?" It is certainly a very vigorous and original sort of an article, whatever may be the justice of some of his conclusions.

As introductory to the exchange column there are six lines of poetry printed without quotation-marks or anything else to show they are not original with the paper. These lines are also introductory to Joaquin Miller's poem, "Arizonian." Perhaps the printer ran out of quotation-marks, but the lack of them is almost inexcusable, whatever the reason.

The *College Mercury* is giving its readers a continued story, a chapter of which appears in the March number. We cannot see why stories or sketches are not more printed in the college papers. In our opinion, it's the best way of

bringing out one's originality. It amounts to but little to "read up" in a library ever so much, and then "write an essay," making a rehash, and misrepresenting the authors consulted, in trying to be original, compared to what it does to exercise the imagination in producing a readable sketch or story. Of course, if a college doesn't contain sufficient imagination and literary ability to write a sketch, there is good reason for not printing such in its paper. It seems to us that the practice ought to receive encouragement, at least. This chapter of "Sunnyside" in the *College Mercury* is well written, and makes, for students, at any rate, far more interesting reading-matter than most of the "solid" literary articles with which our college papers are ballasted, and which in many cases serve only as ballast.

The *Tuftonian* has a number of poems in the March number. The first of these, "A violet," is really a good thing, especially if written under the inspiration and in the time alleged.

The poem entitled "When the Tide Comes in" reminds one very strongly of the "Three Fishers," both in its subject-matter and versification. The poem also suggests "Face Against the Pane," and on the whole does not impress one as being strikingly original in any way, though it is a good imitation.

We think the writer on the "Stage and Pulpit" rather allowed his enthusiasm to run away with him. He writes in a declamatory style, and ends up with the prediction that some time the stage and pulpit will work hand in hand for a common cause—that the stage will become a teacher of Christianity. This is a too refreshingly sanguine view to take of the case. The article is well written, and contains some apparently just observations, as when he says that there's no danger of religion's losing any of its dignity by associating with the stage, and asks "Must religion be sheltered from strong winds that it may not be injured?" But we think he comes to wrong conclusions when he predicts the possible joining of stage and pulpit. The position of the stage in this respect is exactly the position of poetry. Poe tells us that the object of poetry is not to teach religion, or morality, or to teach anything directly, but to give pleasure. It is, perhaps, possible to bring the stage into the same position, and place it on the same footing as legitimate poetry, that is, a pure and elevating source of amusement; but those who desire to elevate the stage, and talk about making it a teacher of religion, defeat their own ends by looking for too much, and not appreciating the true and only practical province of the stage.

PLUNDER.

A motto for young lovers: So-fa and no father.

Student (translating).—"Instruxi triplicem aciem—he drew three aces."

A Cornell man was recently injured by an accidental discharge of his duties.

What made the tower of Pisa lean? The great famine in the land.—*Trinity Tablet*.

The lilies of the field have pistils, and every citizen of Texas is "arrayed like one of these."—*Argo*.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

"My nose is red, but not with years,
Nor grew it red in a single night,
As men's have done from sudden beers."

—*Biron*.

"Now, gentlemen," said Professor C., lecturing to his Physics class, "listen closely, while I vibrate the pitchfork."

Student (not very clear as to his lesson): "That's what the author says, any way."

Professor: "I don't want the author: I want you!"

Student (despairingly): "Well, you've got me."

"Eat onions, sis," is the *Boston Post's* advice to a maiden who wanted to know how to avoid having a moustache on her upper lip.

Full many a maid has toyed with kerosene,
And sailed to glory in a gorgeous glare;
Full many a man has poked at glycerine,
And flown promiscuous through the desert air.

Professor of Rhetoric.—"Miss L., will you give an example of that vulgarism we call slang?" Miss L.—"Rhetoric is a soft snap."

"My daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."

Things are coming to a pretty pass when babies must be made "to match," and yet a furnishing store in town advertises "kids in all the fall shades."

It was reported that one of our post-graduates had rapidly run through his property. Upon inquiry we find that his property consisted of a ten-acre field through which he had been chased by a mad bull.

When he asked of his bride in the aisle:
"Is this biz?" she replied: "I should smaisle;
You can't give the grand cough
To this match, and skip ough—
Not much! from a girl of my staisle."

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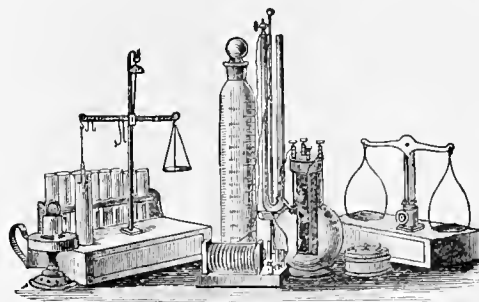
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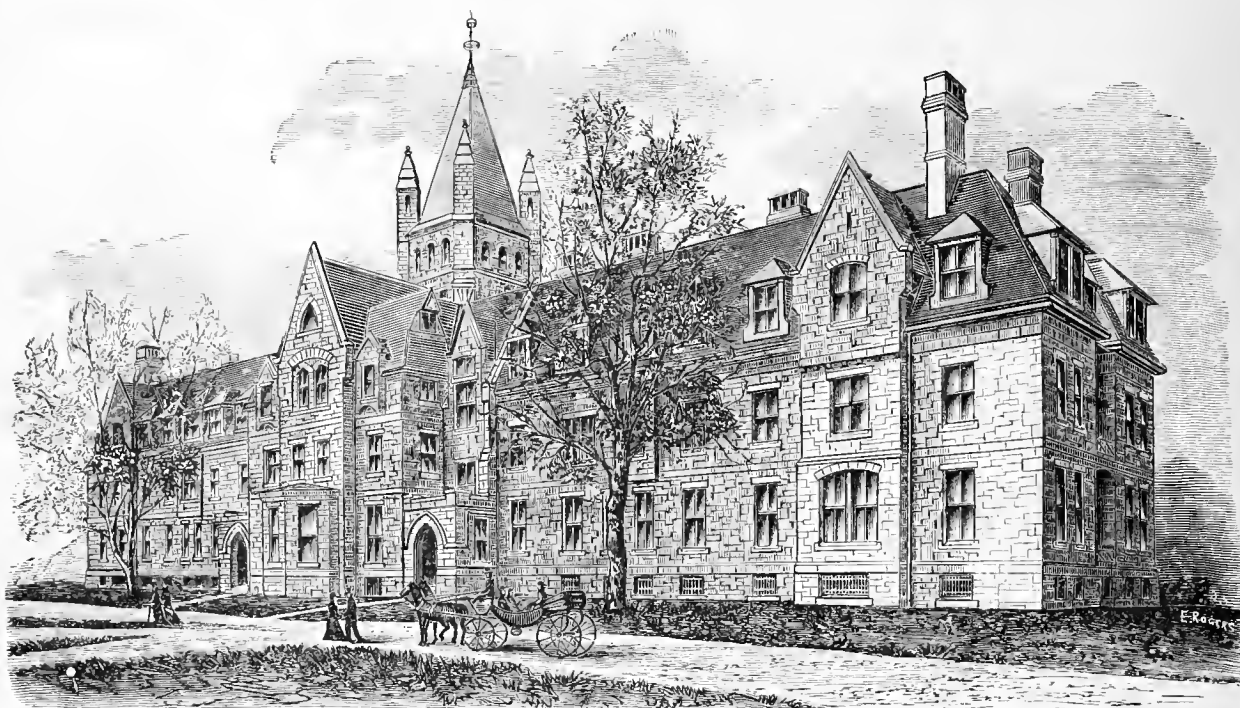
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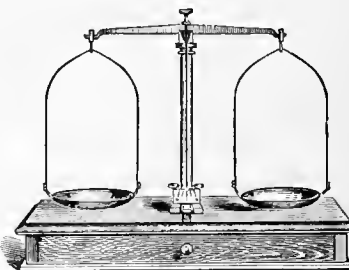
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J. STANLEY ESTES, '84. T. HERBERT CHASE, '84.

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Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

The improvements on the carriage road leading to the President's residence can only be appreciated by those who knew the state of that drive before the improvements were begun.

As we write, we judge that the work is not quite completed, but feel sure that when it is done a drive unsightly in appearance, and anything but comfortable to lovers of ease, will have been converted into one possessing, in a good degree, qualities that will recommend it to the eye, and will not tend, by its want of smoothness, to encourage improper thoughts in those who go that way.

Ere this paper reaches our readers, the time for the election of officers in the various societies, associations and clubs of the college will be wellnigh upon us. A word with regard to the choice of officers may not be out of place. The important positions all are careful enough to think of and to plan for, prompted either by public regard or by private interests. There are, however, some offices which are quite important to the well-being of any organized body, but which no one ever thinks of selecting a candidate for until the eve of election forces him to make out his ticket, and then he selects some man whose record as a Freshman indicates that he has not cheek enough to refuse any imposition, however undesirable.

How desirable such a method of procedure is may be inferred when it is known that some Freshmen are not as meek as they seem, and that during the present year one of the college organizations had to call to account, sit in judgment upon, and almost to impeach, one such official, in order, after months of delay and inconvenience, to make him perform his duties. "These things ought not so to be;" and a little thought applied judiciously to the construction of tickets will obviate such shortcomings.

Were it not for the necessity of making a parting bow, as we vacate our editorial chairs, it would be scarcely worth while to remind our readers that, ere *The Haverfordian* greets them again, its management will have passed into other hands.

As it would show a very abnormal development of morals, however, not to make a bow at such a time, we deem it fitting to call attention to a fact which we contemplate with feelings not altogether sad. True, the *Hamilton College Monthly* and the *Sunbeam* will no longer cast about the arrival of our morning mail the halo of their cheering words, neither will the *Niagara Index*, with its exhaustless tongue, or the *Spectator*, with its criticisms *in eodem modo quo*, point out, in the loving spirit so characteristic of college journalism, our little foibles. The consciousness, however, that these worthy contemporaries are exerting their influence on some other struggling brother, more susceptible to moral suasion than we, will go far to assuage our grief. Our joy at the prospect of a release from the labors of the quill, however, does not arise from any feeling of disgust towards the work, but from the simple fact that we have performed our part in this field, and are willing to make room for fresh material. We have found many things in our year's work to remind us of that fabled old man who "tried to please everybody;" though, if we have pleased no one, we trust we have escaped the old man's fate.

We would, as we take leave, bespeak the patronage and sympathy of all our friends for our successors. Give them your hearty support, and they will succeed, we trust, even where we have failed. Whether *The Haverfordian* is better now than it was twelve months ago, we cannot

say; but we do say that if properly supported—if more interest is manifested by those outside the editorial corps—there need be no doubt, one year hence, either as to the increase of its value in a literary point of view, or to the benefit of its influence.

It has been thought by some that it would be advisable to change the name of the cricket club from the Dorian to the Haverford College Cricket Club. When the Dorian sprang into life, there were two other cricket clubs at Haverford, and on this account it was necessary that the new one should have some distinctive name. At present there is no such need, and while there are no advantages derived from the possession of the name, there is a very serious disadvantage which would be done away with if the name should be changed. This very obvious disadvantage is that too many people think the Dorian Cricket Club has no connection with Haverford College, and that for this reason it is considered in the same light as the Merion, or any other permanent eleven in the city. This is plainly unjust; for, as we have tried to show in a former number, if the Dorian is successful in playing with the Philadelphia clubs, it becomes so against almost overwhelming odds. The eleven is constantly changing; as soon as a member acquires any proficiency with the bat or ball, he is graduated. In this way the Dorian, at the end of each spring, loses its best players.

Therefore, it seems to us, it would be advisable to change the name of the Dorian, that Haverford College may get the full benefits of her victories and help bear her defeats, and that due praise may be rendered to her both in her victories and her defeats.

The prize bat, which was offered last year for the first time for improvement in batting, is again offered this year. It would be well worth the while of both the old and new members of the cricket club to try to obtain this prize. There are no members of the Dorian to whom there is not plenty of room for improvement, and who may not, by persistent practice, greatly improve their style of batting. A prize of this kind ought to be unnecessary, for the college feelings of the students ought to be sufficient to spur them on to continual practice; but, alas! this college feeling is too often taken out in feeling alone, unless there is some definite object in view to incite to work. We would also call attention to the other cricket prizes which are offered.

The prizes offered for first eleven matches are; The prize bat, for the largest average of runs during the year; the prize ball, for the best bowling average; and a prize belt, for the best fielding shown in the first eleven matches. The prizes for practice matches are: a ball, for the best bowling average; a bat, for highest batting average obtained by a member of the Sophomore or Freshman class; a ball, for the best bowling average made by a member of the Sophomore class; and a belt, for the best fielding done by a member of the Freshman class.

Surely, among all these prizes, there is at least one which each member of the Dorian can strive after with a hope and possibility of attaining. We hope the experience of last year will not be repeated, for then the Ground Committee were compelled to withhold one of the prizes, because there was no one who in the least deserved it.

It is questionable whether the practice of assigning double lessons is a good one. Some professors, in some colleges, when they propose to be absent from a recitation, consider it an imperative duty to tack a notice on the bulletin board directing their class to prepare a lesson as large again as usual. It may be right that it is proper for the professor only to have a "snap," but, on the other hand, these double lessons are rarely satisfactory,—not so, at least, from a student's point of view. Such double lessons are usually imperfectly prepared by the majority of the class, especially by the students less interested in study, and in assigning lessons this class of students should be considered rather than the comparatively few who would cheerfully plug on any lesson whatever that might be given them. If the object is to get over the ground, to railroad a class through a book at all hazards, then double lessons and every artifice of the sort are in order. But the advantage of going to college over studying at home, is the benefit to be derived from the professors; and the question is, whether the same amount of instruction that will benefit can be acquired from the explanations, etc., of a professor, when two lessons are crowded into the time which should be devoted to one. No one will claim that the professor can benefit a student so much when trying to get through a double lesson. Then the system is pernicious. But it may be said that a double lesson is an exception, only given out once in a great while, and, moreover, that the students have double time in which to prepare it. But the question is not how much time they have to prepare it, but how much time in which to recite it.

ALUMNI PRIZE CONTEST.

On the 26th ult., the annual contest for the prize for composition and oratory offered by the Association of Alumni came off, there being but three contestants, W. R. Jones, '82, John Blanchard, '83, and T. K. Worthington, '83.

The audience was not large, but, owing to the prize at stake, was, of course, attentive. T. K. Worthington began the exercises with an oration on "Alexander the Great." He sketched the early career of Alexander in a clear, comprehensive manner, pictured graphically the brilliancy of his career of conquest, and showed how, by making the Greek language so generally understood, he prepared the way, by use of arms, for the spread of that gospel whose weapons are "not carnal, but spiritual."

W. R. Jones then followed with an oration on "Reform in the Science of Government." He called attention to three methods of conducting the civil service: the despotic, exemplified in Russia; the partisan, employed in this country, and the merit system, as practiced in England. He condemned, in unqualified terms, the civil-service policy inaugurated by Andrew Jackson, and showed, by an appeal to the origin and history of American institutions, that the merit system of England was eminently fitted to the genius of the American people, and to the character of their republican government.

John Blanchard then spoke of "A Summer of Gloom," and described, with much feeling, the sickness and death of President Garfield, and the gloom it cast over the country. His style was very well adapted to his theme.

The contest was very close, and the judges found so much difficulty in coming to a decision that, after an hour's discussion, they adjourned for the night.

They finally awarded the prize to W. R. Jones, '82.

 THE PRA-DEL-TOR.

High in the mountains of Piedmont, in the midst of lofty, snow-capped Alps, is a little vale, the Pra-del-Tor.

This vale, surrounded by mountains whose beauty and grandeur are scarcely surpassed by Switzerland itself, possesses a deep, thrilling interest, not only on account of the grandeur of the surrounding mountains, but especially on account of the sacredness of the place itself, and the persecutions endured in the neighboring valleys.

The Pra-del-Tor was the refuge and stronghold of the Vaudois, when persecuted and threatened with utter destruction by the Catholics. It was more to them than a fortress. Here they had their temple and college; here, while the Romish Church was relapsing into super-

stition and idolatry, they continued to worship God "in spirit and in truth," as they had been taught by some of the earliest Christian missionaries,—perhaps by St. Paul himself, as he journeyed into Spain. Here, during those centuries when the Bible was a forbidden book in other countries, their young men were committing to memory chapters, and even whole books, of the New Testament. And from this college went forth many a noble, dauntless preacher, to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the Catholics. For the Vaudois, though living in the remote mountain dales of Piedmont, did not escape the notice of the Romish Church, when, with increasing wealth, power and corruption, its desire to extend its sway increased also. For nearly seven centuries the work of persecution went on in these valleys, and ere its close every hill and vale and cave and precipice of this region had been scenes in one of the most terrible dramas which history is able to show. The hills and ravines had often been the scenes of heroic conflicts; in the valleys, villages had been pillaged and burned, women and children massacred, and men has suffered tortures so excruciating that the cruelty of the fiercest American Indians would almost seem mild in comparison.

Thus the holy work of trying to convert or kill these "heretics" went on for three hundred years; yet neither end could be accomplished, for the Vaudois steadily refused to "abjure" and accept doctrines not taught in the Bible; and though many were, through treachery and sudden attacks, taken and killed, the survivors always withdrew to their citadel, and there repelled all attacks.

But in 1486 Pope Innocent VIII., resolved upon striking a final blow at heresy, issued a bull of extermination against the Vaudois; and, to augment his forces, made a proclamation "absolving from all ecclesiastical pains and penalties, general and specific, those who would take up the cross; releasing them from any oaths they might have taken; legitimizing their title to any property they might have illegally acquired; and promising remission of all their sins to such as should kill any heretic."

The great object of this and the subsequent attacks, or, rather, the only means of accomplishing that object, was the capture of the Vaudois stronghold. But the Pra-del-Tor, enclosed by cliffs rising on every side like ancient, battlemented walls, and only accessible by a narrow path along the bank of a rushing Alpine torrent, was defended by valiant men, rendered doubly courageous by the righteousness of their cause and their trust in God.

As the waves, when the tide is rising, dash against some great rock, and, seemingly baffled, recede, and then dash harder, higher than before, till at last they sweep

triumphantly over the obstruction; so here the tide of persecution fluctuated.

First, priests were sent to convert, then inquisitors to betray and prosecute, and then armies to plunder, torture and kill. And in addition to these there were outlaws and bandits from Italy, Savoy and France, Spanish assassins and Irish rapparees. Yet none of these, nor all combined, could have accomplished their purpose by force of arms. They used a weapon far more powerful than arms, —more powerful because used by men long skilled in its use against those unaccustomed to it. By perfidy that was accomplished which had been vainly attempted a hundred times by force; and in 1686 all the Vaudois who were not massacred, were driven from the country.

Then loudly rang St. Peter's with *Te deums* and anthems of praise, as it did before for St. Bartholomew's Day. But the Vaudois were not forsaken by their God, for the glorious return and recovery of their homes took place only two years afterwards.

Truly that place is full of interest, where, from the earliest ages of the Christian era, a pure religion has existed, and where, for conscience' sake, the people of God have endured seven hundred years of persecution. Their relation to us as Protestants is well expressed by Doctor Muston. "The Vaudois are the chain by which the reformed churches are connected with the first disciples of our Saviour. In vain has Popery, renegade from evangelical truths, sought a thousand times to break that chain; it has resisted every shock, empires have crumbled away, dynasties have fallen, but this chain of scriptural testimony has never been broken, for its strength came not from men, but from God."

SOCIETY WORK.

The editorial in the last number of *The Haverfordian*, referring chiefly to the Haverford critics, and elocution as an "art," suggests a few thoughts which the writer put down some weeks ago, on the general subject of society work at Haverford.

In many ways the editorial referred to is to be commended. It is frank, and so easy to be understood. It shows that the writer is interested in what he speaks of, not as the majority of men are, but far more; which, other things being equal, shows that he has a "genius" for such things. And, to be allowed a mild form of *argumentum ad hominem*, the editorial seems very much like a "criticism" by one of the "critics." Should this judgment be correct, of course, as editor and critic, our writer will quickly admit that no subject can be fairly discussed but under all its proper and necessary

relations, whether it be "elocution as an art," or society work in general, or any other important question. He will also as quickly admit that neither art—I mean no unjust reflection on art in itself—nor chemistry, nor any other creature, is able to change what has been found true in the written and unwritten experience of all practical men, that the only sure guarantees of success, in whatever makes up a man's life work in this world, must be looked for somewhere within the strangely complex anatomy of the man himself, and cannot, with any real prudence, be sought for anywhere else. Art, whether it be that of elocution—so far as that has become strictly an art—or art in its broader sense, so far as it is confined by well-turned rules, is, strictly speaking, hardly more than an instrument,—a cultivator of the appreciation of the beautiful. Regarding it as such, man should be careful to use it, and not allow it to use him.

The idea forces itself upon everybody that the age calls loudly for the practical and the useful. The call is full of intelligent meaning, and, other things being equal, should be increased in force. Specialists are increasing daily. Everybody who is at all elastic is looking about to see what he can do best. Natural selection is going on, we should hope, on a mighty scale within the broad field of the professions. Even college students begin that selection almost instinctively while at their books. Colleges, therefore, are bound to be more careful than ever before in the expenditure of whatever means they have, with special regard to the demands, as well as the needs, of the age. From these considerations, Haverford seems very wisely to have left the chair of elocution as the last to be filled; and even now, in the opinion of the writer, there are demands in other directions far more pressing than those for an instructor in elocution as an art. The ideal college student is the one who pulls easily through all the different branches of his college course, and comes out a plump, liberal-spirited gentleman. But the practical outcomes of college life are boys, bookworms, and specialists; and it may be very much questioned whether a convention of all the college faculties and dignitaries in the country could lessen the evil,—so far as it is one.

It seems, then, a fair way of putting the question with relation to Haverford, what proportion of the patrons of the college demand the teaching of elocution as an art? and what proportion of the students demand it as a really pressing necessity in the way of practical advantage to them? But still in suggesting the practical side of our times, I do not wish to be understood to urge the idea that in the effort to stand straight a man should lean backwards. When the question comes to what is

practical in every case, who is, then, to decide? I say that judge does not exist. The true aim, as I think, should be for each individual to study to see what is practical and practicable for himself, when he has reached a point where he may choose.

Having prefaced this much, I recall my subject,—Society Work. Each year has its changes recorded in our society work at Haverford. Some have been desirable and necessary; others, so far as I can see, neither desirable nor necessary. Still, on the whole, it is no doubt true, as it ought to be, that the college is getting nearer each year to the proper standard; and that, of course, other things being equal, is the most practical one,—the one which tends most toward the greatest improvement of the greatest number.

A reason why society work is not in higher repute lies in the fact that much of it is looked at by many as a splendid piece of parrotry, a mere mockery, or, perhaps better, mimicry; and there is, in truth, much ground for this idea. And yet we can only find the spur and the curb for this work in a careful view of its theories and its practice. There always have been theories about it, and by no means the least splendid among these are many advanced by our so-called profound rhetoricians; a large majority of whom, if I mistake not, build their theories on the foundations laid by other men, who, in turn, wrung their wisdom from the dust-covered-volumes of forgotten theorists. I know the doctrine is somewhat new, but I venture to express the conviction that as practical men, men with real purposes, we ought to regard the writings of rhetoricians—if in good English—very much as we regard other writings in good English. And perhaps it might be proper to ask the younger rhetoricians and those who would be the rising orators of America, who it was that taught Demosthenes and Cicero, Pitt and Burke, Webster and Clay, Lincoln and Bright. Their lives are wonderfully suggestive of the strange notion, that they, in a certain large sense, were self-educated,—their own rhetoricians. In fact, it would be next to impossible to find a practical man anywhere who has not been, in the same sense, self-educated. It is an unfortunate use of words to speak of Lincoln or Bright in contrast with Webster, for example, as a self-educated man, the proper contrast lies more in the difference of their opportunities for self-education; for both had books, both conversed with living men; and both also took a large common-sense view of things, looking within themselves for the guarantees of power and the successful use of that power. In the outcomes of their lives, all these great men say there is no royal way,—not even by the profoundest rhetoricians.

As a rule, it is the theorist who never finds anything entirely satisfactory; but the practical man finds much that is satisfactory in many things, and "good in everything." So in society work one man will find much that is valuable, while the other will find little that is valuable: one man will stay outside and theorize, while the other will enter in and educate himself, or both will enter in, one with his theory, the other with the practical idea of self-culture always directly before his mind. To get at my meaning on this subject more nearly, let us look at declaiming, that branch of society work against which objections are most often urged. With these objections starting up all around, it may seem unsafe to say that a person with a just sense of self-culture, and possessed of liberal common sense, may get more lasting benefit from one declamation than from hours with the rhetoricians. Still, on the other hand, the man who is conscious of not having the means within himself for self-culture, in its true sense, or of not having, in other words, a fair amount of what, in the long run, is better than genius—happy common sense, would do well to strap his trunk for home and the kindly protection of indulgent friends. To such a person—always an object of pity—declaiming will stand in the same relation as all other practical matters. The blushing, stammering, grammar school urchin is the strongest argument in favor of this class of work. Because the first round in the ladder is so near the ground, what argues that against its importance? If declaiming should seem to be parrotry, what argues that, if it is found to be the natural step to something higher? It is impossible, nor is it necessary, to claim the same originality for declaiming as for acting: for the former is only a means to an end, the latter an end in itself. In a restricted sense, the originality of the actor is the most superficial of all originality; though it may be greatly questioned whether it is not in fact the faint glimmer of that royal spark of personality in the actor that most delights the people. The strong point, in theory, against acting, is that the real actor voluntarily limits his own power. The view has long been held—and it deserves respect,—that the man who is capable of becoming a good actor never ought to become an actor at all, but something more: such a man ought to have a vocabulary of his own, with which to show his own spirit, not another's. The exclamation, now almost historical, What a star the stage lost when Webster became a statesman! is, within proper limits, full of argument on this point. In practical development there never has been any natural connection between acting and public speaking; but the relation between the higher and lower branches of philosophy, of mathematics or science,

between childhood and youth or youth and manhood, is no more natural than that between declaiming and debating, debating and public speaking.

To do anything simply to please somebody is not half a purpose.

Practical declaiming should aim at securing complete self-control, acquiring a rich English vocabulary, becoming acquainted with the style of the masters of English, and at finding the controlling spirit of representative men. The standard which combines these ideas in some form seems sufficiently high and sufficiently practical. The most important fact about declaiming is this, that it, like all other society work, is only a means to an end—and that end the highest possible self-culture.

PROVISO.

LOCALS.

It is thought that Smith ('84,) will recover the use of his leg.

The writings of Mrs. Browning seem to be most popular with the classical Sophs.

The prize for the best essay in the Athenæum was won by Arthur D. Hall, '84.

Isaac G. Ladd, '84, we are sorry to say, has left the college on account of his brother's health.

The new flag-pole for the cricket grounds still graces the rubbish heap back of the stables.

First Freshman: "I say, can't you lend me some cash?"

Second Fresh: "'No, Cassius, no.'"

An *ante-mortem* examination was made of the bodies of Smith, Allen and Ferris, all of '84, on May 26th, by Dr. Ladd.

The Merion 2d XI. played the 2d Germantown at Ardmore, on Saturday, May 20th, and won the match with a score of 57 to 41.

In spite of the edict that Ferris must submit to have his tennis court planted with trees, he sticks to his rights with great tennis-ity.

The summer days are come, and the swimmer swimmeth, and the cricketer cricketeth, and the Freshman gets his little pony out and ponieth.

Some dissatisfaction is expressed on the part of the students because the library is not regularly opened from 12 to 12 30 o'clock, as it was aforesaid.

The beautiful lake that adorns the eastern extremity of our park has burst from its chains and meandered on towards the much-sounding sea.

A few "poluphloisboian" Freshmen still insist on entertaining, (?) the occupants of the South wing with a series of nightly concerts, in which harmony is forgotten, and discord reigns supreme.

Two jolly little Seniors,
To Bryn Mawr did walk,
For to catch a wary brother,
And to make a little talk.

But 'twas on the errand of a fool,
They found that they had been;
So they filled them up with ices
Lest they'd seem "taken in."

A new board walk leads from the residence of Professor Sharpless to the boarding-house, now being repaired, belonging to Mr. Oberge, of Bryn Mawr. The commodious building is very pleasantly situated, and is called Millbrook, from the beautiful stream which murmurs by, the prosaic name for which, however, is "Cobb's Creek."

A tough Chicago man,
A tin-mouth-organ man,
A swift-curving pitcher,
A Biddy-bewitcher,
A work-in-the-Gym, young man.

The students should be more careful not to keep their lamps burning in their study rooms after bed-time. Immediately after ten o'clock they should take their lights into their sleeping-rooms, where they can study in undisturbed security. A short time since, because an absent-minded student kept his light in his study room, after being commanded to go to bed by an official, he was detected, and put on the second stage of discipline!

Our attention has been called to the fact that we neglected, in calling attention, in our last issue, to some piles of rubbish which may be viewed in a casual walk to the depot, to call attention also to the usefulness of certain heaps of tin cans, etc., in keeping the old railway embankment from sliding down. They may be useful, but a load or two of stone would answer the purpose as well; or, if a place is wanted to dispose of the superfluous cans, a little dirt, judiciously applied, would improve appearances by "hiding a multitude of" tins.

There is a form that haunts fair Barclay Hall,
A ghastly thing that evermore doth go
With muffled tread; a figure gaunt and tall,
And fierce in feature, and in speech full slow;
Adown his cheek, the frequent bursts of woe
Have worn deep channels for the flood of tears:
Ask not his name;—for 'tis not "meet to" know,
But whisper low—the walls themselves have ears,
And he that speaks too loud, knows not what other hears.

Many of us have been greatly puzzled lately, by hearing frequent explosions from the neighboring woods and fields, of an afternoon. We trust that no one would be so thoughtless as to have any evil designs on the many beautiful birds that make our grounds so pleasant. It seems a shame to kill them now while they are brooding; for every bird that is killed at this time necessitates the destruction of the brood of little ones dependent as yet on the old bird's care. There used to be a rule, enforced by the Faculty, and respected by the students, forbidding shooting, not only in the immediate vicinity of the buildings, but also on any part of the College farm.

The Observatory has had made, for use in comet seeking and other purposes which require a large field of view, a new eye-piece for the reflecting telescope. Its magnifying power is about thirty, and its field of view embraces a circle in the heavens of about one and a half degrees in diameter. Dr. Lewis Swift of Rochester, who has examined it, says it is probably the finest eye-piece of its kind in the country, and the makers claim that it has the largest field of view of any eye-piece of its power in the world. As Dr. Swift has just received the medal of the Paris Academy, for the discovery of seven comets in four years, his testimony concerning it is worth something. As it does not fit the tube of the telescope, there has not yet been an opportunity to test it. This difficulty will be remedied in a few days.

PERSONALS.

'36.—John Collins has given to the College a fine water-color painting of the "Introductory Class Room in 1834," executed with a Gerard Dow-like minuteness. Like the picture of a student's bed-chamber of the same period, which he presented a year ago, it is a valuable memento of the early days of Haverford.

'36.—Francis T. King's lecture on "London, and Some of its Institutions," before the Young Men's Institute, was very instructive, and highly enjoyed by the audience.

'38.—Charles Foster's book, "The Story of the Bible, told in Simple Language for the Young," enjoys a large circulation.

'39.—Thomas P. Cope has recently caused to be published in very neat style abridgments from George Fox's Journal and Barclay's Apology, adapted to the present age, when men think "a great book a great evil."

'42.—Dr. James J. Levick read a valuable paper recently before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in commemoration of Dr. George Smith, the historian of Delaware County, and father of three Haverford graduates.

'51.—Philip C. Garrett declined being a candidate for nomination for governor, on the ground that the Committee of One Hundred should refuse all personal honors of this kind.

'56.—A reception was given to Senator Mitchell by Edward R. Wood, at his house, on the evening of the 23d ult. Men of all political parties took part in it.

'58.—James Wood's admirable lecture on "The Rhine" was greatly enjoyed by all who heard it; as was also his lecture at the Academy of Fine Arts, on "Holland."

'58.—Dr. Thomas Wistar, was the poet at the recent celebration and dinner of the ancient "State in Schuylkill," at the Fishing House.

'61.—Edward Bettie, Jr., will occupy one of the houses on the lawn during the summer months.

'78.—Cyrus P. Frazier was married, on the 21st ult., to Miss Lou Churchill, of Kinston, N. C.

'78.—We regret to state that George W. White, met with the loss of his wife last month, in less than a year after his happy marriage.

'81.—J. H. Moore expects to attend normal school this summer at Goldsboro, N. C.

Those of our subscribers who have not yet paid for their subscriptions, would greatly oblige us by an early remittance of the same.

CRICKET.

The Dorian opened its season on the 29th of April, with a match with the University Barge Club eleven. The wisdom of arranging a match so early in the season was perhaps doubtful, as the members of the Dorian had only five days before the match in which to practice, and three of these were rainy; consequently their stand at the wicket was not what it ought to have been. In the field they did admirably, and kept the runs down to a very reasonable amount. Craig's bowling was especially effective. All that the Dorian requires to bring her up to her former position among Philadelphia clubs, is a little more practice at the bat. In the field, the eleven will compare favorably with any in the city. For the Barge Club, Morris and Law did almost all the playing,

both with the ball and at the wicket. The game resulted in a victory for the Barge Club by an innings and five runs.

Following is the score:

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
L. M. Winston, c. Newbold b. Dr. Morris	10	W. Price, spt. Van Rensselaer b. Law	0
A. G. Craig, b. Law	5	Winston, c. Van Rensselaer b. Law	0
J. E. Coffin, b. Law	0	Coffin, c. Etting b. Morris	2
B. V. Thomas, c. and b. Law	0	Thomas, b. Law	13
E. Randolph, b. Law	0	Baily, b. Law	5
S. B. Shoemaker, b. Morris	4	Shoemaker, c. Van Rensselaer b.	7
T. H. Chase, b. Law	0	Newbold	7
D. Corbit, b. Law	0	Craig, b. Newbold	0
W. F. Price, not out	1	Randolph, b. Law	0
W. L. Baily, c. Newbold	1	Whitney, b. Newbold	0
C. H. Whitney, b. Law	2	Chase, not out	1
		Corbett, b. Law	3
		Extras	4
Total	23	Total	42

BARGE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.	
Dr. Morris, c. Price b. Craig	25
Fi-her, b. Craig	5
Watts, b. Craig	0
Newbold, run out	0
Law, c. Baily b. Craig	22
Van Rensselaer, c. Corbitt b. Craig	5
James, c. and b. Baily	0
Platt, b. Craig	4
Etting, c. Randolph b. Baily	5
Carter, c. Corbitt, b. Craig	2
Savage, not out	1
Leg-bye	1
Total	70

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	DORIAN.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First inning	15	15	15	15	19	19	19	19	20	23
Second inning	0	2	4	15	27	31	38	38	39	42

BARGE CLUB	
First inning	10 10 20 43 52 58 62 64 67 70

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

DORIAN.				
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	
Thomas	24	7	1	0
Craig	76	30	4	7
Baily	78	21	3	2
Randolph	24	11	0	0

BARGE CLUB.				
Law	70	14	3	7
Morris	66	9	6	3

SECOND INNING.				
Law	62	17	3	6
Morris	24	9	1	1
Newbold	30	12	1	3

YOUNG AMERICA 1ST vs. DORIAN 1ST.

On the 20th of May, the Dorian met the Young America at Haverford, and played them a very close game, the Young America winning by only two runs. The scores on both sides were small, owing to the condition of the ground, which was very soft, on account of the hard rain on the morning of the 20th. The Young America did not have their strongest eleven in the field, though the bowling of Charlie Newhall and Walter Clark did much to make up for any weak places in the eleven. Shoemaker won the toss, and sent the visiting team to the bat. The ground was in such a condition as to make scoring almost an impossibility, nevertheless C. A. Newhall and A. J. D. Dixon, managed by very careful playing to put together 14 and 13 runs respectively. These were the only double figures made in this innings for the Young America. The Dorian went to the bat with only 57 to make, but failed to put together more than 35. Winston's 16, which was made by very steady playing, were the only double figures in the innings, though Bettie's 6, and not out, was very creditable. In the second innings the Dorian fielded very carefully, and only allowed the Young America to make 31 runs. E. W. Clark's

score of 15, and not out, was perhaps the best display of cricket shown during the game. Haverford had now only 54 runs to make to win the game, and they went at it with a will. The score gradually crept up towards that of the Young America, and with each run the excitement increased. When the sixth wicket fell, Haverford had only nine runs to obtain to be victorious. The college eleven was beginning to congratulate itself on its victory. The seventh wicket fell, and left only six runs to win. Alas for human hopes! Charlie Newhall was aroused, and bowled as he only knows how when his eleven is in a tight place. Three wickets fell in oneover, and left the Young America victorious by two runs.

Following is the score:

YOUNG AMERICA.

FIRST INNINGS.

A. E. Newbold, run out	6
C. A. Newhall, c. and b. Thomas	14
S. Potter, b. Craig	2
E. W. Clark, c. Thomas, b. Craig	1
W. B. Dixon, run out	1
A. J. D. Dixon, l. b. w., b. Craig	13
J. O. Pease, Jr., c. Craig, b. Bailly	9
H. L. Clark, c. Bettie, b. Craig	2
I. Corse, c. Whitney, b. Craig	2
L. Martin, not out	3
R. L. Martin, absent	0
Extras	4
Total	57

SECOND INNINGS.

A. E. Newbold, b. Randolph	3
C. A. Newhall, c. Price, b. Thomas	6
S. Potter, run out	6
E. W. Clark, not out	15
W. B. Dixon, b. Craig	0
A. J. D. Dixon, c. Craig, b. Thomas	0
J. O. Pease, Jr., c. Shoemaker, b. Craig	1
H. L. Clark, b. Craig	0
I. Corse, c. and b. Craig	0
L. Martin, b. Randolph	4
R. L. Martin, c. Reed, b. Craig	0
Extras	2
Total	31

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

FIRST INNINGS.

L. M. Winston, b. Newbold	16
A. C. Craig, c. A. Dixon, b. Newhall	7
C. H. Whiting, run out	0
B. V. Thomas, c. A. Dixon, b. Newhall	1
S. B. Shoemaker, c. A. Dixon, b. Newhall	4
W. F. Price, c. and b. Newbold	1
J. E. Coffin, c. E. Clark, b. Newhall	0
W. L. Bailly, c. Clark, b. Newbold	0
S. Bettie, not out	6
E. Randolph, b. Newbold	0
W. F. Reeve, b. Newbold	0
Total	35

SECOND INNINGS.

L. M. Winston, run out	0
A. C. Craig, c. A. Dixon, b. Newhall	9
C. H. Whiting, c. A. Dixon, b. Newhall	10
B. V. Thomas, c. A. Dixon, b. Newhall	10
S. B. Shoemaker, b. Clark	7
W. F. Price, b. Newhall	3
J. E. Coffin, c. Pease, b. Newhall	3
W. L. Bailly, b. Newhall	0
S. Bettie, c. A. Dixon, b. Clark	1
E. Randolph, c. Newbold, b. Newhall	0
W. F. Reeve, not out	0
Extras	8
Total	51

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings	14	23	24	26	36	40	45	47	57	57
Second innings	6	14	19	23	26	26	28	29	31	31

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

First innings	13	15	19	26	27	29	29	31	31	35
Second innings	11	17	17	26	28	45	48	48	48	51

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

YOUNG AMERICA—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Newhall	78	11	7	4	0
Potter	18	9	3	0	0
Newbold	58	15	3	5	0

SECOND INNINGS.

Clark	84	20	4	2	1
Newhall	69	20	3	7	0
Newbold	12	4	0	0	0

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—FIRST INNINGS.

Thomas	78	18	4	1	1
Craig	113	29	7	5	0
Bailly	18	5	2	1	0

SECOND INNINGS.

Craig	71	16	2	6	1
Randolph	48	12	1	1	0
Thomas	18	3	1	2	0

The second eleven match with the Chestnut Hill, which was to come off on the 6th of May, was not played on account of the rainy weather.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* is a neatly printed, and very readable, magazine. It would have looked well, however, if the May number had given the "American" credit for "A Postscript to Mother Shipton's Prophecy."

An exchange that keeps the reader well informed as to everything that goes on in this neighborhood, is *The News*, edited by Frank A. Hower, and printed in the new printing office on Lancaster Avenue, but a short distance from the college. This is a local paper that can be depended on, and is increasing its circulation in spite of opposition.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* contains a fictitious work, entitled "Under the Beeches," which is a very pretty thing. Its language is poetic, and a vein of genuine tenderness runs through it.

The poem "Only a Curl," is better than is usually met with in college papers. Its symmetry is marred by a faulty rhyme. "Mound" and "down" produce the same effect that a discord in music would to a cultivated ear, and it greatly injures the beauty of the stanza, which otherwise would have been the most beautiful of the piece.

A neatly printed tract, called the *Earlhamite*, lies on our table. The best things about the paper are the well-arranged local and personal columns. In the latter it says that a student at Haverford, once of Earlham, "anticipates taking a degree this year from Haverford College," giving a margin for a suspicion that there was a possibility of doubt about it. We would say, for the benefit of the *Earlhamite* from whose cerebrum that personal notice was evolved, that, in spite of habits of study contracted at Earlham, this student in question proposes to graduate from Haverford, anyhow,—there's no possible doubt about the matter. His scholarship has actually become of high grade.

A publication, new to us, lies on our table. From a cursory examination of it we do not find that it comes from any institution of learning; but it is a serial, called "Beadle's Boys' and Girls' Half-Dime Pocket Library," and the number before us is entitled "Boomerang Bill, the King of the Australian Bush Rangers; or, The Corsair's Bride." From a hasty examination, we should say that the story which this number contains, is a trifle sensational. The pictorial representations, too, are of a rather dramatic character, in keeping with the title of the story. We would recommend this paper to the *College Argus* for perusal "at Sunday chapel," as not being too moral to be uninteresting.*

The *Vassar Miscellany* is very interesting, as usual. The last copy has a story, "Miss Mehitable's Guests." The style of this story is exceedingly good, it is very well written indeed, but to us it seems faulty as to "plot." Its "denouement" is not sufficiently dramatic for the interesting way in which the story is told. As a mathematical structure, the story is faulty. Its vivid style leads the reader to expect a climax of some sort, but the climax in this case consists principally in a prevarication by the heroine. Now, unfortunately, an untruth by one of the weaker vessels is not an occurrence so rare as to justify a writer in making it a climax, without which a production, as a story, is faulty. "Miss Mehitable's Guests" may be gospel truth, but a little imagination would have added to it,—in our opinion.

The *Trinity Tablet* contains a convincing editorial on necessity of instruction in elocution in all institutions of learning. It says: "It is a better thing than towers and chapels, for it strengthens instruction,—the one great fundamental requirement of an educational institution. Nearly every one now-a-days can read, but few can read well. The last generation, especially the clergy, were possessed of the idea that reading, especially reading of the Bible, should be spontaneous, and that it would consequently be heartier and more effective. The consequence is that between affected tones, the 'ministerial twang,' false accentuation and defective intonation, this theory of spontaneous reading has filled the church with a host of readers, half ludicrous and half unintelligible. Now and then a natural reader appears, and shows what common sense can accomplish. For the natural reader is always a true elocutionist. . . . The necessity of instruction in this art of talking on a big scale—that is, of oratory—is being generally recognized. We favor no elocutionary gimcracks, but we do congratulate the students

upon being instructed in elocution." This seems to be the growing sentiment in American colleges.

We always turn with interest the leaves of the representative organ of Longfellow's *Alma Mater*. The *Bozodoin Orient* is an interesting paper, and the "Story of a Face" would make it so, if everything else were wanting. The writer takes us somewhat into the domain of the terrible. The story suggests something of the effect produced by the weird tales of Poe. The following extracts show something of the style:

"I was so much interested in the story that I determined to go to the dissecting room the next day and see the body. So I accompanied Jim to that most fearful of places for the uninitiated, where death becomes a stupendous joke, and every better and reverent feeling, with which we have been taught from childhood to regard death, a subject of laughter. . . . I stayed just long enough to get the face impressed on my memory, and then the combination of tobacco smoke and that peculiar smell that cannot be described coming from dead bodies, drove me away." Farther on he continues:

"It was eleven o'clock. As I came into the vicinity of the colleges I saw the lights were mostly out. On passing the medical building, to enter the campus near the north end of Winthrop, for some unknown reason that confounded me flashed into my mind with startling distinctness." Farther on, "And there—right in front of me,—so near that by stretching out my hand I could have touched it, was the outline of a human head."

The story has its faults. The language is a little too colloquial to give it the best effect, besides excusing such words as "confounded," which is hardly in the best taste. One serious fault is the introduction of the sailor and his yarns. Nearly half a column is used in telling that which has no connection with the story. It's like the jeweler in "The Spanish Student," whom Longfellow creates and does not use,—a thing which Shakespeare never does.

Teacher (to small boy).—"What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small Boy.—"Pull down the blinds."—*Institute Index*.

Scene: Young ladies' boarding-school. Prof.—"What can you say of Pluto?" Miss D.—"He was the son of Satan, and when his father died he gave him Hell."—*Occident*.

Fond Father.—"Well, my son, how do you like college? Your *Alma Mater* has turned out some great men." Young Hopeful (just expelled).—"Yes, sir; she has just turned me out."—*Ex*.

* Since writing the above, we learn that a mistake has been made. "Boomerang Bill" got among our exchanges by some oversight of the office boy.—Ex. Ed.

PLUNDER.

Swinging is said by the doctors to be good exercise for a person's health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.—*Ex.*

Sophomore (to sleepy room-mate).—"Come, S., why don't you get up with the lark, as I do?" S. (grimly).—"Been up with him all night."—*Ex.*

They had quarreled, and she was waiting for him to begin the peace; at length he said, "Je t'adore." "Shut it yourself," said she. He did, and she is still waiting.—*Ex.*

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An English statistician calculates that every man on an average speaks fifty-two volumes of six hundred octavo pages per annum, and that every woman yearly brings out five hundred and twenty volumes of the same size in talk. This is only another proof of woman's superiority, as the suffragists wud say.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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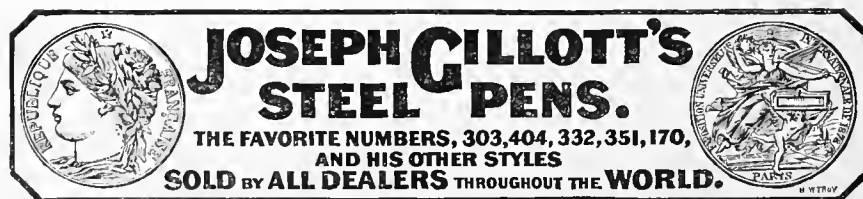
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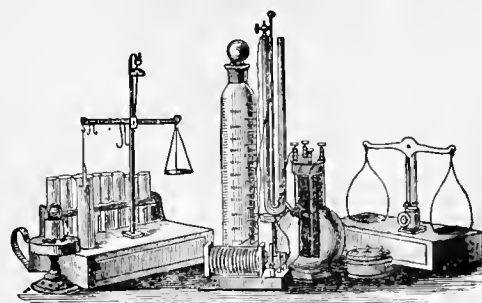
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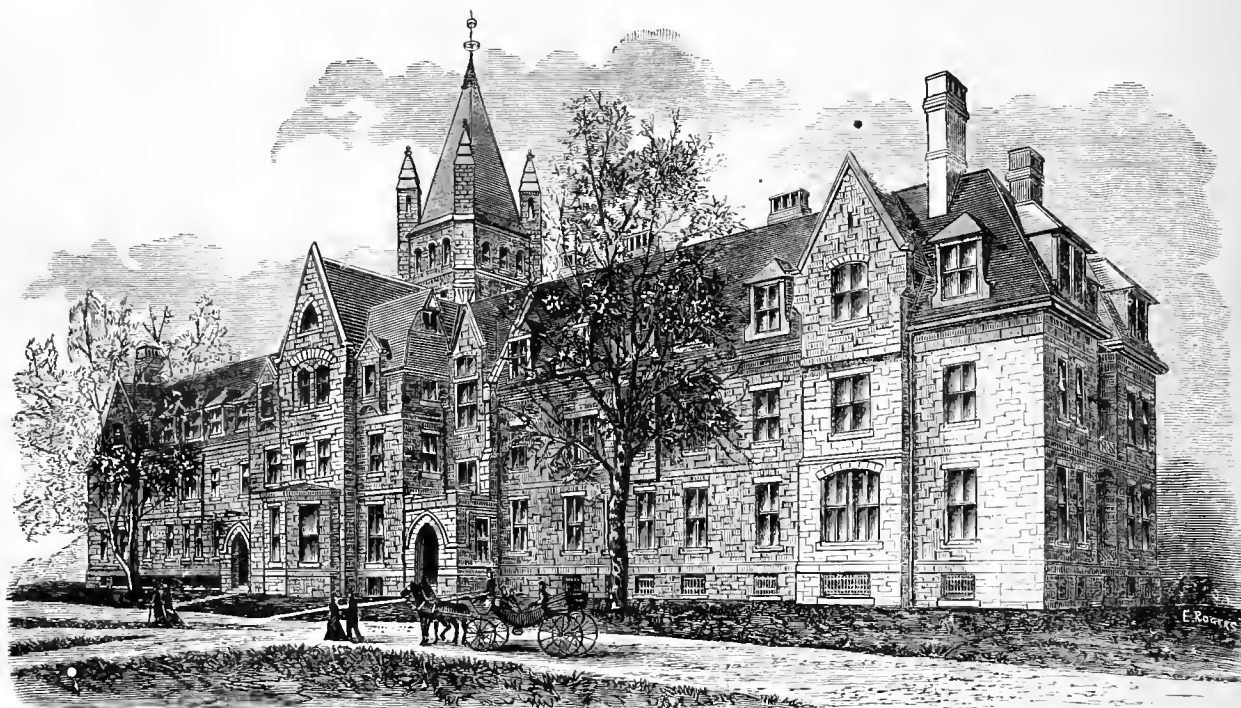
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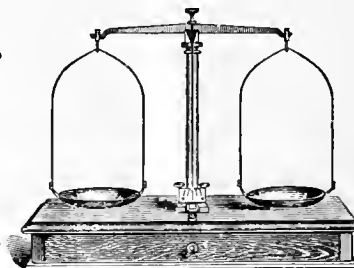
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
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Our subscribers will please notice the reduction in our subscription price to \$1.00 per year.

Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College.

It is with a sigh that the cricketer notices the number of tennis-courts scattered about the lawn. Tennis is a very amusing recreation indulged in once in a while for the sake of variety; but now is the time that Haverford stands in need of every cricketer she can get, and it seems a shame for the men who would otherwise be valuable additions to the cricket team, to spend all their afternoons to no purpose in the cricket court.

It is with deep regret that we hear that Professor Allinson will not be with us next year. His thorough and systematic manner of teaching the classics, and the wide scope of his knowledge of the fine points of the Greek and Roman literature, have rendered his recitations very interesting and instructive to his classes, and we had hoped that he would remain with us for many years to come; but as it is, we thank him for all that he has done for us, and we wish him the best of success for the future.

When the gymnasium was remodeled and refurnished, it was meant for use, not for show. Dr. Ladd must be well-nigh discouraged at the set of men he has had to deal with. It might have been supposed that, at least, the two elevens would have done faithful work, but hardly twelve men could be found who would

take the trouble to go into the spring examinations. The Haverford man is getting to be the type of laziness. The gymnasium work, if properly attended to, would go a long way towards helping the first eleven back to the straight and narrow way from which it has wandered so far.

Next year let us "take a brace," and show Dr. Ladd what we can do when we try.

Old Prob., and the Fates seem to have taken a dislike to cremation, judging from the weather of the last two years. A heavy thunder-storm in the afternoon prevented many from attending the ceremonies on the 19th. However, a goodly number assembled in front of Barclay, around the throne and *palum*. First came the demons escorting the prisoner, who was deposited near the stake, and at once surrounded by the guardian imps. The judge was seated on the throne with the prisoner in front of him, the chorus on his left and the pleaders on the right. Last but not least (?) was the Devil himself, standing forth in prominent relief against an appropriate background of sheet-lightning. The first on the programme was the delivering of the Latin oration, which was followed by the Greek imprecation. After the two English orations, the judgment was given against the prisoner, and he was ordered to be bound to the stake.

After a short Latin prayer by the priest, a religious consolation was kindly allowed to the poor wretch, the fire was kindled, and in a few moments all was over. As his spirit was about to depart, the Devil approached, snatched the culprit's head off with a pitchfork, at the same time dragging out half his back-bone, and bore the ghastly object in triumph around the circle of demons. The *Reditus* and song closed the ceremonies.

College students have reason to complain when they are put under the instruction of a professor who is nothing more than a mere drill-master. They demand that he shall be something more than a reservoir of dry facts; something more than a tradesman in a stock of difficult constructions or mathematical formulæ. Of an instructor who, if not a born leader, does not possess a leadership which inspires their minds to healthful activity, students

soon tire. They want one whose influence bars his recitation-room door against dullness. But there is reason to believe that students do not sufficiently consider how much their own conduct has to do with the spirit in which they are met by their instructors. All the watching and thought which a professor is compelled to give to discipline during the recitation hour, is so much drawn from his energy for his legitimate work. No doubt there are professors who are so balanced by experience and by confidence in their ability to do their work well, that they are able to control in emergency, and still be as efficient in their proper field as if their attention were undivided. But the average professor cannot do two things as well as he can do one; he cannot do his best in leading out the minds of his pupils, and at the same time be occupied in "police duty." He may even be stirred up to unconscious resentment, and driven to decisions which seem arbitrary. The ceaseless worry of discipline does more than anything else to render him irritable. To enable such a professor to do successful work, the first requisite is the removal of whatever disturbs his intellectual pose. Students should be careful not to defeat their own ends by a system of petty trickery, which both thwarts the good of his personal influence, and makes his instruction of far less value than it would be otherwise. They should not compel him to try to gain their attention in the same way that enthusiasm is aroused in school-boys; neither should they so act as to cause him to lean on his authority and endeavor to command their attention. To put his instructions in such a way as to awaken interest, is evidently a part of the teacher's work; but a great many instructors are so constituted that they are not able to do so, unless their pupils attend quietly and patiently to all that is presented.

A remark made the other day by one of the managers would make text for a very appropriate little sermon on Haverford, which, however, we do not intend to deliver. The remark was simply this: "In a few years we intend to make Haverford the handsomest place in the United States."

Now there was nothing very startling in this, for we all know how easily his words are capable of realization, but it called up to us very forcibly the possibilities of Haverford as a college and as a factor for good.

With the boundless advantages which we have as regards our faculty, situation, grounds, library, etc., there seems to be no reason why, in a very few years, the influence and importance and size of Haverford should not be increased four-fold. If the managers would only consent to forego the idea of the "family,"

and every student knows how *ideal* it is, and have the money subscribed needed to erect a building on the same scale as Barclay Hall, in five years there would be one hundred and sixty students in attendance instead of sixty.

When one thinks of the noble men Haverford has sent out, and the influence for good that she has exerted, is it not natural to wish that this great good may be extended to the greatest possible number?

The financial question is a very essential one, to be sure; but the money for Barclay Hall was raised, and what man has done man can do.

Haverford cricket, at the present time, presents a very interesting problem. We have just passed through two very trying seasons, and it is no wonder if we are a trifle discouraged.

The disadvantages under which we work are manifest to every one. Our weak point is, as the last two years have shown, our batting. The Dorian is the best fielding team in the city, and, as a rule, will get an eleven out for a very small score (Merion out for twenty-six, and Young America out for thirty-one), but then we are always a few runs behind. The moral of this is, that, if we are ever to regain our reputation as a crack club, we *must* have a professional.

Owing to our peculiar situation this much-to-be-desired commodity is very difficult to obtain, not from want of love, but for want of money. We only require the services of a bowler for about three months, and the balance of the time he might be employed by the College. Then the expense to the Club would be small, and, doubtless, those who wish to see Haverford cricket up to its old standard would give us such financial aid as would be required. The generous arrangement which the Germantown Cricket Club has made with the Dorian is fully appreciated, but, owing to the distance of their grounds from the College, we derive but little practical benefit from it.

When it is considered that Haverford has contributed members to almost every team in the city, it would seem only fair that the same arrangement should exist with other clubs. Then the immediate necessity for a professional would not be so urgent.

The expediency of changing the name of the Dorian has been somewhat discussed of late. It is suggested that matches be played in the name of Haverford College. We think the change would be a good one, for the present name is not at all distinctive and many do not know that the Dorian is our college club.

Matches have been lost and won (mostly won, we are happy to say) under the old name for twenty years and

more; and, doubtless, there are those who would not wish to see it put away. The expediency of the change is, as yet, an open question; we would like to hear the opinions of the Alumni and others interested on the matter.

Next year, if possible, we should endeavor to enter the series of inter-collegiate matches. This cannot be done without leaving college during term-time. It is true that we are not here to play cricket, but it is also true that we are not here exclusively to study. It cannot be doubted that cricket has done Haverford a great deal of good, and that, the more she is brought before the public as a cricketing college, the more popular will she become with Philadelphia men.

It is to be hoped that the managers can be brought to consider seriously the matter from our standpoint, and to grant us the necessary leave of absence.

Finally, brethren, it is a fact, which it were useless to conceal, that our cricket is in a very bad state, and that it will require a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, if we are to win back our lost laurels. Then let every man pull.

A regular meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held on the evening of the 9th inst. After the election of officers for the ensuing year, the Association listened to an address by John B. Garrett.

He spoke of the many benefits which an organized institution of the kind afforded to young Christians. It gives to birthright members of the Society of Friends an opportunity to make known upon whose side they stand. He dwelt upon the importance of choosing the right profession in life. God has prepared for every man some particular calling. He admonished the students present to take to heart the old injunction, "Know thyself;" and, in conclusion, dwelt upon the importance of individuality in the church, and in the world. The remarks were practical, and the speaker was listened to with marked attention.

During the year, as the reports of the various committees show, the Association has accomplished much. A regular prayer-meeting has been held on every Fourth Day evening, the average attendance being twenty-three. Seven of the students have been engaged in teaching Sabbath schools, and in various gospel labor in the neighborhood of the college. Seventeen have joined the Association during the past year, and it now has on its roll of membership more than two-thirds of the students. The college Sabbath School, held under its auspices, has been well attended, and much interest has been mani-

fest. Several of the fundamental principles of Friends have been discussed, much to the advantage of all.

At the close, remarks were made by those who are to leave at the end of the college year. George Barton spoke very practically on Christian work, and gave encouragement and good advice to those who will remain.

George Crosman followed, and spoke of the good which may be derived from correspondence with other associations, and of the great encouragement which all should take in consequence of the results of the year's work. F. D. Jones urged the importance of enthusiasm and boldness, and said that the success of the organization depended entirely on the conduct of the individual members.

Committees were then appointed for religious work in and outside of the college.

The Association, which three years ago was started with so much anxiety concerning its success, is now an almost indispensable body in the college; and it is to be hoped that the good work accomplished during the past year may be equaled in the coming one.

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE LOGANIAN.

Neither the sultry morning nor the rainy afternoon of the 19th of June promised a favorable time for the public meeting of the Loganian; but when the clouds cleared away, after having lessened the heat and freshened the air, there was still time for an audience of respectable size to gather in Alumni Hall before the appointed time.

In a few well-chosen remarks, the retiring president, Professor P. E. Chase, introduced his successor, Professor Isaac Sharpless. Professor Sharpless was greeted with applause as he came forward to read his inaugural address. He spoke of the value of association in work, and pointed out the fact that the union of professors and students in the Loganian is a special advantage which operates for the benefit both of members and of the college. The workings of the society should be made as practical as possible, presenting after-life in miniature, and thus adding valuable experience to the regular college training.

O. W. Bates, '84, gave the first of the orations, his subject being "The Force of an Idea." He showed that the controlling influence of the American Government had been the idea of individual independence. The American spirit of individualism arises from the necessity of action, and, guarded by patriotism and a consciousness of duty, is the national security against blighting tendencies.

C. R. Jacob, '84, presented a careful study of "Mirabeau as a Statesman." He gave a vivid picture of

the scenes in which the fiery Frenchman moved, and told of the principle on which he based his theory of government. The speaker touched lightly the foibles of his hero's character, and said that he fell far below our conception of an ideal patriot, since he was not an ideal man.

D. W. Edwards, '83, followed with an oration on "A Spirit of Intolerance," in which he spoke of America's treatment of the Jews. He said that the Jew "presenting the claim of a man under the wide tolerance of to-day, and the claim of a citizen under the Constitution," both by the respect to which he was entitled from the past history of his race, and by his present usefulness, merited something better than the exclusiveness with which he is met.

In the last oration of the evening, T. K. Worthington, '83, treated "The Intrinsic Evidences of Christianity." The spread of Christianity, under the feeling of need which grew out of a trial of paganism during many centuries, he brought up as showing that the internal were more important than the historical evidences. After having explained some of the difficulties in the way of belief, he said, "Live up to the precepts of the Bible, and the evidences will take care of themselves."

ALUMNI DAY.

The Haverford Alumni Association held their twenty-sixth annual meeting on the 20th ult. There were a larger number of old graduates present than usual; and as the day was remarkably clear and cool, they seemed to enjoy greatly, wandering over the grounds of their old *Alma Mater*, or renewing a little of their cricket (once so formidable, but now a little rusty), at the practice creases. They held their regular business meeting in Alumni Hall, in the afternoon, and elected the following officers for the coming year:

President,—Henry Hartshorne, M. D., '39. *Vice-presidents*,—Edward C. Sampson, '59; Frederick W. Morris, '60, and Albert Pancoast, '64. *Secretary*,—Edward P. Allinson, '74. *Treasurer*,—Thomas K. Longstreth, '70. *Orator*,—John B. Garrett, '54, and *Alternate*,—Henry T. Coates, '62.

The following committees were appointed:

Executive Committee:—Henry Bettie, '61; Charles Roberts, '64; Allen C. Thomas, '65; Walter Wood, '67; Howard Comfort, '70; B. H. Lowry, '73, and Wilmer P. Leeds, '82.

Oratorical Prize Committee:—Isaac F. Wood, *chairman*; Allen C. Thomas, '65; Henry Cope, '69; Edward P. Allinson, '74; William H. Haines, '71; J. Whithall Nicholson, '76; Richard T. Cadbury, '72.

Library Committee:—Henry T. Coates, '62, *chairman*; Allen C. Thomas, '65; Francis G. Allinson, '76; Edward Bettie, Jr., '61; William H. S. Wood.

Museum Committee:—William H. Haines, '71, *chairman*; William P. Evans, '71; Edward D. Cope; Reuben Haines, '71; Dr. Morris Longstreth, '64.

The committee on Semi-centennial Celebration then read the following report:

To the Alumni Association of Haverford College: The Committee on Semi-centennial would respectfully report that Haverford was opened as a school 10 month 28, 1833, and they would recommend:

1. That the Fiftieth Anniversary be appropriately commemorated on seventh day 10th month 27, 1883.
2. That the morning of that day be devoted to athletic sports.
3. That a cold lunch be served about noon.
4. That the annual business meeting be held in the afternoon.
5. That a collation be served about 5 P. M., with ample time for post-prandial speeches.
6. That an oration be delivered in the evening, the orator to be elected to-day in the usual manner.
7. That the committee in charge of the celebration have authority to appoint a poet.
8. That the College History be completed.
9. That a committee of members be appointed by the President to co-operate with the Executive Committee in securing the successful commemoration of the Semi-centennial of Haverford College. Said committee to raise the necessary funds, to invite former officers, students and others, and to have authority to vary details as occasion may require.
10. That when this (present) meeting adjourn, it adjourn to meet 10th month 27th, 1883, omitting the usual meeting in 6th month of next year.

[Signed.] CHAS. ROBERTS, Chairman.
EDWARD BETTIE, JR.,
H. M. COOPER,
PLINY E. CHASE,
JOSEPH PARISH.

The report was accepted with some changes. Although the regular meeting in 6th month next year will be omitted, it was decided to present the Alumni Prize for oratory on the day before Commencement, as usual.

After transacting other unimportant business, the Association adjourned, to meet an hour afterwards in the Dining Hall in Founder's Hall, where a copious and inviting repast was spread before them. After dinner, many brilliant and entertaining speeches were made. Henry

Bettle, '61, also read a poem, which was enthusiastically applauded.

When at last all were satisfied, they passed out upon the campus in a long, good-humored line, to smoke their cigars under the trees, whilst we, poor undergraduates, drew the belt tighter to stay the cravings of hunger, and longed for the time when we too, by virtue of the sacred sheepskin, might take our place among their ranks.

The public meeting was held in Alumni Hall at 7.45 P.M. Owing to the ill health of both the orator and alternate, the usual oration was dispensed with, and after the announcing of the committees, appointed in the afternoon, a poem was read by Roberts Vaux.

The most important feature of the evening was the presentation of an oil painting of the late President Samuel Gummere, to the Library by the Class of '64, and after appropriate remarks by John B. Garrett, Howard Cooper and Professor Pliny E. Chase, the Association adjourned.

REFORM IN THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BY W. R. JONES IN
ALUMNI, 4TH MO. 26TH.

After referring to the importance and prominence of the question of reform in the science of government in the politics of the world, he said: "Allow me to urge, as centres of thought upon this subject, that all power in this country should be exercised, if exercised in accordance with the spirit of our Government, with reference to 'local institutions for local purpose and general institutions for general purposes;' with reference to the idea that that is despotism, no matter how exercised, which usurps the inalienable rights of the people; and with reference to the idea approaching year by year to a profound axiom of our history, that no man should be regarded a safe adviser in the affairs of government who is unable to comprehend under all their necessary relations whatever involves the vast interests of general institutions as in a large sense distinct from the minor interests of local institutions, or who is unable to see that neither the interests of the one, nor those of the other, are in any necessary sense dependent upon the existence of political parties."

Glancing at the history of recent efforts in the way of reform in this country, he dwelt more especially upon two classes of men, of which one had real zeal, but did not seem to grasp the fact that their cause was a strong one; while the other, "rather than acknowledge, as it became men who understood the controlling spirit of our institutions, rather than confess the lassitude of their own country in the work of reform, rather than learn the

lessons taught us on every page of the history of the civil service of Great Britain,—to which our own is related by every natural tie of kinship,—has been satisfied, under party as the palladium of all their hope,—to them instead of country,—with charging the whole gigantic system of political robbery upon the Democratic party in the despotic days of Andrew Jackson, and, by stimulating the empty conceit of their fellow-countrymen, which would almost see the fairest hopes of their country die, rather than place it under the slightest obligation to that country from which it took its origin, have sought, by feeding the fire of partisan antagonism, to hide the commanding idea that, while borrowed, though purified systems, our systems of government possess within themselves by the wisdom of our fathers the means of still greater purification."

Pointing, then, to the important idea, that, in the discussion of questions so vital as this, we should be ready to take examples from whatever source in the broad stretch of one English-American history, he concluded the point with these words: "Rather, therefore, than make the question of reform in the science of government, in this country or any country, a mean thing by charging the recognition of the necessity of despotism upon party majorities, who does not believe it to be far more reasonable to try, at least, to lift the question above parties by charging despotism upon the despots, the real usurpers of the people's rights?" Touching, then, upon the history of reform in Great Britain, referring to the Tylers of the fourteenth, the Cades of the fifteenth, the Eliots of the seventeenth, the Pitts of the eighteenth, and the Peels and Brights of the nineteenth century, he said: "All these in their respective places and days present in history one unanswerable argument against the usurpation of the people's rights; a gigantic protest alike against the despotism of princes and the despotism of parties against the spoils system under Henry VIII., Charles I., the restless power of Cromwell and the childish arrogance of George III."

Urging strongly the thought that the acceptance or rejection of this, that whatever usurps the unalienable rights of the people as absolute determines for the student of history the status of political energy in a nation, he said: "When our fathers asserted this principle, they represented the highest political energy of their age; and when Englishmen asserted it in 1853 by the introduction of the merit system, they had just emerged from a half-century of peaceful reforms in the science of government wholly unparalleled in the history of politics; but when Jackson, with an arrogance which only the most high-minded charity can find any apology for,

rejected this principle by engrafting upon our institutions in combined criminality, the despotic and partisan systems of dispensing official trusts, our people were dazzled by the flash of war and the intrepid swagger of a giddy general." Calling attention to the well-known likeness between our own and the government of Great Britain, he claimed that, so long as the histories of the two countries have run parallel, like causes in each have always produced like results; and then argued that it would be next to absurd to say that the same system of reform, if introduced here, would not produce the same gratifying, purifying results which it has most certainly produced there. Then, briefly referring to teachings of the past, of Calhoun and Webster, and of the great Constitution itself, he closed with these words: "Let the good sense of Americans assert itself, and in ten years our politics, instead of being a stagnant slum, would become a crystal fountain of public blessing. Hoping for this, the aim should be to lift the whole question out of the dirt and mire of partisan antagonism, where it has so long been the trick first of one party and then the other for securing political power, into its proper realm as a reform in the science of government, the business of statesmen!"

Thus the missing link in the progress of a great reform will be put in its proper place; and more decent and more respectable at home our country will cease to be in any way the object of contempt abroad,—looking upon party as an accident of self-government—as it is in truth, not a necessity as it is falsely claimed to be,—eliminating from it what has no business with it, the control of official trusts,—imitating, as we should take pride in doing, the splendid example set by Great Britain in 1853, but above all returning to the first intent of the national fathers and the great Constitution, ours will indeed become a government of a self-governing people, and the chiefs of political thought will be men with hearts as well as with brains.

LOCALS.

"My grab!"

"John, you cannot."

"Reeves, turn round, please. 'Art thou that prophet?'"

Dave wanted to hire the Ardmore Band for cremation.

"Thy knowledge on that subject is not very profound."

The hotel opened on June 1st. The students monopolize the billiard and pool tables.

"Boss" has decided to remain on the second floor; John, of course (?), will come downstairs.

Soph: "The very best part of our class is going to leave college; I am not coming back."

The jokers have been ordered to leave college, but the new carpenter is rearing a promising pup.

Haverford College post-office will become a station of Philadelphia Post-office on the 10th of July.

A student who knows why a miller wears a white hat, would like to know why *A. Smith* wears a tall one.

The Juniors have drawn lots for choice of rooms. They could not get up a free fight over it, though they tried very hard.

A student who is fond of moralizing says that there is no use of going to a circus unless you remember what you see there.

It is suggested that we should cremate our score-book. Give the Dorian another chance; they will play the Baltimore on the 23d.

It is rumored that Daniel Corbit, of '82, expects to return to the college in the fall, and take a post-graduate course in the Greek Testament.

The Freshman with a camera is nothing if not persevering. He has made determined efforts to secure photographs of student life in all its phases.

Whitehall has not been well supported by the students this term. The weather has been too cold; moreover, various attractions have been removed.

Professor of geology: "What is an oolite?"

Student: "Well, eh, I don't exactly know, but I think it is an egg laid by an antediluvian bird."

We hear that the prospects of a fine Freshman class are promising. It is to be hoped that this is true, for it is unusual that two good classes should follow each other.

Professor of chemistry: "When the photographer has the camera and plate ready, what does he do then?"

Student: "He tells you to hold up your chin."

Trinity College, North Carolina, sends invitations with this motto: "*Si felix et lactabilis esses veni huc*," which might be freely translated: "If you would be happy, and wish to be milked, come hither."

"Billy Walkumfast" mends our bats for us no longer. Being about to enter into the matrimonial state, he found that the cares and anxieties of his college duties engrossed too much of his valuable time.

The Freshmen object, though they admit that they have been tempted. They say that every member of their class has refused a commission to act as agent for well-worn ponies of those who preceded them.

Professor Sharpless will occupy his new house in the summer. The professor was very fortunate in his choice of a location for his home, and, altogether, it will be a very advantageous change from the discomforts of Founder's Hall.

The Senior invitations pleased every one. It is remarkable that no previous class has thought of having Barclay Hall engraved on their programmes. The notice of the Baccalaureate address on the cards was a good idea.

A Germantown Democrat man,
A straggly side-whiskered man,
A bow and a fiddle,
A part in the middle,
An out-of-date plug young man.

"I would like—well, to play on one of these—matches. I know—well, that, if I only had a little—practice, I could make some—runs. I was over at Merion the other day, and there was a—cuss over there who said I could bat—well."

A terrific but bloodless encounter between two members of the Senior class took place on the tennis-courts near the "Blue Ruin" on the 14th ult. The occasion of the dispute is not accurately known, but it is rumored that it was a question as to preference of mustaches. The weapons used were maple branches at a pace and a half. After twenty minutes' active maneuvering, during which many severe blows were given and taken, the contestants were separated, each in a good humor, and anxious to renew the battle.

A very close match was played at Ardmore, between the first elevens of the Merion and Pittsburg Clubs, on Monday, the 12th ult., resulting in a victory for the Pittsburg by ten runs, match being decided by the first innings. The Merion going to the bat first made one hundred and twenty-three, and disposed of the first six of their opponents for eighty runs, and were feeling confident of victory, but the "tail-end" by steady and careful cricket pulled the score gradually up, the last wicket falling for one hundred and thirty-three runs.

At a regular meeting of the Loganian Society, held June 5th, the officers for the collegiate year of 1882 and 1883 were elected as follows: President, Professor Isaac Sharpless; Vice-President, B. V. Thomas ('83); Secretary, C. R. Jacobs ('84); Treasurer, W. A. White ('83); President of Council, John Blanchard ('83); Librarian, D. W. Edwards ('83); Curator, F. B. Stuart ('83); Business Manager of *The Haverfordian*, O. W. Bates ('84); Editor of *The Haverfordian*, T. K. Worthington ('83); Editors of *The Collegian*, W. L. Bailly ('83), E. L. Doan ('85).

PERSONAL.

'42.—Augustus Taber and family attended the recent yearly meeting of Friends in Dublin and London. The assassinations occurred during the former meeting, and addresses of sympathy were sent to Lady Cavendish and the mother of Secretary Burke.

'43.—Robert B. Howland has presented to the library a beautiful copy of John Howard's "Prisons and Lazarettos of Europe," in two illustrated quarto volumes, as well as diagrams made by Professor John Gummere in 1843, or earlier, illustrating the transit of Venus in that year.

'65.—Robert B. Taber made a short visit to his *Alma Mater* recently.

'67.—George Ashbridge took his LL. B. at the University of Pennsylvania, on the 15th of June. Francis Henderson, of '79, also took his degree of LL. B. at the same time. Both he and Ashbridge were members of the Class Committee.

'69.—Dr. Henry Wood was here on the 27th of May. He is making his mark as a professor of the Teutonic languages, especially English, at the Johns Hopkins University.

'70.—Charles E. Pratt, as President of the Council, delivered an oration in Boston on Memorial Day, and also spoke at the dinner given by the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company" on their two hundred and forty-fourth anniversary.

'78.—Samuel Hill spent a few hours with us on the 19th ult. He is now a prosperous lawyer in Milwaukee, and a trustee of the University of Michigan.

'81.—Price has taken his degree of Master with the highest honors. He will return next year.

'82.—W. R. Jones has accepted a position as teacher and assistant governor at Providence Boarding School, R. I.

'82.—G. L. Crosman, so long our able business manager, expects to go into mercantile life in the Bay State.

'82.—G. A. Barton has obtained an excellent position as teacher at Union Springs, N. Y.

'82.—Reports from E. Gamble announce that he is still enjoying an extended trip in England.

'82.—T. C. Palmer is going into the logwood business in Chester, Pa.

'82.—R. B. Hazard will spend the summer months in the Green Mountains.

'82.—J. H. Morgan has decided to accept the superintendence of some mills on the western border of Kansas.

'82.—L. M. Winston is going to Richmond, Indiana, to attend the Earlham commencement.

'82.—F. D. Jones expects to practice civil engineering during the summer.

'82.—I. M. Cox intends to take a leisure trip through the West after receiving his sheepskin.

'82.—W. P. Leeds will teach next year.

'82.—E. Randolph will enter the Harvard Divinity School.

'82.—Coffin will settle in the West.

'84.—F. A. White expects to spend the summer in Europe.

OBITUARY.

William F. Mott, of the class of '37, a useful and highly esteemed citizen, died in New York on the 25th of May, after a three months' illness.

CRICKET.

On Saturday, the 10th of June, a match was played at Haverford College between the Second Eleven Young America and Second Eleven Dorian. Randolph won the toss, and sent Young America to the bat. Randolph opened at the lower, while Whitney skillfully handled the leather at the upper wicket, bowling the first four wickets in rapid succession. A stand at the fifth wicket was made by Clarke and Patterson,—the former batting in good shape for 11, while Patterson hit heavily for 20. The inning closed for 72. Haverford then went to the bat, Bettie and Chase facing the bowling of Patterson and Downs. Young Downs proved too much for the Dorian, the eleven retiring in rapid succession before his well-delivered balls. The inning closed for 34. In the second innings both Carpenter and Patterson ran up heavy scores of 30 and 36. Chase was the only man scoring double figures for the Dorian; his 15 were well put together. The Young America obtained 106 and Dorian 24 for 3 wickets. Following is the score:

YOUNG AMERICA.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
S. Ketterlinus, b. Whitney.....	6	c. Stuart, b. Bettie.....	6
R. Howland, b. Whitney.....	6	c. Reeve, b. Whitney.....	4
A. Carpenter, b. Randolph.....	7	c. Randolph, b. Evans.....	36
A. J. D. Dixon, b. Whitney.....	2	c. Stuart, b. Evans.....	5
L. Martin, c. Reeve, b. Bettie.....	4	c. Reeve, b. Bettie.....	8
H. S. Clark, l. b. w. Whitney.....	11	b. Whitney.....	2
J. C. Patterson, c. Chase, b. Bettie.....	20	c. Reeve, b. Chase.....	36
c. Downs, c. Reeve, Whitney.....	0	c. Reeve, b. Evans.....	1
c. F. Gummy, c. Reeve, Whitney.....	0	Not out.....	0
L. Thompson, not out.....	7	c. Evans, b. Whitney.....	6
H. Henderson, c. Hillis, b. Hillis.....	6	c. Randolph, b. Bettie.....	1
Extras.....	5	Extras.....	6
Total.....	72	Total.....	106

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
S. Bettle, c. Dixon, b. Downs.....	2	b. Dixon.....	0
T. Chase, b. Patterson.....	7	b. Downs.....	15
T. K. Worthington, b. Downs.....	2		
T. Stuart, c. and b. Downs.....	6	not out.....	7
C. Baily, c. Martin, b. Patterson.....	0		
G. H. Evans, b. Downs.....	0		
E. Randolph, c. Martin, b. Downs.....	5		
S. B. Whitney, b. Patterson.....	1		
W. Hillis, b. Downs.....	0		
W. Reeve, not out.....	2	b. Dixon.....	2
S. Collins, b. Downs.....	3	Extras.....	8
Extras.....	6		
Total.....	31	Total.....	32

A pleasanter day than the 3d of June, the day arranged for the First Eleven Merion match, could not be well wished for,—clear and cool, a good wicket and the courage of the students well up to par. The visiting team were punctually on hand, and eager for the fray. Shoemaker won the toss and sent Merion to the bat. Haines and Morris facing the bowling of Thomas and Baily; but soon retired before the superb bowling of Baily. Clay followed, and, after securing 6, was bowled. Ashbridge, Law and Stroud were quickly disposed of, the innings closing for 26 runs. Haverford, with 26 to tie and 27 to win, then went to the bat, Winston and Baily facing the bowling of Law and Morris. The first wicket fell for 5 runs, and the way the next five wickets fell plainly showed that the Merion were not yet disheartened. The bowling of Law was certainly on the spot, and proved too much for the Dorian. The innings closed for 14 runs. The second innings Ashbridge batted well for 19, and Haines for 10. Winston's 17 and Bettle's 10 were the only noticeable features in Dorian's second innings.

The Merion obtained 58, and Haverford 44.

MERION.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Dr. C. Morris, b. Baily.....	2	b. Thomas.....	0
C. E. Haines, c. and b. Baily.....	0	b. Thomas.....	10
R. W. Clay, c. Shoemaker, b. Baily.....	6	b. Baily.....	0
G. Ashbridge, b. Thomas.....	4	c. Thomas, b. Baily.....	19
S. Law, c. Corbitt, b. Thomas.....	7	c. Randolph, b. Thomas.....	1
W. Stroud, b. Baily.....	3	c. Stuart, b. Thomas.....	9
W. Etting, c. Shoemaker, b. Baily.....	0	c. Corbitt, b. Thomas.....	10
J. G. Groome, b. Thomas.....	1	c. Stuart, b. Thomas.....	2
F. Taylor, b. Baily.....	0	c. Randolph, b. Thomas.....	0
S. L. Shoher, not out.....	0	not out.....	4
F. M. Fox, c. Stuart, b. Thomas.....	1	b. Thomas.....	0
Extras.....	2	Extras.....	3
Total.....	26	Total.....	58

DORIAN.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
L. M. Winston, b. Morris.....	4	c. Law, b. Morris.....	17
W. L. Baily, c. Haines, b. Law.....	1	c. Taylor, b. Morris.....	2
B. Thomas, c. Law, b. Morris.....	1	b. Law.....	0
C. Whitney, c. Clay, b. Morris.....	0	b. Morris.....	3
S. Bettle, b. Law.....	0	c. Shoher, b. Morris.....	10
Collin, c. Etting, b. Law.....	1	b. Law.....	0
Shoemaker, b. Law.....	0	b. Morris.....	0
Price, l. b. w. b. Morris.....	4	c. Taylor, b. Morris.....	1
Randolph, b. Morris.....	2	b. Law.....	2
Corbitt, not out.....	0	b. Law.....	4
Stewart, c. Taylor, b. Morris.....	0	not out.....	1
Extras.....	2	Extras.....	4
Total.....	14	Total.....	44

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

		MERION.									
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings.....	2	3	12	12	15	15	22	23	25	26	
Second innings.....	0	2	25	32	37	48	53	53	58	58	

		HAVERFORD COLLEGE.									
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings.....	5	5	5	5	5	11	14	14	14	14	
Second innings.....	12	12	15	15	18	21	42	42	43	43	

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Thomas.....	56	13	2	4
Baily.....	54	11	2	6

MERION—FIRST INNINGS.

Law.....	51	6	5	4
Morris.....	54	6	6	6

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—SECOND INNINGS.

Thomas.....	93	29	3	8
Baily.....	90	26	4	2

MERION—SECOND INNINGS.

Law.....	66	18	2	4
Morris.....	60	22	4	6

Without any especial attempt at a salutatory, or any over-enthusiastic promises for the future, the incoming editors desire to make their acknowledgments and assume their duties for the coming year. Unlike some of our predecessors, we are *not yet* ready to be discouraged about our duties. For many things we have cause to be thankful. As was shown by the report of the Business Manager, *The Haverfordian* is on a very solid financial basis; the out-going board of editors have done their work well and faithfully; so, in every respect, the paper comes into our hands in a flourishing condition.

Now we can look around us and endeavor to see where there is room for improvement. Are the students and Alumni as much interested in *The Haverfordian* as should be expected. We have heard much dissatisfaction expressed at the apparent lack of interest among the Alumni. Too few of their names are on the subscription list, and probably one-half of them have never heard of *The Haverfordian*, or, at least, have never seen the paper. The fault here is not with *The Haverfordian*. Therefore, we would bespeak from the Alumni a livelier interest and an increased subscription list. For the students,—what shall we say of them? There is a class of men at Haverford, and, perhaps, at every college, whom it would be indeed hard to please. Ask them what is the matter with *The Haverfordian*, and they cannot tell you. They will condemn it in terms more forcible than elegant, but would not raise a finger to help the editors in any way. Now even this class we shall hope to interest, though whether or not they are worth pleasing is an open question. If the politics of *The Haverfordian* were not strictly conservative, the editorial column could be made wildly exciting, but for the present we must remain totally opposed to reform. Perhaps it were better, like our predecessors, to pledge ourselves to no distinct line of policy, only endeavoring, as far as may be prudent, to make *The Haverfordian* distinctly the organ of the majority of the students.

Our success or failure for the coming year depends very largely on the hearty support of those who, hitherto,

have not manifested any great interest in *The Haverfordian*; if we do succeed, to you shall be great praise; if we fail—we are but human.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement Day is proverbially warm, but nature seems to have made an exception in favor of the Class of '82.

A more pleasant morning could hardly be conceived. The thermometer, which for several days had stood at about ninety degrees, suddenly, as if by instinct, descended to seventy-five. At an early hour the people began to appear, and at 11 A.M. Alumni Hall was well filled with those who had come to see another class made happy. At about 11.15 the graduating class, followed by the Faculty, entered the hall.

The exercises were opened by W. P. Leeds of New Jersey, who in a spirited and graceful manner delivered the Latin Salutatory.

I. M. Cox, of Kansas, followed, and spoke on "Nationality in American Literature." He pointed out the difficulties with which America has had to contend in the literary field. He compared her with Rome, which rose to the height of its political greatness before it had any great literary characters. The people of America have so far been compelled to put their originality into machines rather than into poems. But the time is not far distant when it will be different. He opposed strongly those who say that there is no originality in the works of America's poets.

The next speaker was L. M. Winston, of Virginia, who spoke on "The Oxford Reformers." After reviewing their lives, he showed how great an influence they have exerted upon English politics and history. The oration showed a thorough acquaintance with the subject.

T. C. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, then delivered an oration entitled "Ancient and Modern Science." He dwelt upon the work of Aristotle, and compared the discoveries of modern scientists with those of the ancients. He said that man would doubtless continue to learn more about nature and nature's laws; but that like the builders of the tower of Babel, he would never reach the highest point of his hopes, but must be content to gaze on some mysteries never to be revealed.

We then listened to an excellent oration, delivered by G. L. Crosman of Massachusetts. In a forcible manner, he spoke upon the importance of "Originality of Character." "No slavery," he said, "is so detrimental to society as the spiritual slavery of the many to the few." He said that originality of character did not mean bigotry,

obstinacy and fanaticism; and that the best motto is, "To thine own self be true," and then thou can be false to no man.

Then followed R. B. Hazard. The subject of his oration was "Practical Education." He spoke of the mistaken ideas which many have of a practical education. He dwelt upon the great benefit to be derived from making certain fields a specialty, and not entering upon life equally prepared for every path, but poorly prepared for any.

W. R. Jones, of Maine, speaking upon "Longfellow as a National Poet," displayed much originality of thought. He paid a well-deserved tribute to the mourned Poet Laureate of America. He commended his modesty—"To Longfellow, praise was but the recognition of duty performed."

In conclusion, G. A. Barton, of Canada, with much feeling delivered the Valedictory.

Those who were excused from speaking were as follows:

F. D. Jones, of Maine, subject of oration, "Why they Come;" J. H. Morgan, of Iowa, "Pastoral America;" J. E. Coffin, of Kansas, "Modern Northmen;" E. Randolph, of Pennsylvania, "The Machiavelian Policy;" D. Corbit, of Delaware, the "Greco-Russian Church."

After the presentation of diplomas to the graduating class, the title of A. M. was conferred upon Professor A. C. Thomas and W. F. Price.

The degree of A. M., was also bestowed upon Edward Coates, *honoris causa*.

In conclusion, President Chase delivered a practical and eloquent address of farewell to the graduating class.

After the Commencement exercises, a large company gathered in front of Founder's Hall to witness the annual presentation of the cricket prizes. This was performed by J. E. Coffin, the ex-president of the Dorian Club.

The awards were as follows: The first eleven Cope prize bat to S. B. Shoemaker ('83), average 9.3; Congdon first eleven prize ball to A. C. Craig ('84), average 4.3; Haines prize belt to S. B. Shoemaker ('83); Sophomore and Freshman prize bat to T. H. Chase ('84); Sophomore ball for best the bowling to A. C. Craig ('84); college ball for best bowling in college to W. L. Baily ('83); Freshman fielding belt to W. Reeve; college improvement belt to S. Bettle ('85).

The awarding of prizes was followed by the presentation of the class spoon to the Class of '85, by the Class of '84; T. H. Chase, in behalf of the Sophomores, made a few remarks, and presented it. J. G. Hill, of the Fresh-

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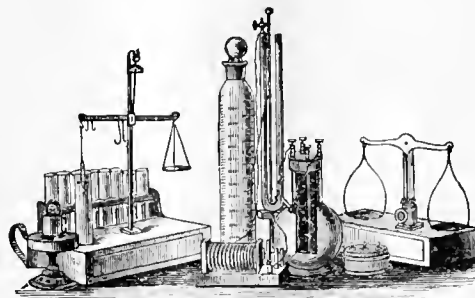
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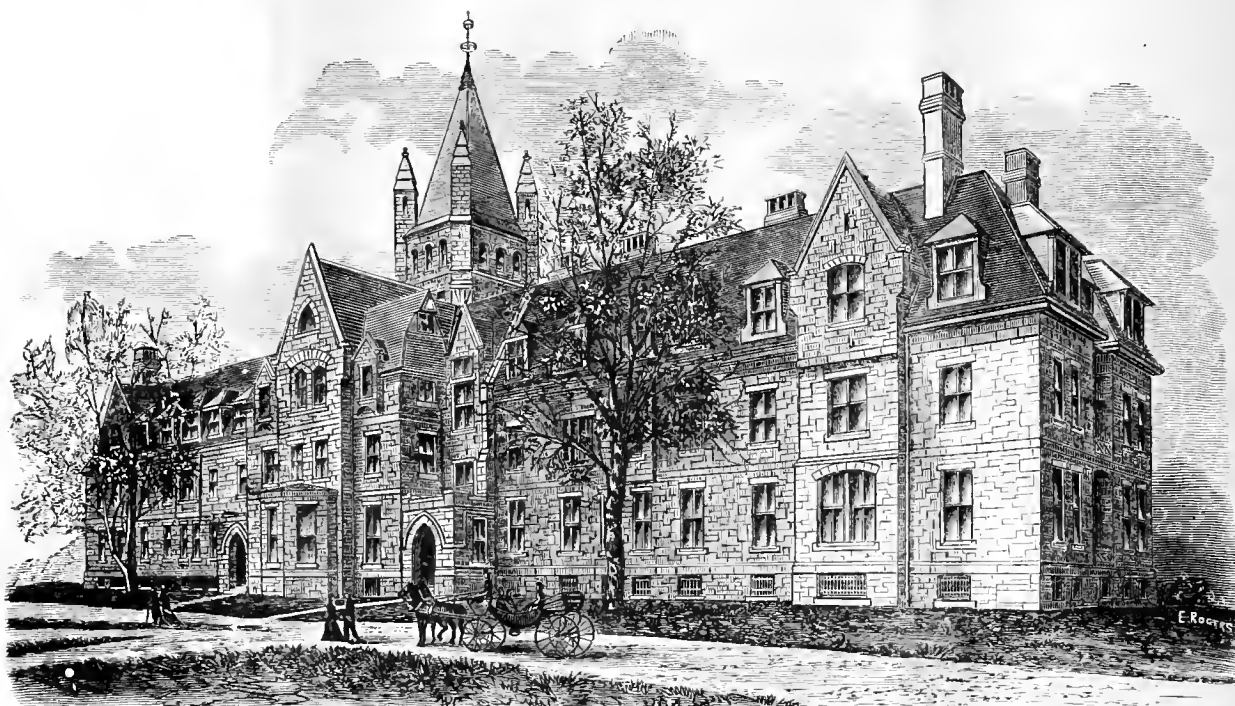
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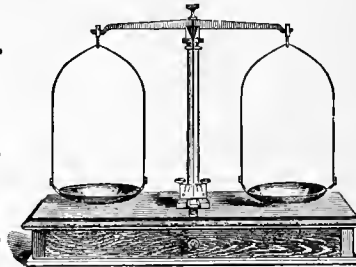
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., OCTOBER, 1882.

No. 1.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

The experience of this year brings forcibly to our minds the need of some new method in regard to the soliciting of members for the private societies.

Some, if not many, before they become aware of the importance of the step, are induced to join the one which, with a little reflection, they would avoid. It would be much better if, instead of the present system, an agreement existed that no new-comer should pledge himself to either society till at least two weeks after the opening of the year. All would then have an opportunity to judge of the merits of the two societies, those already members would be saved many anxious moments, and the present "grab-game" system with all its ill effects would disappear.

We once more wish to call the attention of the members of the Cricket Club to the desire of several that the name be changed from "Dorian" to Haverford College.

We have endeavored in a former number to show why such a change would be advisable, but as no action was taken in regard to the matter at the last meeting of the club,

we fear our eloquence and logic was not properly appreciated. It is very seldom that a report of our matches appears in the papers when there is not some confusion of names and places. We once saw two accounts of different matches in one of the papers which read the "Dorian, of Harvard," and "Haverford, of Cambridge." Now it is seldom that such a great mistake as this happens, but every day we see something of the same nature; although less evident, still it is a mistake by which Haverford College is left out entirely.

The Cricket Club is one of the greatest advertisements the college could wish, but if it cannot be known that it is the Haverford College Club how can the college be benefited by it? We say once more, let the name be changed so that Haverford College may get the full benefit of her victories and help bear her defeats, and that she may have due praise both in her victories and defeats.

With this number we publish a list of the prizes offered by the Cricket Club, and also the rules under which they are offered. They are offered for proficiency in every branch of cricket, batting, bowling, and fielding, and are of such value that every one ought to try for them. Of course, the first eleven prizes are open only to members of the first eleven, and new members are usually debarred from competition for these; but the prizes offered to those not on the first eleven are open to all, and every one should do his best to obtain one of these prizes. The improvement bat is something that each new man has a better chance for than almost any other person in college. That the one who has the least knowledge of cricket when he comes here stands the best chance for the bat, should encourage the new men to more diligent practice both on the field and at the net.

That each person who attempts to play cricket should have a crease on which he can practice is very important, and it should be one of the first things a beginner does to find a good practice crease. The college authorities have very kindly given permission to students to make such creases wherever it does not interfere with other persons and other things, and does not endanger any of the college property. The new cricketer at Haverford should bear in mind that *on him* depends the result of the game in the future, and he should work accordingly.

We were told the other day by one of the Alumni that THE HAVERFORDIAN was not interesting to the Alumni. We are very sorry to hear that, as we have endeavored to make it a paper which will not only secure the support of the students, but also of the Alumni. It is very difficult to please all, and we never expect to have a single issue with which some fault is not found by some one, but we do try to please as near all as possible. There is but one way in which we can be able to make the paper more interesting to the Alumni, and that is for them to contribute such articles to the paper as would be of interest to graduates. A history of cricket at Haverford, or some such article, would, perhaps, please many of the Alumni and also the students; but we, who have so recently come here, cannot write about things which we know nothing of and are unable to find out. Now let some self-sacrificing Alumnus step forward and give us a history of the good old game, in which Haverford has held such a prominent position for years.

The Earl of Roscommon, in a passage often quoted, has said, "Choose an author as you would choose a friend." Judging from the library register for the past year, some of us would choose rather strange associates. The importance of a systematic reading of the best authors cannot be too often recommended. Our societies may aid us much in this matter. An essay may be made the centre of a system of reading, the various lines of which being followed up will lead us on till we have explored many most interesting literary fields. Even our declamations should be taken from standard authors, and should contain the best of English.

The debate, of course, naturally leads us to the perusal of volumes on history, politics, and other matters, with which all should be familiar.

We have, at the most, none too much time to spend in reading. The majority of us, perhaps, it may be said, have much more leisure for such employment now than we shall have in after life. It seems a pity that a young man after having entered college should employ his spare moments in turning over the leaves of such books as "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Young Voyageur." But these are no exaggerated examples of the species of books which were read by a small class of students during last year. Such books may contain valuable information; but as a general thing the class who read them, read not for the sake of increasing their stock of knowledge, but simply for the story. Let us rather go to the great fountain heads of literature; and although it may be even odious at first to the habitual story reader to peruse what

he may term solid books, yet as he goes on perseveringly he will first learn to endure and then to love them, for

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

It is with great pleasure and satisfaction that we note the changes which have taken place in the arrangements in the dining-room. The change from the basement to the Old Collection room is alone a wonderful improvement; but when we see the small tables, new chinaware; and all the forks, spoons, etc., either replated or new, our enthusiasm knows no bounds. Another change which is even more to be praised than these, is the change in the meals. Either the food is better or the new tableware makes it taste better, we know not which. When we say that it "tastes better" we do not mean that it has not been good enough, but there has been something wanting which at last, we think, has been supplied.

We do not know to whom we are indebted for all these bounties, but whoever it may be, to that one do we, as representatives of the students, want to return our sincere thanks for these benefits.

EXTRACTS FROM A SUPPOSED HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY A MAN LIVING IN THE THIRTIETH CENTURY A. D.

Of the nineteenth century we know but little. It is true several histories have been preserved; but their authenticity is doubtful, and if it were not for the works of Josephus Smith and a few smaller fragments we might be left entirely in the dark.

This chronicler informs us that during the latter part of the century there was a great civil war, and that the southern portion of the Union rose up in rebellion. It is generally supposed by modern investigators that this war was terminated by the battle of Bunker's Hill in which the Northern forces under Brigham Young were victorious.

The first ruler of the infant republic after this time of strife, is generally conceded to have been John Kelly. He is supposed to have been a very wise and quiet governor, and under his reign poetry and the fine arts flourished.

James G. Blaine, a poet of this period, is supposed to have written "Star Spangled Banner," and about the year 1881 his great production, entitled "Home, Sweet Home" appeared.

Smith's history above referred to, states that a little later a man by the name of Guiteau came into notice, but from various obliterations in the manuscript it is dif-

feult to determine what his history really was; but it is generally supposed that he was the inventor of fire-arms. It is thought that he afterwards turned court jester and furnished sport for his peers. After the year 1882 history is silent concerning him, and a man whose name should have gone thundering down the ages sunk into oblivion and died uncared for and unwept. Thus it has always been with those who have tried to benefit mankind.

George Washington lived a little previous to this. He invented the hatchet, or at least his name is always associated with that instrument. Vennor, the greatest poet of ancient times, lived at this period; he is generally considered by modern historians to have written "Beautiful Snow."

Samuel Tilden, a noted naturalist, is said to have made the mule a special study. He is always represented, in works of art, as seated upon this beast, looking forward into the future as if in expectation of some reward. There is a tradition that every four years he brought out this animal to exhibit him to his countrymen. This of course is nothing short of a myth.

Ulysses, a traveler and adventurer, founded the town of Havana, which was afterwards destroyed by the Patagonians. This same Ulysses was the inventor of cigars. Columbia, it seems, a lady who took a great fancy to him for this service to his country, gave him the rent of a certain white house for eight years. Four years after the lease had run out he tried again to get from his former landlady the rent of this building on the same terms as before, but she told him plainly that he could not have it, as he had spoiled the whole house with his filthy cigar-smoke. He, it is said, tried to hire it with money, but an old chronicler in the quaint language of the time informs us that "it was no go."

Brigham Young died during the reign of John Kelly. He left a large and weeping family.

Several schools of philosophy flourished during the latter part of this interesting century. Noted among great philosophers were Robert Ingersoll, Oscar Wilde, and P. T. Barnum. Aesthetics were taught in the public schools as early as 1885. Snivels came into use about 1840, and were employed, to a great extent, in the colleges of the ancients. Several books of this class have lately been exhumed by the British Royal Society of Antiquities. They were found in the eastern part of what was formerly Massachusetts, and in the northern part of Rhode Island. Some were also discovered in the State of Pennsylvania.

There is some mention in history of a man, who appeared in the latter part of the century, by the name

of Conkling. Modern investigation has failed to show for what he was celebrated. The only trace we find of him is a stone sarcophagus, bearing the simple inscription: "Roscoe Conkling, died of suicide in the year 1881." This relic of the past was dug up near Syracuse, in what was formerly the State of New York. It may be interesting to lovers of the antique to know that near this sarcophagus was another one of smaller size, bearing upon it the two short words "Me, too."

Could these two silent monuments of the past speak, how much of the history of that mysterious age would be revealed! It is, to say the least, a little strange that some persons should insinuate that they are not genuine. One writer has, I believe, written several pamphlets to prove that they were buried by some modern showman for the purpose of making a little money by the investment. The author does wrong thus to distrust his brother man.

We now come to one of the most trying questions concerning the ancients. We are informed by the before-mentioned historian Smith that there was a country or State to the eastward, New Jersey by name, from whence the ancients derived sweet potatoes.

The old naturalist Tilden also states that this land abounded in monsters called by the natives mosquitoes. He furthermore speaks of a State called New Jersey going Democratic in 1876. Now, the authority of such writers cannot be disputed, hence we are led to the appalling conclusion that these "sand flats," as another historian calls them, did really disappear in the course of a few centuries after this. It is supposed they were washed away. This belief is confirmed by certain submarine investigations made in this region. About two or three strata down, the workmen suddenly came upon several skeletons of men, one of which was grasping a petrified sweet potato in either hand.

It is curious, in these modern times, to consider the barbarity of our ancestors, and contrast it with our own civilization. At this time, not even women were allowed to vote. How we have advanced since that dark age! No longer is woman trampled under the foot of man; she now holds the highest position her country can afford. No more does man wire-pull in the lobbies, no more does he lie dead-drunk on the floor of the Senate, no more is whisky sold to the poor laborer. The golden age has come. Woman has left the broomstick, and, soaring far beyond the menial affairs of the household, has finally alighted in the Senate-chamber. Her vote is now as good as man's. She is now in the majority in Congress, as the hairless heads of the men testify.

"O tempora! O mores!" what would our forefathers think of this! The soothing influence of woman

is now felt in the executive. Her voice is heard in every department. The green umbrella, which was the emblem of the despised advocate of woman's suffrage in the past, has at last triumphed; and man, or at least woman, has finally reached the highest pinnacle of human development.

CRICKET.

PHILADELPHIA '75. HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

On account of the toils and hardships which usually attend examinations, the eleven were unable to obtain much practice for the Commencement matches, but what little practicing they did showed itself strongly in the results of the three matches. Thursday, the 22d of June, the day for the Philadelphia and Dorian match, was bright and clear, and would have delighted the heart of the oldest cricketer.

Arriving at the grounds in good season, the captains of the respective elevens proceeded to "toss." Shoemaker winning, sent Philadelphia to the bat. At 11.45 Biddle and young Patterson facing the bowling of Baily and Craig, 30 runs were on the telegraph before Baily succeeded in capturing Patterson's wicket. Craig then resigned the privilege of handling the leather to Thomas, who, with the able services of Baily, succeeded in closing the inning for 124. After a short respite for dinner, Winston and Baily took their places at the wicket. After 7 runs were obtained, Baily was unfortunately run out. The next three men were quickly disposed of, and for a while it looked doubtful whether Haverford would secure double figures; but the able Bettie next stepped forward, and raised the score to 25 by a well-earned 11, when, unfortunately, in making a leg hit, he took off his leg-bail. The remainder of the eleven drew up the total to 31. Haverford then proceeded to follow its innings, and a much better performance they made than in the first innings. Thomas' well-earned 41 was an exhibition of scientific cricket, and showed good form. Corbit's 51 was played well, and deserved great credit, while Price and Baily played well for their respective scores of 24 and 15. Time being unfortunately called, the innings closed for 156 for 8 wickets. Following is the score:

DORIAN.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
L. M. Winston, b. Biddle	6	c. and b. Cowperthwait	6
W. L. Bai y, run out	3	b. Bates	15
J. Coffin, b. Bates	0		
B. V. Thomas, b. Bates	0	c. Cowperthwait, b. Groome	41
C. H. Whitney, b. Biddle	5	b. Cowperthwait	2
D. Corbit, c. Clay, b. Bates	5	not out	51
S. Bettie, b. Biddle	11	b. Biddle	3
S. B. Shoemaker, c. Patterson, b. Bates	1	c. Potter, b. Biddle	1
A. C. Craig, not out	0	b. Biddle	1
W. F. Price, b. Biddle	0	not out	24
E. Randolph, b. Biddle	0	b. Cowperthwait	1
Extras	5	Extras	11
Total	37	Total	156

PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST INNINGS.

A. W. Biddle, c. Baily, b. Thomas	35
G. S. Patterson, b. Baily	7
H. S. Norris, b. Thomas	3
R. W. Clay, c. Thomas, b. Baily	9
J. C. Groome, c. Coffin, b. Craig	33
P. Bates, run out	8
C. Cowperthwait, c. Thomas, b. Baily	10
T. Blye, b. Thomas	7
C. Potter, b. Thomas	2
H. Norris, not out	1
T. Hart, b. Baily	1
Extras	9
Total	124

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

	Runs.	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Craig	28	10	1	1
Baily	34	18	5	4
Thomas	37	14	2	4
Randolph	16	4	0	0

PHILADELPHIA.—FIRST INNINGS.

A. W. Biddle	14	7 $\frac{2}{3}$	1	5
Bates	18	7	2	4

SECOND INNINGS.

	No. Balls.	Runs.	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Bates	2	90	17	0	1
Biddle	0	35	14	3	3
Cowperthwait	2	20	9	2	3
Groome	0	20	5	0	1

MERION '75. HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

After the performance of the first eleven on the 22d at the Hill, the second eleven journeyed toward the Merion ground on the 23d, with light hearts and good resolutions, to do their best in defending their wickets and chasing the leather. Randolph, winning the "toss," elected the bat, Bettie and Jacobs facing the bowling of Waln and Philler. Philler's slow breaks proved very effective, and wicket after wicket fell to his tally; while Waln's swift delivery, at the upper wicket, prevented much run-getting. The first four wickets fell for 10 runs, when Collins and Whitney made a stand, bringing up the total to 34. Great credit should be given to Collins for his steady playing, as well as to Whitney, for both acquitted themselves admirably. The innings closed with the telegraph at 49. After a few moments, in which dinner was partaken of, time was again called, and the Merion went to the bat with the comparatively small total of 49 to put together. It must be said it did look blue for Haverford; but the eleven went to work with a determination which boded good results. Craig and Bettie handled the ball, and good work they did, the former capturing 4 wickets for 25 runs, while Bettie obtained 5 wickets at the expense of 16. Waln and Sayers run up 18 before Sayers retired, by a very fine catch made by Reeve. Etting's 12 helped the total along toward 31, after which it reminded one of a row of bricks, —start the first, and they all go. The innings closed for 43, six runs behind Haverford. Too much cannot be said of the magnificent fielding of Reeves; he seemed to make almost impossible catches. The match was decided by the first innings. Following is the score:

HAVERFORD.

FIRST INNINGS.

S. Bettie, c. Wain, b. Philler	5
L. Jacobs, bowled Wain	1
A. C. Craig, b. Philler	2
T. H. Chase, b. Philler	4
T. K. Worthington, b. Philler	0
G. H. Evans, c. Wain, b. Philler	2
S. Collins, run out	7
W. Hilles, b. Wain	0
E. Randolph, b. Philler	3
L. B. Whitney, not out	10
W. Reeve, b. Wain	6
Extras	9
Total	49

MERION.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. S. Wain, c. Reeve, b. Craig	8
H. Sayers, c. Reeve, b. Bettie	7
N. Etings, c. Reeve, b. Bettie	12
S. M. Wain, c. and b. Craig	0
L. Rutter, run out	0
G. S. Filler, b. Bettie	5
S. G. Thayer, c. Craig, b. Bettie	3
F. M. Fox, c. Whitney, b. Bettie	0
S. Shorter, c. Reeve, b. Craig	3
B. Warburton, not out	1
A. Thompson, c. Randolph, b. Craig	2
Extras	5
Total	43

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

MERION.

	Runs.	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
M. Wain	6	12	8	3
Philler	25	16	8	6
S. Thayer	8	4	1	0
H. Sayers	1	3	2	0

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

	Runs.	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
A. Craig	25	11	4	4
Bettie	16	10	5	5

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
5	9	10	10	18	19	20	30	34	49

MERION.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
18	31	31	31	31	37	40	43	43	43

BALTIMORE VS. HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

When the representative whom we sent to the meeting of the secretaries informed us that he had arranged the match between Baltimore and Haverford to be played at Baltimore, much doubt was expressed as to the possibility of getting a representative team together to visit that city. But owing to the extreme kindness of certain members of the cricketing fraternity at Haverford who are residents of Baltimore, all obstacles were overcome, and on the evening of the 23d of June, the first eleven and several enthusiastic fellow-cricketers were seated in the 5.45 P. M. train for Baltimore, where their friends awaited and conveyed them to their respective homes. The 24th, breaking bright, clear and hot, saw the two elevens on the beautiful grounds at Mount Washington, taking a little practice before the fray. Carey and Shoemaker then proceeded to "toss," the latter winning, chose the field, sending Baltimore to the bat. At 10.40 C. Perot and A. M. Carey padded and gloved came upon

the field to defend the wicket against the bowling of Baily and Craig; the third ball of Baily's over was driven to the off by Perot for 4, Carey following by a single, when on the next ball he was caught at the wicket. J. E. Carey, taking his place, played carefully for 7, while Perot at the other end was quietly running up a little total of his own. Craig not bowling up to his par, surrendered the leather unto Thomas, who shortly afterwards captured C. Perot's wicket for 18, which was an exhibition of good cricket. R. Winslow succeeded Perot, who played very carefully, and obtained runs slowly but surely; Carey was followed by Tillard, who put his 7 together in quick order. H. M. Thomas and Winslow now made a stand, the telegraph slowing creeping from 35 to 40, from 40 to 50. When Randolph was put on to bowl, 50 grew up to 70 and yet Thomas seemed unwearied. 70 was now denoted on the score, when Baily twisted the ball in among Thomas' wicket, and retired him for 22, well put together, and showed heavy hitting power. Winslow shortly afterward succumbed to Baily. The remainder of the eleven were bowled by Thomas, both he and Baily each capturing 5 wickets. The innings closed at 1.10 with 96 credited to the Baltimore.

A most enjoyable dinner was now partaken of, and after a good smoke, Haverford went to the bat. Ninety-six runs at any time is a large total to "bat up," but Haverford went about it with a will, Thomas and Baily attempting to make runs, while Winslow and Oldham were trying to prevent it. Oldham soon got one in, which worried Thomas' off stump—first wicket for 12. C. Whitney next took up the willow in behalf of Haverford, but only succeeded in obtaining 2 before Tillard bowled him. W. Price, after batting so well at Chestnut Hill, gained additional laurels by his playing in Baltimore. His 29 was put together in good style, and showed by all means the best cricket of the day. Before a separation was made between Baily and Price the telegraph showed 52, when Baily was caught by Keenan, with 16 on his string. Bettie now joined Price, who was putting runs together in good style, when he was unfortunately run out. Corbit follows, and quickly put together 12 in the solid style which is peculiar to him, Bettie having succumbed to Oldham. Chase took his place, and with the services of Corbit succeeded in bringing the total up to 90 before a separation was effected. Shoemaker joined Chase in the noble work which he was engaged in, and between them succeeded in topping the Baltimore score. Chase was run out at 22, put together in a free, easy, good style. The remainder of the eleven succeeded in bringing up the total to 176, Shoemaker batting freely for 45, and Randolph for 10. The innings closed at 5.40,

the eleven returning to their respective homes after a most happy and enjoyable visit. Following is appended the score.

BALTIMORE.	
C. Perot, b. Thomas.....	18
A. M. Carey, c. Shoemaker, b. Bailly.....	1
J. E. Carey, b. Bailly.....	7
R. Winslow, b. Bailly.....	15
A. Tillard, b. Thomas.....	7
H. Thomas, b. Bailly.....	22
H. Ridgeley, c. Evans, b. Thomas.....	0
W. Keenan, c. Bailly, b. Thomas.....	3
Oldham, b. Bailly.....	1
P. R. Reesc, run out.....	8
T. Glenn, b. Thomas.....	1
W. Hurst, not out.....	1
Extras.....	12
Total.....	96

HAVERFORD.	
B. V. Thomas, b. Oldham.....	8
W. L. Bailly, c. Keenan, b. Tillard.....	16
C. Whitney, b. Oldham.....	2
W. Price, run out.....	29
S. Bettle, b. Oldham.....	10
D. Corbit, run out.....	12
H. Chase, run out.....	22
A. Craig, b. Winslow.....	0
S. Shoemaker, b. Keenan.....	45
J. Coffin, c. Glenn, b. Winslow.....	5
E. Randolph, not out.....	9
G. Evans, b. Oldham.....	1
Extras.....	18
Total.....	177

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.				
	Runs.	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Bailly.....	36	22	5	5
Craig.....	16	8	0	0
Thomas.....	25	22	8	5
Randolph.....	7	3	0	0

BALTIMORE.				
	Runs.	Overs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Winslow.....	42	14	2	2
Oldham.....	49	26	2	4
Tillard.....	17	4	1	1
Thomas.....	16	8	4	0
Keenan.....	12	9	2	1
Glenn.....	4	1	0	0

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

BALTIMORE.										
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
5	21	27	35	78	81	83	85	87	90	96

HAVERFORD.										
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	16	52	64	75	87	91	128	138	176	177

CRICKET PRIZES.

We are glad to see that so many of the new members of the college have joined the Cricket Club and are already taking such interest in the game. In order to encourage its members, the club has been accustomed to offer a series of prizes, to be awarded to such members of the club as shall be entitled to them for their playing on matches against outside clubs and also on the afternoon scrub matches, for the year, under the following conditions.

No player shall be awarded either of the prizes except he shall have played on at least three-fourths of such matches, and been a practicing member of a private or back-up crease.

No player shall be awarded either of the prizes except he shall have played on the afternoon scrub matches on

at least three afternoons in each week of the college season; except he shall give for each absence an excuse on account of sickness, or some other like cause, satisfactory to the Ground Committee.

"The Cope Prize Bat" shall be awarded the player who shall have made the highest batting average on the first eleven against outside clubs.

"The Congdon Prize Ball" shall be awarded to the player who shall have obtained the best bowling average on the first eleven against outside clubs.

"The Haines Prize Belt" shall be awarded to the player who, in the judgment of the Ground Committee, shall have done the best fielding on the first eleven.

"The Sophomore and Freshman Prize Bat" shall be awarded to any member of the club belonging to the Sophomore or Freshman class who shall, during the college year, have made the highest batting average on the afternoon practice matches.

"The Sophomore Prize Ball" shall be awarded to any member of the Sophomore class, belonging to the club, who shall have made the best bowling average for the college year, on the afternoon practice matches.

"The Freshman Prize Belt" shall be awarded to that member of the Freshman class who shall, in the opinion of the Ground Committee, have done the best fielding on the afternoon practice matches.

"The Club Prize Ball" shall be awarded to any member of the club who shall, during the college year, have obtained the best bowling average on the afternoon practice matches.

"The Club Prize Bat" shall be awarded to that member of the club, not belonging to the first eleven, who, in the judgment of the Ground Committee, shall have made the most improvement in playing during the college year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

DEAR SIR:—Your correspondent thought that the following letter, written by a student in 1848, shortly after his arrival at Haverford, would interest your readers, and show them how Haverford has changed since then. Hoping you will have room for it,

I remain your humble servant,

E. B. A.

HAVERFORD SCHOOL,

5th mo. 8th, 1848.

I believe, my dear mother, that it is thy turn this time to receive one of my poor letters. Well, since I last wrote, I have been much occupied in getting my

garden in order for seed. R. S., who lives in Philadelphia, and I have one together. He, I suppose will furnish many of the flowers, and I pay the most attention to them; nevertheless, I wish thee would send me, when thee next writes, one small package of seed of any choice flower. I hope, when any one from home visits me, that my garden will not be behind the rest in beauty.

* * * * *

The teachers all seem disposed to make us as comfortable as they can, and I have no reason to find fault with them. I have been appointed one of the managers of the garden, and have a great deal to occupy me, so have not much time for homesickness. The bell rings at five in the morning for us to rise. We breakfast at six. At seven the bell rings again for us to study our lessons till eight. At nine the bell rings again for regular school to begin. School continues till half-past eleven. At half-past twelve we dine. At two school begins again, and keeps in till five. At six we take tea. At half-past eight the bell rings again, and we collect in the boys' parlor to hear Friend Moore read the Bible, and at nine we retire. This is acted over and over again every day except on fifth day, when we go to meeting. On seventh day we have holiday in the afternoon, and on first day, when in the morning we go to meeting, and in the afternoon recite Scripture lessons. So I think we are kept pretty closely at the object for which we were sent here. Ask father if I may subscribe to the Logonian Society. The subscription is three dollars, and is generally charged on the bill. I have been obliged to get several little things, such as a wash-basin, etc. It seems as if I could never stop, but I really must tear myself away and go to bed, for I am sitting up by special permission. Write soon to thy affectionate

SON.

LOCALS.

Je sourirais.

"Drive on, Willic, please!"

Astronomical Soph.: "Wake me early, mother dear."

The campus never looked better than it did on the 14th.

'Eighty-four gains two new members from Westtown B. S. this year.

Eighty per cent. of the present Freshmen have taken the scientific course.

The scientific Sophs have ceased to recite in zoology, and now occupy their time by dissecting pickled star-fish.

Is there no one with authority to have the lumber and manure pile removed from the locust grove through which the ash walk goes? It is a disgrace to the college grounds where it is.

Entomologists state that the sting of a wasp is only one 32d of an inch long. They neglect to state that the hurt measures 14 miles in length, and one vocabulary of profanity thrown in.

Professor M. T. Brown, president of Tufts College, visited Haverford on the 3d inst. He expressed great admiration for our grounds, and attended, with interest, a recitation in psychology.

A number of students visited the Observatory on Saturday at 4 A. M. to take a look at the comet, and were amply repaid for their trouble. All who have not seen it should now seize the opportunity.

A State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in Williamsport, beginning on the 28th ultimo. Haverford sent its representative, who reports large attendance and a profitable season.

Junior (who has borrowed Senior's umbrella): "Yes, it rains alike on the just and on the unjust." Senior (whose umbrella is borrowed): "No, it rains more on the just, for the unjust has borrowed the just's umbrella."

Joseph L. Godlec, Esq., a barrister at the London Bar, and a prominent member of the Friends' Board of Education in England, visited us on the 29th inst. After attending some of the recitations and dining at the college, he visited the new buildings of the Taylor College at Bryn Mawr.

The flag-pole which *was* to be placed on the cricket field still ornaments the lumber pile back of the stable. Give it time, and it will move itself if no one can be found with sufficient energy to collect enough of the students to move it to its proper place. "It is a shame" that two coats of paint "should have been wasted" on the pole if we do not intend to use it!

Heavy man comes into a hotel on rainy day, rushes up to counter, seizes pen and writes: "N. B.—The owner of this umbrella strikes a 250-pound blow; be back in fifteen minutes." Labels his dripping umbrella with the aforesaid tag, at expiration of which time comes back, finds no umbrella, but a card, on which is written: "P. S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour; won't be back at all."

I asked a friend, one glorious eve,
To wake me without fail,
For I desired to perceive
A star that had a tail.
But when he called at early dawn
For me to rise and see,
I answered with a howl forlorn,
"Can't comet over me."

The first great cricket match of the season was played here on the 2d and 3d inst., between the Sophomore and Freshmen classes. The Freshmen did themselves great credit considering the amount of practice they have had, and completed their innings with a score of 19, of which Starr, the captain, contributed a well-earned 6. The Sophomores then took the bat, and up to date had scored 143 for three wickets, W. F. Reeves leading with 43. Theo. Richards is greatly to be commended for the excellent manner in which he captained the Sophomore team. The Sophomores expect to play the Australians on the 31st inst.

On the morning of the 30th the college was awakened at 1.30 A. M. by a number of gentlemen visitors, who had either risen too early to see the comet and were attempting to kill time, or had been nudging the—the—lemonade too closely, to say the least. They were in a jolly humor, and when one approached the window he was sure to be met with "How d'ye do!" you poor-um-thing. Our host, going out to receive them, and somewhat provoked at this unseemly visit, being fully roused to the spirit of repartee,

said, "Gentlemen, what would ye here?" Unable to withstand such crushing irony, they decamped and left Haverford once more in severe repose.

One loves the soothing nicotine,
And one the ruby wine,
And one the gentle maiden's vows,
When the soft moon doth shine;
One loves to bowl the cricket ball,
And one in chess to win,
But I, my one ambition is
To play the violin.
From morn till noon, from noon till night,
From night till break of day,
I sit enchanted in my room,
And ever sweetly play.
Though men may hawl adown the hall
To "stop that fearful din"—
Though friends may chide, whate'er betide
I play my violin.

Our Sophomores have shown already their concurrence with the opinion of that old philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, when he said "Never put off till to-morrow," and so on; for on the very first day of the term they began to exert their rights of guardianship over the members of the new-fledged class of '86, by sending them a pressing request for the pleasure of their presence in the gymnasium at the rather unfashionable hour of half-past six in the evening. In spite of the fact that the prayer meeting met at the same hour, the invitation was unanimously accepted, and sharp on time the Freshmen presented themselves in anticipation of some fun; and if it is fun for a Freshman to watch a Sophomore work like a horse, they were gratified. Warmly did our gallant Sophomores receive them, and zealously did they undertake the duty of initiating the new-comers into the mysteries of college life, and having manned the blanket they sent their guests, one by one, three times apiece, up toward the ceiling. Some went up as straight as a ramrod, gracefully touched the ceiling, and, turning neither to the right nor to the left (a type of their future course through the next four years), returned to the blanket undisturbed. Some insisted on going up feet first, thereby scattering the contents of their vest-pockets among the crowd; but the greater part went up and came down in every possible position, striking a thousand different attitudes in their short flight. The whole affair was conducted in an orderly and gentlemanly manner, both classes doing themselves great credit, and neither expressing any feeling of ill-temper or ill-will; but when it was over what had been accomplished? The Sophomores went out with their finger-nails half torn out and their arms aching—and the Freshmen went off none the worse, save perhaps that their collars and cuffs might have been a little crumpled; and as to the fun—it is very much to be doubted if either of the parties actively engaged in the "sport" enjoyed it much, while the spectators soon found it monotonous and straggled off; so, Members of '86, suppose you try to get up something new next year (a big supper, for example) that will offer more fun and excitement for both parties.

What an endless source of amusement for the Sophs will this new arrangement be that the Matron has so kindly made for us, of putting our shoes outside the door when we retire, to be polished by some sable-hued creature of the night! With our mind's eye we see the belated Soph climbing in the hall window at the dead of night, and watch the fiendish smile that o'erspreads his countenance as he beholds the two long double rows of many-sized boots, like silent steeds awaiting their masters, along the hall. Swiftly and silently he goes to work. The first-floor boots go up

to the third, the third descend to the second, the second to the first; with the care and accuracy of a mathematician he leaves no shoe unturned, and at length, wearied with toil but inwardly rejoicing, he seeks his humble couch. Let us draw the curtain over the scene of tumult and confusion, of strife and blood and sickening vituperation that arises with the dawning morn; suffice it to say that thence spring more bloodthirsty feuds than sixty Methodist ministers could patch up in a month.

But still it was only last night that we discovered the true usefulness of the system. For as we reposed sweetly upon our bed, dreaming of home and the happy time when we were a boy, our dreams were suddenly, cruelly interrupted by a protracted "yaw!" of a large-sized Thomas cat beneath our window. Again and again came the fiendish sound, while the chairs, soap-dishes and cricket bats that we showered down upon the miserable feline served only to stimulate him to more unearthly howls; and when the Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and the Encyclopedia of English Literature had gone with no effect further than evoking a longer "yowl" than usual, we had wellnigh given ourselves up to despair, when, like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day, came the thought of those blessed boots in the hall. In an instant we had coveted twenty-eight of them, and returned with new vigor to the combat. Now the Thomas cat well knows from bitter experience the terrors of the well-directed boot, and when the twenty-seventh missile—a thick-soled No. 9—took him fairly on the cerebellum, he departed to regions unknown, and we were permitted to resume our dream, happy to be left in peace at last; and what mattered it that fourteen of our dearest friends, the unfortunate owners of the departed boots, cut us dead the next morning on the way to breakfast?

Va ation's happy hours are o'er,
And fall is coming fast;
The student once again resumes
The snivels of the past.
Aloft the Freshman wends his way,
Toss'd by the Soph'more band,
And smiles as he the ceiling feels
Beneath his outstretched hand.
All wearied out he seeks his couch
To have a little "snooze,"
And while he sleeps the cruel Soph
Puts mud inside his shoes.
But swift glides time in labor spent,
And soon its rapid flight
June's sunny hours will bring again
To comfort and delight.
So weep not, Freshie, at thy lot,
A Soph thou soon wilt be,
And other Freshies thou wilt toss
As Soph'mores now toss thee.
And soon within Alumni Hall
Enraptured thou shalt stand,
And brandish, amidst the bouquets sweet,
A "sheepskin" in thy hand.
Oh, then how little thou wilt care
For trial—that are past!
The woes of now shall be forgot,
But labor's fruits shall last.

Anything that keeps up interest in cricket and gives practice, is so much gain for the Dorian. As such a help, matches between classes are to be commended, however unequal they may be. It was creditable to the Freshmen that, on the 2d inst., they played the Sophs in response to a challenge. The Freshmen did what they could, and scored 19; but '85 showed something of the solid work her men can do, in making 125 for four wickets before time was called.

PERSONAL.

'58.—Thomas Clark, of Richmond, Ind., lost his estimable wife last summer.

'60.—John W. Pinkham, M. D., of Mont Clair, N. J., read a paper at a Sanitary Convention held at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., recently, in which he advocated horseback riding as the best kind of exercise for sedentary men.

'64.—Albin Garrett, though still residing in this State, is now connected with a large business house in New York City.

'66.—A. M. Elliott, Associate of the Johns Hopkins University, lectures this year on the elements which the Norman conquerors of France added to the speech of their Saxon kinsmen to form the English language.

'67.—B. F. Eshleman delivered an eloquent oration on the 4th of 7th mo., in a town near Lancaster, which has deservedly been published.

'72.—James Carey, Jr., sailed a month ago with several members of his family for a year's tour in Europe.

'72.—John E. Forsythe is a teacher of classics in the flourishing school in Philadelphia conducted by Henry H. Brown.

'72.—Francis B. Gummere, Ph. D., has been appointed Master of the Swain Free School, in New Bedford, Mass., which will be opened early this month. This school is designed for graduates of the High School or Friends' Academy, or persons of an equivalent degree of learning, and provides courses similar to those in the Johns Hopkins University in English, Anglo-Saxon, Rhetoric and Composition, History, Modern Languages, and Design and Industrial Art.

'75.—J. Franklin Davis is principal of an academy in Mount Airy, N. C., near the Virginian border.

'76.—Henry W. Dudley is now residing in Calhoun County, Iowa. His name appears among the delegates to a Republican convention held in that State last summer.

'76.—Seth K. Gifford spent the recent vacation in Germany.

'77.—Isaac W. Anderson paid a visit lately to his relatives in this neighborhood. He has returned to Puget Sound, W. T. where he has been remarkably successful in business.

'77.—Wilson Townsend has accepted a position in the Longdale Iron Company, in Virginia.

'80.—Josiah P. Edwards conducts an agency for the Christian Union.

'81.—Levi T. Edwards is Professor of Mathematics in Wilmington College, Ohio.

'81.—William E. Page has entered the Harvard Law School.

'82.—George A. Barton has a position in the branch office of the Provident Life and Trust Company, in Boston.

'82.—William C. Chase is now in the Isle of Wight, after attending the meeting of the British Scientific Association at Southampton.

'82.—W. P. Leeds is principal of the academy at Moorstown, N. J.

'82.—Isaac M. Cox is principal of the Fairmount (Kas.) High School.

'82.—Edward Randolph sailed from Philadelphia last month for California, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of benefiting his health by a five months' sea voyage.

'83.—Thomas K. Wothington has gone with his family to Europe.

'84.—William H. Gummere has gone into the Cambria Iron Works, at Johnstown, near Pittsburgh, Pa.

'84.—Charlton Yarnall has gone into business in Philadelphia.

'84.—David S. Ferris has entered the Sophomore Class, at Harvard.

'85.—J. G. Hill, we are sorry to say, remains at Chicago this year.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Institute Journal* (Henderson, Tenn.) is desirous of extending its circulation. "A premium given with every copy."

There is reason to believe that there is hasty work in preparing the *Berkelcyan*. It has seven editors and five business managers.

The Kentucky Military Institute supports a weekly paper, but we will not promise to read it in search of excellencies or faults until it is printed in clearer type.

Among the neatest of our exchanges is the *University Magazine*, coming from the University of Pennsylvania. As a record of college sports the *Magazine* is excellent; but further than that it contains little of interest.

The *Sunbeam* styles itself the organ of a *ladies'* college; but the foolish conundrums and jokes about lovers which fill its personal columns appear to be the work of undisciplined *school-girls*. However, there are better things in the *Sunbeam* than its personals; for instance, its spicy article on "The Modern Girl," and its very readable account of Commencement.

The *Illini* is one of the most successful of our exchanges in the number and interest of its local items. Its editor maps out very well the field of work for a college paper in the following: "It has never been a strong conviction with us that a college paper's chief mission was to afford a medium through which its board of editors might display their own attainments or shortcomings, to the exclusion of more interesting articles from the pens of others. This paper is the common property of the students. The board of editors are merely overseers selected by them to superintend a work to which all should be contributors. Owned by all, it is proper that all should have access to its pages—not necessarily in the long, conventional literary article which, when printed, gives the paper the appearance of a ridiculous rivalry to the *North American Review*, but in short and spirited communications, discus-

sions touching the live issues which are continually rising up and demanding the attention of students." This is very good theory; but turning to that portion of the paper which is not the work of the editors we find little to commend. "Better Farther On" is a miserable rehash of old ideas in clumsier dress than they are usually put. The following will serve to illustrate: "Nothing worth gaining can be obtained without work;" and, "Another advantage to be gained by culture is that study makes a full man."

The *Earlhamite*, in an editorial, hastens to wrest Professor P. E. Chase's expression of his appreciation of Earlham's opportunities for influence into an indication that "Haverford's day of usefulness is over, since her own turn against her." While we do not wish to be understood as thinking that this represents the general feeling of Earlham's faculty or students, we may perhaps be permitted to assure the writer that it is only the blindest stupidity which seizes such a statement to distort its meaning into an aspersion of the institution from which the speaker comes. Haverfordians rejoice in Earlham's success, and wish that she may grow; but there is every reason to say that Haverford will continue to hold her position as the leading educational institution among Friends, notwithstanding any declaration to the contrary which may be called out by the jealousy or the tickled vanity of some friends of Earlham.

MARRIED.

STARR—PARISH.—On 9th mo. 16th, at St. George's, Wilmore, Kent, England, by the Rev. Dr. A. R. Welden, Louis Starr, M. D. ('68), to Mary, daughter of the late William D. Parrish, of Philadelphia.

GUMMERE—MOTT.—At Friends' Meeting, Burlington, N. J., on 5th day, 9th mo. 14th, Francis Barton Gummere, Ph. D. ('72), to Amelia Smith, daughter of Richard F. Mott, all of Burlington.

RHOADS—MASTERS.—At Friends' Meeting, Muncy, Pa., on 4th day, 7th mo. 5th, Jos. Rhoads, Jr. ('80), to Harriet S. Masters, of Muncy.

OBITUARY.

Charles S. Sharpless, a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, and a graduate of the class of '37; and William B. Corbit, M. D., a graduate of the class of '60, a widely known physician of Washington,—have died since our last issue.

The Rugby (Tennessee) Public Library, founded on the gift of 5000 volumes from the publishers, led by Mr. Estes of Boston, has now a permanent building, so that the "Hughes Library" could be opened just about on the second anniversary of the founding of the settlement, October 5.

PLUNDER.

Professors are exceedingly dangerous, especially to the infantry. Those of you who are on *horseback* need not mind them so much, but ye who are on foot beware! —*Penn. University Magazine*.

Ah! maid, with laughing, laughing eye,
"For what those tears? Oh! why that sigh?"
She murmurs as the blushes come,
"I swallowed a hunk o' chewin' gum."

Berkeleyan.

Philadelphia manufactured \$10,000,000 worth of umbrellas last year. You wouldn't have thought that amount of property was stolen outside of Congress in a year,—would you?—*Ex.*

Subscriber: "Why is my paper so damp every issue?" Editor: "Because there is so much due on it." Exit subscriber rapidly.

Professor J. sat down one day.

With his pen and gold-bowed glasses,
And quickly wrote this little note,—
"Professor J. regrets to say that on this day
He cannot meet his classes."

But a festive lad, one very bad,

Sees the note on the door as he passes,
And in very high glee he rubs out the "c."
Whereupon we read, "Professor J. regrets to say
That on this day he cannot meet his lasses."

Now Professor J., he walks that way,

Hears a snickering laugh as he passes;
But anon he changes the note he wrote,
So that now we find, "Professor J. regrets to say
That on this day he cannot meet his asses."—*Harvard Advocate*.

EAU MIGH!

There was a young girl from Bordeaux,
With corns on her little pink teaux;
They gave her such pain
The tears ran like rain
Down the bridge of her elegant neaux.

Her lover—a youth from Cologne—
Fled wildly and left her alone,
When he found that her feet
With corns were replete;
With never a word he had flogne.

They sent for a doctor from Lynn
As shining and neat as a pynn;
He looked at her teaux,
The source of her weaux,
And indulged in a gratified gynn.

He prescribed for this maid from Bordeaux,
And cured her little pink teaux;
And now, it is said,
They, too, will be waid,
And from sorrow and grief find repeaux.

The sweet-scented youth from Cologne,
Who left her severely alone,
When he first heard the news
His mind he did lews,
And flitted from life with a grogne.

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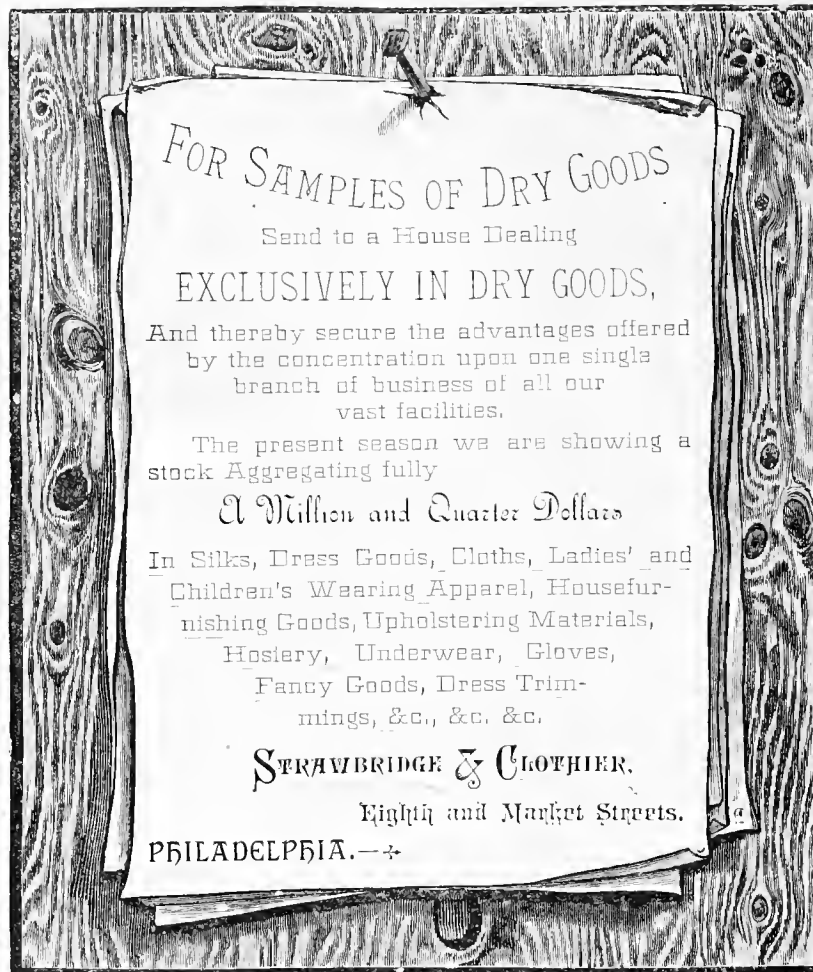
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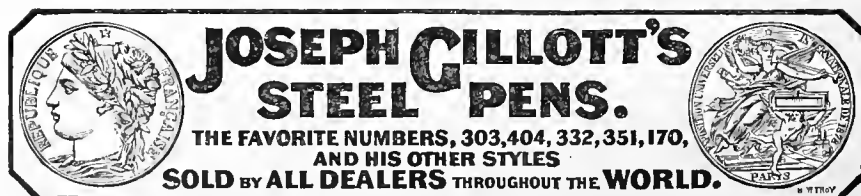
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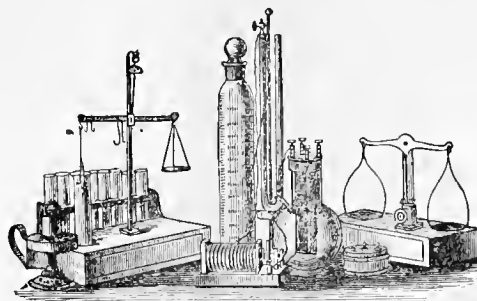
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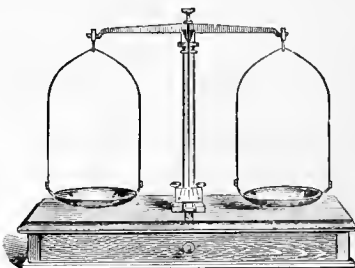
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
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The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

It is almost time to begin foot-ball, and we would urge all to practice as much as possible. We have all the material necessary for a good team, and all we lack is more practice and a good ground. Eighty-five, we are happy to say, seems to be taking quite an active part in the game, and no doubt they will have a good class team this year. The Freshman should play more than they do, as there is some good material in their class, which should be developed on the foot-ball field. It is the desire of the Ground Committee to arrange matches with the University, Swarthmore, and other colleges this year.

The Sophomores are trying to arrange matches with '85 University, and others, so they should have some practice. Now let us all do our best and let Haverford take in foot-ball, the place which she has held so long in other games.

The delay in this issue of The Haverfordian has been caused, as most of our readers are aware, by the Bi-Centennial of Pennsylvania, which is no small occasion to all those in or near Philadelphia. The vacation given

us on account of this, and the almost total absence of students during that time, has thrown us back in this issue, and we embraced the occasion and left all. We will, however, be more prompt and endeavor to have our paper out on the appointed day.

There seems to be a prevailing tendency among many of the students, to throw paper and such out of their windows on to the lawn, a thing which until within the last two years was almost unheard of. That there is not a proper regard for the appearance of the lawn around Barclay Hall is an undeniable fact, and that there should be more binding rules in reference to this matter, is the unanimous opinion of all those interested in the welfare of the college. Now, when one walks around the building, he sees old newspapers, boxes, banana peels, apple cores, and most anything that a person can lay his hands on to throw out, on the ground. The managers have tried to make it as pleasant as possible for us while here, but there must be some effort on our part, as they cannot do all. There are places for paper and such waste material, and each one should use that place. In closet "A," on each floor, there is a box where paper is supposed to be placed. Let us all watch ourselves more closely in reference to this matter, and see if the appearance of the ground around Barclay Hall will not be improved.

That the night of October 31st was an exceptionally disorderly one no one will attempt to deny; and yet it was but the breaking out of a spirit which has been showing itself to a greater or less extent ever since the opening of the year. There seems to be a growing opinion on the part of some students that the upper floor of Barclay Hall was designed expressly for a bowling alley, that lamps were made for the sole purpose of being extinguished, and that mats were created to decorate the balusters of stairs, and not to retain the horizontal position. These ideas led to disturbances on the above-mentioned night, which for some time rendered study impossible. The sound was not unlike that produced in a fort during an active cannonade.

Now, who the prime leaders in this movement were we have been unable to ascertain, for the honors have

been attributed to several parties. Suffice it to say, that their conduct was not only extremely riotous, but very disagreeable to the rest of the college. We feel that we are expressing the feelings of the majority, when we say that such things are neither just nor worthy of toleration. The perpetrators of deeds of this nature are not only breaking the established rules, but are putting others to great inconvenience. It is bad enough to waste one's own time in such foolish employment; but to annoy ten others is unpardonable. The demand of the college is, that such conduct shall cease, and that there be greater respect for those rules which have been enacted, not as oppressive measures, but for our convenience.

Perhaps no important duty is more neglected by students as a whole, than the perusal of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." Correct spelling seems to be no object to many after they have once left behind them the tasks of the spelling book. Yet, we may say with truth, that nothing speaks worse for one who pretends to possess a good education, than does the misspelling of a word. Glancing over a list of the mistakes made in an examination for admission to one of the highest Universities in the country, we found with surprise over fifty words, the orthography of which was incorrect. The following are fair specimens: "*Endevors, grandfather, carrige, opposit, marrid, couard, duells, white-winged angle.*" Doubtless the reader may be able to recall many examples, even more ridiculous than these. They are by no means uncommon. Carelessness would account for many blunders of this kind; but it is no good excuse.

To many, spelling correctly is almost natural. Others can only attain proficiency in this branch by continued perseverance. It should be the rule of the student, after writing a production of any sort, to glance carefully over it and correct the mistakes. The dictionary should be his constant companion until he feels himself able, in the words of the poem, "to go it alone." Many a young man, though a complete scholar in other respects, has lost an excellent position by putting an *e* for an *a*, or some like blunder; for however smoothly we may scan Greek, or however elegantly we may translate a passage in Latin, or however brilliantly we may demonstrate a difficult problem, all these avail but little in the eyes of the practical man, if when writing to him, we put *the* for *thee*, or *to* for *too*. Then let us put into a more general use those dictionaries, which the managers have so thoughtfully placed in Barclay Hall, and see if there cannot be, at least, one college in America where students do not think it beneath them to study spelling.

It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the requisites for admission to Haverford shall be raised to such a degree, that at least some slight knowledge of French and German shall be demanded. The school, it seems to us, should be the place for elementary drill in these branches,—the college the place for perfecting the knowledge already obtained. We have heard it remarked by excellent German scholars, that it is much more difficult to learn to pronounce German correctly, at the age of ordinary college students, than at an earlier period in their course of study. There is not much doubt but that the younger one commences the study of a language, the more satisfactory will be the results; and although we are told that "Cato learned Greek at eighty," he would, no doubt, have mastered that tongue with much greater ease at fourteen.

There are those, we think, who regret that it is not their privilege to acquire a more extended knowledge of these studies than the present system allows. While our course is so excellent in other respects, we regret that we spent such a comparatively brief period in the study of modern languages.

It was with much pleasure that we learned through the medium of that valuable article, that is, the bulletin board, that our petition for a vacation of ten days, in which to attend the Bi-Centennial celebration, had been granted. It would have been very inappropriate for a Friends' College, situated within nine miles of the city, which Penn founded, to have observed in no respect the anniversary of his landing.

The granting of this petition shows that the Faculty and managers of Haverford are ever ready to do all within the bounds of reason for the benefit and happiness of her students. Complaints are, at times, heard concerning the fewness of our holidays. But it should be remembered that too frequent requests for holidays, together with a promiscuous granting of the same, can but be demoralizing to the student. When the Faculty have a petition under consideration, there is likely to be a certain degree of excitement which in no way tends to the furtherance of the regular college tasks.

We should be careful not to use the instrumentality of the petition too often, and without sufficient cause. If our request is a just one, we may be sure it will be granted. Our monthly meeting holidays should not be forgotten by those complainers, who say that we have no rest from our labors. This wise arrangement of studies, although it brings a little extra labor on 5th day morning, affords to the student a "place for breath" which should not be wholly despised.

MEASURED BY DIFFERENCE.

Within the past two years the inexorable "Finis" has been written after the lives of two of the most remarkable men of the times, and on this account the events of their lives have been presented to us with new force, and the lessons which they taught have been emphasized.

For more than fifty years the sage of Chelsea had spoken with authority to the English-speaking people, and had influenced them on many vital questions. The peculiarity of his style, the originality of his thought and the depth of his character recommended him especially to the rising generation, and while he was an active spirit in many prominent movements.

So also was it with Emerson. He had had a remarkable career, had taken the lead in giving American literature form and distinction, and was the central sun of a remarkable system of literature. We recognize in them both the essential qualities of great men; they were inspired with a noble purpose, were versatile in their capacities, considerate in their judgments, and above all, ever retained in a surprising degree the crowning virtues of humility and charity.

To indulge, however, in panegyric, or to endeavor to estimate in the importance of their life-work, is foreign to our purpose. We propose simply to point out what we regard as a marked difference between the two men, and to make whatever inference is apparent. Somehow it seemed to us that the period covered by their lives was especially suited for the development of extraordinary powers.

The old moulds of thought had become worn by long use, and new activities were stirring the human mind. In society, especially in England, old and established forms were proved insufficient for the demands of the day, and new philosophies were anxiously anticipated, and eagerly studied when produced. This being the case, one may wonder why Carlyle was forced to struggle so long before he could command an extensive hearing. The explanation to us seems evident. As long as he endeavored to clothe himself in the approved diction of those who were then his peers, and who will ever be bright examples of transparency of style, he could reach but a limited class. When he put this aside and became Carlyle in speech as well as Carlyle in fact, the English people recognized the greatness of his power and the heroism of his cry.

The remarkable experience of the hero of Sartor Resartus did struggle with doubt and other mental phantasmagoria his progression through the "Everlasting Nay" to the Everlasting Yea," represented full well the struggles of thousands of hearts then in Merry England, and those lectures on "Heroes and Hero Worship,"

touched the deepest vein of heroism in the English heart; and while this was not manifest in any shout of triumph that shook the world, they gave again renewed energy to that nerve and muscle of old England to which we owe much of the present prosperity of the world.

It is, indeed, true that the generation which was especially influenced by Carlyle, is by no means forward to acknowledge it, and indeed now that it is all over, much that he wrote seems to be interesting only on account of its grotesque form; and we say of its substance, that it is hackneyed. This is indeed true. Carlyle perceived in many instances the need of his age, and, in his light, ministered to them, regardless of the cost to his fame.

Turn now for a few minutes to Emerson. With but few exceptions, little that he wrote was prompted by the needs of his day. His "English Traits" are as readable now as they were twenty years ago, and they will be readable a hundred years hence. They deal in fact, not so much with the accidental traits of Englishmen, as with the ideally historical traits that are imperishable.

So turn to any of his essays, and what are the subjects treated? Love, Friendship, Prudence, Compensation. And how are these subjects treated? One is reminded of Cicero or Plato. They are full of the eternal sunlight of truth that will ever warm the human heart. Read attentively and we become enamored, but at the same time we are convinced that what he has written and the way in which he has written it, are "part and parcel" of the common heritage of mankind for all time. It is as though the light streamed through his nature upon the unchanging truths of creation and the simple annals of the human heart, and manifested them to us. We call him Transcendentalist and Pantheist, because we know not what else to call him. He is rich for us, but will be richer for the future.

This, then, is the difference which we would emphasize. Carlyle worked especially for his own age, Emerson for all time. This difference is especially manifested by the dissimilarity between the criticisms on the two since their death. We had tangible results by which to judge Carlyle, and as results ever fall short, and mock the noble aims of the designer, so has he been mocked, unmerciful and unjustly criticised. In Emerson, however, we could only recognize an immortal voice speaking through the lips of "conscious reluctant mortality." Notwithstanding this, however, they were kindred spirits and recognized each other. We like to think of them, one as the complement of the other, and they certainly could join hand and heart in wishing that all would recognize what one of them has so well expressed: "Truth is the summit of being, and Justice the application of it to affairs."

"THE FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE."

In some old story I have read, Science is represented as a frowning, stern-browed goddess, before whose firm step the fairies of the woods and hills flee away and are lost. There is some truth in the idea; but all the truth of the case is not contained in the assertion that the creatures of the imagination disappear before the advance of knowledge. While it is to be acknowledged that the little people have disappeared like melting snow, as knowledge has grown, yet we should remember that Science has fairy tales for us a thousand times more wonderful than those told around the fire-places of the olden time. The giants and the dwarfs are gone. They remain to us in literature only as faint echoes of themselves. Their reign of terror is over. The country girl does not attribute the blisters on her lips, or the souring of her new milk in the spring-house to Queen Mab. Children are not in daily fear of brownies in the woods. Jack-o'-lantern is no longer a malicious spirit, seeking to lead the traveler into trouble. As the emigrant, peeping from the car window, catches a glimpse of the ghostly midnight light, hanging over the swamp, he is apt to murmur to himself words about vegetable decomposition, and spontaneous combustion.

A black cat is to us no more dangerous than a white cat. The witches of our day are very harmless old women, not better acquainted with His Satanic Majesty than many a prettier female.

In thus freeing the race from a degrading bondage to superstition, to signs and omens, Science has done good service. Along with the evil, however, much that might seem good has been lost. Pleasing fancies, as we now know them to be, of fairy influence for good, of supernatural punishment for evil, were once firmly upheld as truth by a large majority of the race. But Science has replaced all this by matters more worthy of our belief. We know that the fairy land of Science is not a mirage that shall presently vanish. We know that her fairy tales are true.

What fairy of the olden time, so small, so active for good and evil, so ubiquitous, as the atom? What giant like the sun? What magic mirror like the thousand telescopes pointing each night towards the stars? What costly caves of gems equal to the twinkling stars which our magic mirrors call up from the depths of space?

The tales of the Arabian Nights grow colorless before the glowing stories of Science; they seem puerile by the side of Tyndall's philosophies. One of the apostles of modern thought tells us that the scientist and the philosopher dwell among conceptions that "beggars those of Milton." One candidly examining the question on its

merits can scarcely fail to agree with this assertion. Milton sought to describe things that are inconceivable; and from the very nature of the case his success was not absolute. It was like an attempt to measure the Infinite. But Science deals with that which is conceivable. Of matter and its laws, of force and its actions, we are able to form some coherent idea.

Let us consider one of the fairy tales of Science. Here we are on a globe, swinging around in space. The ocean covered with ships, and the land crossed and re-crossed by railroads; on the ships and on the railroads there are millions of people tearing along as though they were running a race with death. Thousands of mills are sending smoke toward the sky, and rolling out cotton and woolen fabric every year enough to reach to the sun and back. Cities lighted with gas and electricity, until night is turned into day. All this is done by the clashing of atoms forced apart by the sun's energy, thousands of years ago. Slipping from the hot ball of the sun, the impulse fell upon the waving leaf of the tree. Atoms were forced and lifted apart. Through centuries they remained so, in the form of oil and coal. Under a thousand boilers, and in a thousand other places, at the touch of heat, they rush together, and warm all the complex machinery into life and action.

The sun is our great giant in the fairy tales of Science. Consider what his brains are doing every day. We have seen what those that issued from him in the coal age have been able to do. But think of the waving leaf, and the wind that moves it; of the springing grass, and the rain that wets it; of the worms and flies and birds about the fields; of the brooks and creeks and rivers; of Niagara as it roars down its precipice; of the snow stars falling slowly through the air. All owe their being and life and motion to the sun. Withdraw his rays and all would become dead and still. All this motion of animal and plant and inanimate things, all the color and life of the world, are due to the impact of atoms forced asunder by heat.

Science has hinted, of late, at another curious story. She has about concluded that there is in the world a system of evolution. It has been said that there are two ideas of the Creator; the first, which is lofty, is that he made all things; the second, which is loftier far, is that he made all things make themselves. This latter is the conception of modern science. From the inorganic world, Science tells us, in obedience to the command of the Creator, there arose the lower forms of life faintly shadowed forth in the crystal. From these low forms higher and higher forms came forth, still in obedience to the laws of the Creator. Last of all, man, the godlike,

appeared. Thus from the seeming evil of strife and slaughter among animals, of cruel hunger and great suffering that may never be told, this great good was educed; these higher forms of life were brought forth. Nothing that poets tell us of, nothing that comes from Arabia and India, can equal in wonder this tale of modern science. Nothing among the old stories can equal it in beauty. That is a strong assertion; but let him that doubts it, first master the theory of evolution himself, and he will no longer doubt.

These are some of the great tales. The little stories are beautiful, but they are numberless. Our sharp-eyed goddess shows us a hundred things about our path that are full of beauty and wonder. Insect-traps among the flowers; delicate arrangements by which bees and flies are forced to carry pollen from plant to plant; honey secreted by the flowers for the bees and flies; catapults for scattering seed; ugly worms taking on a beauty as their true worth becomes known.

Let the æsthetic brotherhood grumble about the materializing influence of Science. They say she has destroyed our beautiful beliefs; and a hundred college students echo the cry, "She has destroyed our beautiful beliefs." She has destroyed none; none that are worthy the consideration of a true man. All she has overthrown are lies, and truth alone is beautiful. In Science will be found the antidote for the pseudo-æstheticism of the modern school. The study of the beautiful only when it is in league with Science; only so long as it goes hand in hand with Truth. After that it is small and silly, so that only small and silly souls enjoy it. Hence the great contrast between the beautiful in Science and the trivial in the worship of the sunflower; hence the agreement between the standards of modern criticism and the products of Grecian æsthetics. This is the claim of Science that the true and beautiful are one.

He who accuses Science of banishing the beautiful, does but display his shallowness. He who cannot endure to look at the world except through rose-colored glasses, convicts his eyes of weakness.

But while the true is always beautiful, its beauty does not always appear to the senses. The highest harmony appeals only to the spiritual part. No one has seen the atom or handled the ground-work; neither have any of us heard, save by the ear of reason, the sweet harmony of the spheres.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

BASE BALL.

SWARTHMORE VS. HAVERFORD.

After a few days' practice our team visited Swarthmore, and although they were beaten, they played a much better game than many of their friends expected. The game was called promptly at 2.30 P. M. Coffin losing the toss, Haverford went to bat. White was the only man who reached first base in the first innings. Swarthmore then went to bat, and by some safe hitting and a few errors, put together two runs. In the second innings Haverford went out in regular order, Swarthmore doing the same. Haverford again tried to score, but were retired in order, Swarthmore scoring one more run. Swarthmore, 3; Haverford, 0. Wilson then took the bat, and, by a good, safe hit, reached first base, and, by safe hitting and good base-running, Wilson, Thomas, and Reeve scored runs tying the score. Swarthmore was again retired in order. In the fifth innings, after two men were out, Wilson and Craig scored, and for Swarthmore only one man reached first. List opened the sixth innings with a hit to short stop, which was fumbled. Evans followed him with a safe hit to right field, and White followed. Three men on bases, and no out. Wilson then stepped up and hit a long fly between centre and left fields, and List and Evans scored. Craig was put out at first, and then Thomas hit a good one, on which White scored. Briggs reached first, the next two men going out. The innings for Haverford closed with Wilson on third, Thomas on second, and Briggs on first. Swarthmore had one man on first, when Miller hit a hot grounder to Coffin, who threw to List at second, and List to Craig, retiring two men, and making by far the most brilliant play of the game. In the seventh innings Haverford retired without any addition to their score, but Swarthmore, by a succession of hits and errors, put together six runs, making the score 9 to 8, in their favor. Haverford, as well as Swarthmore, retired in order in the next innings. List opened the ninth innings by fouling out. Evans reached first, and was helped around to third by hits of White and Wilson. Haverford was now one run behind, with three men on bases, when Craig took the bat and hit an easy one to E. Smedley, which forced Evans out at home, but Miller, in attempting to catch White at third, threw too high. White then tried to run in, but was thrown out at home, thus closing the innings and the game.

The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total,
Swarthmore.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	6	0	9—9
Haverford.....	0	0	0	3	2	3	0	0	9—8

LOCALS.

SOPH.—“I don't think that I'll be a bachelor; as I can remember none of my fore-parents were.”

John B. Garrett and Joshua Baily delivered excellent temperance addresses in Alumni Hall on the 18th ult.

“What's the advantage of that style of pedals over the old kind?” Bicycler.—“O, they come at eight dollars extra.”

The clocks are wrong again. Is it not possible to find some one who can keep them nearer railroad time than they now are?

In our last issue, we erroneously stated that Professor M. T. Brown, who visited Haverford on the 3d ult., was President of Tufts College. We should have said Professor of Elocution.

The Freshmen are not a success as barbers. Eleven of them worked with might and main for three-quarters of an hour in the endeavor to shave one cheek, and then only got it lathered.

The Sophomore who wanted to know whether an oyster was a univalve or a bivalve has a rival now who insisted that a green walnut was a pear, and to prove it took a large bite. He was not able to get his mouth untwisted again for twenty-four hours.

On Wednesday evening, November 1st, President Chase opened the regular lecture course by a very interesting lecture upon “William Penn, the Quaker Cavalier.” Professor Sharpless lectures on November 8th and 15th, upon “Spectrum Analysis.” These lectures will be illustrated by using the calcium light.

Haverford does not at present lack music. The class of '83 still continue to warble their cremation anthems. The Junior violins are in tune a greater part of the time. The Sophs rise every morning at about seven, and blow away on an instrument embracing in its nature the form of a bugle and the tones of a disconsolate fish-horn. The Freshman, the brightest *star* of all, has lately invested in a tambourine.

The class of '86 has entered into the study of Zoology with a zeal worthy of commendation. On almost every pleasant day their nets may be seen in active operation on the lawn. Since their first appearance at Haverford the number of butterflies and caterpillars has materially decreased. It is even said that Jersey mosquitoes have learned to shun the footsteps of the Freshman, and now confine themselves strictly to the apartments of other classes.

And now the Junior bites his pen,
And sits as in a dream,—
But all in vain he plies his brain
To quarry out a theme.

At last he rises from his chair,
All boiling o'er with dander,
And says, in rage, “Not one more page
I'll write on Major Andre.”

It is difficult for those who witnessed the life and vim with which the students went into football last year, to account for the general indifference now. It is true that we need and must have a better ground, but still there is nothing to prevent practice games. In some of the classes, at least, there is material enough for good work. What we want is that a spirit of rivalry should be established between them, and then there will be no lack of interest. Let there be some challenging done, and then an honest effort put forth by each class to sustain its honor as champions of the “inflated sphere.” One class has already shown a willingness for the fight. Will the others meet it?

The order, for the last three weeks, in Barclay Hall has been something wonderful. Lamps have been broken, horns and tin whistles have been blown incessantly, and such a noise has been kept up as to render sleep before twelve o'clock almost impossible. Those of us who desire to study during the day cannot do it with any degree of ease on account of the—we cannot say melodious—blowing of tin whistles by those who profess to be above the Freshman class, but in reality, judging from their actions, are far beneath the average Freshman.

It is remarkable how many of our graduates are entering into the matrimonial state. Nearly every fortnight brings us news of another good man deserting from the ranks of the Jolly Bachelors, and joyfully tying himself down to a life of domestic care; “all on account of Eliza,” or Mary, or Jane, as the case may be. And still more have we been pleased to hear of many who have been blessed in their families. *Spes tanta nepotum* is to our Alma Mater. We wish them joy with all our hearts. May they prosper and be happy; become members of the Committee of One Hundred, and above all *send their sons to Haverford*; so shall they become blessed.

The inhabitants of the corridor in which a certain student is taking lessons on the violin, are receiving an excellent discipline in the virtue of patience. Judging by the—no, not the music, but the sound, his efforts seem to himself awkward, and we know that to his hearers they are painful. As for patience, it is rumored that some begin to fear that it will be a long time before out of the discord shall come harmony, and out of the awkwardness, grace, and have already wasted some profanity on the offender. But let us restrain our wrath; he is no more criminal than a Soph who begins both “On the bank,” and “Here's to '85” on the same pitch, and then keeps the monotonous whang up throughout each. Besides, he may improve; we were long ago convinced that the Soph never would.

We who enjoy the advantages of so well regulated and so comfortable a railroad as the Pennsylvania now is, will be surprised to hear this incident, told by a professor who officiated here upwards of forty years ago,—his name escapes me now,—of the times when trains came and went pretty much as they chose.

In those days the railroad ran along the road that skirts the northern border of our grounds; the station was a flag stuck in a knot-hole in the fence, and the waiting room was one of the rooms of the house now occupied by Mr. Ellis Yarnall. One day, as the professor was standing in the waiting room, a passenger train came rattling leisurely down the road and stopped before the station. The conductor put his head out of a window and said, “Good mornin', professor; goin' to town to-day? It's a mighty fine day to go to the city.” “No,” said the professor, “I don't think I can go in to-day.” “Sho' now!” said this easy-going official; “that's too bad. Aint any of them boys over at the building goin' in?” “Well, I'll go over and see,” replied the man of books, and the train waited half an hour while the professor walked over to the buildings, and finding no one who cared to seize this grand opportunity to go to the city, he returned to the station and reported to the expectant official. After a few minutes' more idle chat, the conductor reckoned he had better be moving on, as it was about time for the Paoli express; and so the extremely accommodating train squeaked and rattled and thumped on towards the City of Brotherly Love. Now-a-days they won't wait for a fellow to get the change for his ticket.

PERSONAL.

'39.—Thomas P. Cope has prepared and published a life of William Penn, illustrated by extracts from his writings. This book, and Hepworth Dixon's Memoir, do justice to the founder of Pennsylvania.

'57.—Zaccheus Test is now an Episcopalian clergyman in Richmond, Ind.

'57.—Richard Wood is a candidate of the Independent party for the Assembly.

'57.—James C. Iddings, a student here in 1853-5 is now a merchant in Chicago. He writes: "It has been twenty-seven years since I saw the place, but the scent of its June roses is fragrant yet."

'59.—James E. Carmalt is a prominent member of the bar in Scranton, Pa.

'63.—The poem read by Roberts Vaux before the Alumni, last summer, "Alma Mater Nostra," has been published in a neat little volume.

'67.—B. F. Eshleman was one of the marshals of the Knights Templars Procession in the recent Bi-Centennial celebration at Philadelphia.

'70.—Charles Edward Pratt, as President of the Common Council of Boston, was prominent among the officials in the splendid reception given to the President of the United States in that city in the time of the Centennial Celebration of the birth of Webster.

'77.—George G. Mercer, D. C. L. of Yale, has been making clear-headed logical speeches in the present political campaign.

'78.—Alfred Cope, and his brother, F. Hazen Cope ('80), visited England this summer.

'79.—John H. Gifford is studying medicine in Boston.

'82.—Edward Randolph sailed for California last September, *by the way of Cape Horn*, AND NOT by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, as was incorrectly stated in our last issue.

'82.—Daniel Corbit came to Philadelphia to attend the Bi-Centennial. He favored us with a call on the 23d ult.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Heidelberg Journal sends us a copy from which more than half the leaves have been torn. We withhold comment until we receive a whole one.

A persistent, but not unwelcome visitor is the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. We like it, because we admire the pluck of the editor, who publishes time after time the "Roll of Honor," a list giving the names of all who have been "good" during the preceding week. No pluck in that? Yes, for we know he hates awfully to do it. He knows it is as foolish a thing as he could possibly do; but still, with no regard for personal reputation or the standing of his paper, he sticks to it. That's genuine Irish pluck.

A pile of exchanges from colleges in all parts of the country has been accumulating before us for the past month, and yet during that time we have not received the faintest gleam from the *Sunbeam*. Really we feel slighted,—quite in the dark, as it were. Why could we not have one little ray of the light sent forth by the Ontario ladies? We would not wail so for the absence of one masculine fellows, but to lose sight of our—sister—is too much.

The bicycling interests send two representatives to our table. The *Wheel* rolls round from New York, and brings news of bicycling improvements and events—club meetings, races, and long runs. The *Wheelman* comes from Boston, and "is to hold the same relation to the bicycling weeklies, that the literary magazine holds to the newspaper press." The first issue is all that could be desired in appearance, and well up in the matter of literary excellence. Charles E. Pratt, who graduated here in the class of '70, is contributing editor.

The University of Kansas now supports two papers, a monthly and a semi-monthly, and both are of sufficient excellence to add to its good name. Vol. I., No. 2, of its semi-monthly, the *University Courier*, contains in its various departments, much more than the average college journal in quantity, and its quality is, on the whole, very fair. The principal objection to it is that it is too bulky. The issue presents four long pages of locals, some interesting, some witty, but too many evidently gotten up to fill space. Its editorials mention "faction" in such a way as to indicate that the *Courier's* reason for being, is that its patrons and projectors regard its rival, the *Kansas Review*, as the organ of a clique; but further than that, let it be said to the credit of the editors, it makes no attempt at mud throwing.

The *Review* has about as many locals as the *Courier*, but since it has a month's doings to relate, they are a little less dilute, but still, perhaps, a little too numerous. Its editorials are entirely concerning college matters, and written in plain, straightforward words,—no dragging in of the Egyptian question, of free trade, or of civil service reform. A contributor in "Spiritus Liber" puts forth the opinion that, "there is no other living animal as sober and grave as the human baby;—it has no appreciation of what a laugh is, until brought under the civilizing influence of education." Original that certainly is, but we would not vouch for its truth. Still the author states a fact when he says, that laughter is neither babyish nor boyish, but a "philosophical recreation." However, the feature of his article which most deserves mention, is its simple, easy style, and apt expression.

The *College Argus*, from Wesleyan University, is a pleasing sheet in more ways than one. The bold, clean cut impress of its type makes a delight to read it. Its editorials are sensible, and its locals spicy; that is, in a moderate degree—not possessing any peculiar excellence, but being a little above a “fair average.” But as it contains nothing which is not the work of the editors, it lacks an element which can be made a greater stimulus to literary excellence among students than any other department of a college paper. And then it says: “If there is anything that college-boys can do, it is to sing.” Well, yes, that’s a fact, though it takes a little reflection to convince one’s self of the truth. College boys have strong lungs and vocal chords that never tire; their hearts are light, and they never remember that they can disturb anybody. They can come as near splitting the eardrums of everybody within a radius of ten miles as any other class of persons, not excepting auctioneers, patent-medicine men, and political stump speakers.

The *Ohio* says, “Every college publication ought to give indications of the culture of the students.” The *Ohio* comes prepared in good style, and speaks very well in most ways for the culture of Marietta College; however, it advocates a kind of culture that is growing more and more into disfavor with most colleges. The gist of one of its editorials is: “If we could only have a cane rush, no end of fun for this and future years would come out of it.” We clip the following from “About Freshmen; A Reverie:”

“College has again commenced, and we are reminded of the fact daily in a hundred different ways. The most continual and potent reminder is the Freshman class. We were always fond of children, and we are fond of Freshmen, and regret that there are not more of them. They impart a cheerful air to college life. They relieve the somber tints with their brightness and freshness. They are perpetually bubbling over with innocence and verdancy.”

The following from the advice to Freshmen given by the *Yale News*, has already begun the round of the college papers, and we give it space here to further it on its way. It is certainly worth repeating: “No man will respect you less for standing for manly principles which you have brought with you. No one will look down upon you if you choose to take your place among the Christian men of whom you will soon find many among your companions. But when you have once taken a high position, you must never go back on it. Sincerity, above all things, requires a full face value here. Indeed, we believe every man in college, whatever his own ideas

and belief, will bear us out, when we say that when a class graduates, there are none who command greater respect from every member of the class than they who have stood firm from the beginning in unpretentious, unbigoted Christian life. It may be an intensely jolly life we lead, it may be that some few carry the jollity to too great an extent, but there is not a man among us who fails to respect a *manly* Christian.

In the Friends’ meeting-house at Upper Province, Pa., is a stove that was placed there in 1765, which has been in service ever since. It is good yet.

MARRIED.

’71.—EVANS—TATUM.—On 5th day, Ninth month, 28th, at Wilmington, Del., William Penn Evans to Mary Tatum, of Wilmington.

’81.—HARVEY—PARROTT.—On 4th day evening, Tenth month, 18th, Lawson M. Harvey to Kate M. Parrott, at the residence of the bride’s parents, Indianapolis, Ind.

OBITUARY.

’64.—Of consumption, Franklin Angell, son of Benjamin and Mary Angell, the former deceased, in the 40th year of his age. He was a member of Morean Monthly Meeting, Saratoga Co., N. Y. He graduated at Haverford College, and was for a time teacher in Friends’ Boarding School at Union Springs. His amiable disposition endeared him to all who knew him.—*Friends’ Review*, 9th mo., 30th, ’82.

’37.—Benjamin V. Marsh, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia and an active friend of Haverford, died at his residence at Burlington, N. J., of Bright’s disease, on 2d day, 10th month, 30th, in the 63d year of his age. He graduated at Haverford in 1837, and held the position of Professor of Mathematics for several years after his graduation. In 1842 he entered the dry goods business, and was very successful, but throughout his entire business life he devoted much of his time to the study of science, being especially interested in astronomy. He was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society in 1864, and contributed pamphlets on the “Luminosity of Meteors,” “Latent Heat of Atmospheric Expansion,” and many others of a similar character. He was a director of the Provident Life and Trust Company, and of the American Fire Insurance Company, and also has long been one of our Board of Managers. As a scientific man he has always been interested in our observatory and museum, and to the latter he has made many valuable zoological and geological contributions; and his interest in the progress of Haverford has always been very great.

As a business man, Mr. Marsh was greatly esteemed for integrity and faithfulness, and his career was deservedly crowned with success. His health failing, he retired from active business a year ago, and shortly after he went to Norway in the hope of recruiting his strength, returning last month.

In him both the business and scientific world have lost a man whose example shall not be forgotten, and Haverford has lost an ardent well-wishing friend.

On the evening of the 6th, Isaac Sharp, of England, a gentleman who has travelled extensively in Norway, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador, Australia, Madagascar, South Africa and New Zealand, lectured to us upon Norway, Iceland and Greenland. He related during the lecture several amusing incidents, with which he is well supplied, and which were fully appreciated by his hearers. After the lecture was over he read a chapter from the Scriptures and held a short religious meeting. A full report of the lecture cannot be given on account of the lack of space.

In connection with this lecture the question arises, "How can Logonian Society be so neglected as it has been for the last month?" One meeting was lost on account of the Bi-Centennial, and another was rather unceremoniously dismissed by the Faculty to make room for this lecture. It seems no more than an amount of respect due the Society from the Faculty when they desire to adjourn to notify it before the time of meeting, and then the Society could meet and adjourn with some definite understanding.

PLUNDER.

Can an ice man, who lives in a gneiss house, be a nice man?—*Ex.*

An Eastern college man, who had been expelled, thus announces the fact to his "dear Pa."

"My dear Pa: Fatted calf for one. I come home to-morrow. Your affectionate son."—*Ex.*

A Harvard student thus translates "*Bonos corruptum mores congressus mali*," "More bones of corruption in the congressional mail."—*Ex.*

Scene, Chapel: Professor praying and certain Preps studying—"Bless, we pray Thee, the students now studying here." Sensation among the Preps.—*Ex.*

Scene: Lecture Room. Prof. (lifting one foot on his knee), "Here, gentlemen, is another prominent feature." (Applause drowns the last syllable.)—*Collegian.*

Doctor—"Well, Pat, have you taken that box of pills I sent you?" Pat—"Yes, sir, be jabbers, I have, but I don't feel any better yet; may be the lid hasn't come off yet!"—*Ex.*

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Too much benzine crept under his girth, and played the mischief with his temperate zone."—*Ex.*

"Don't you love her still?" asked the Judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the

trouble is she will never be still." The Judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

Unconsciously Facetious Junior (reciting in Logic)—"'If the crops are not bad, corn must be cheap. But the crops are not bad, therefore corn must be cheap,' is an example of a *cornstructive* conditional syllogism." An audible smile flits 'round the class, and the Prof. looks perplexed.—*Ex.*

An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said, "By the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late!"

A bevy of children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest, "Reading, spelling and definition." "And what do you get, my little one!" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin,' spellin' and spankin's."—*Ex.*

"What would you do if you were me, and I were you?" tenderly inquired a young swell of his lady friend, as he escorted her home from church. "Well," said she, "if I were you, I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain underneath my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains."—*Ex.*

"Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like the best, Mr. O'Flannigan?" "Well, I like the Irish ones the best." "And which may those be, Mr. O'Flannigan?" "Are you so ignorant as that, my son? Sure your edication has been sadly neglected. Why, O'Thello, Corry O'Lanus, Mike Beth, and Katherine and Pat Ruchio."—*Ex.*

It was evening. Three of them were killing a cat. One of them held a lantern, another held the cat, and a third jammed a pistol into the cat's ear and fired, shooting the man in the hand who held the cat, and the one with the lantern was wounded in the arm. The cat left when it saw how matters stood and that ill-feeling was being engendered.—*Harvard Daily Herald.*

Together in the garden
They wandered to and fro;
While sped the hours fast away
Quick as the wind doth blow.

He plucked up heart at length—
Said, "*Nonne me amas?*"
Then stole his arm around her waist
And tried to kiss the lass.

But he got left. "Thine arm
And Latin I'll not stand, sir,
Conceited man, don't think I'll let
You press me for an *anser*."

Now twice a hundred years their course have run;
 To-day, a land the grandest 'neath the sun;
 With homage worthy of a noble king,
 Their joyous tributes to thy honor bring.
 And pealing through the crowded streets,
 The booming gun is heard,
 The roll of drum, the martial tread,—
 And silken banner stirred.

When to to this land, thou first did bring
 Thy band, did these glad bells their anthems ring?
 Did echoing walls with praise thy name repeat?
 Did shouting crowds, thy coming gladly greet?
 Did the glorious sun of morning
 Hear on every lip thy name?
 Did his evening setting gaze on,
 Men still speaking of thy fame?

The forest trees, alone, did greet thy bark,
 Moaning throughout their vistas, dim and dark.
 The painted red man—wild, unkempt, and free,—
 With awe, alone was there to gaze on thee.

Bold and glorious was thy mission;
 Sage far wiser than thy age,
 Statesman of the grandest order,
 Hero of historic page.

Now no longer stands the woodland,
 Hushed the savage Indian's yell.
 Changed the forest to a city,
 Changed as by a magic spell.

But still we cherish in our thoughts thy deeds:
 And every generation that succeeds
 Our times,—have they the hearts and souls of men,—
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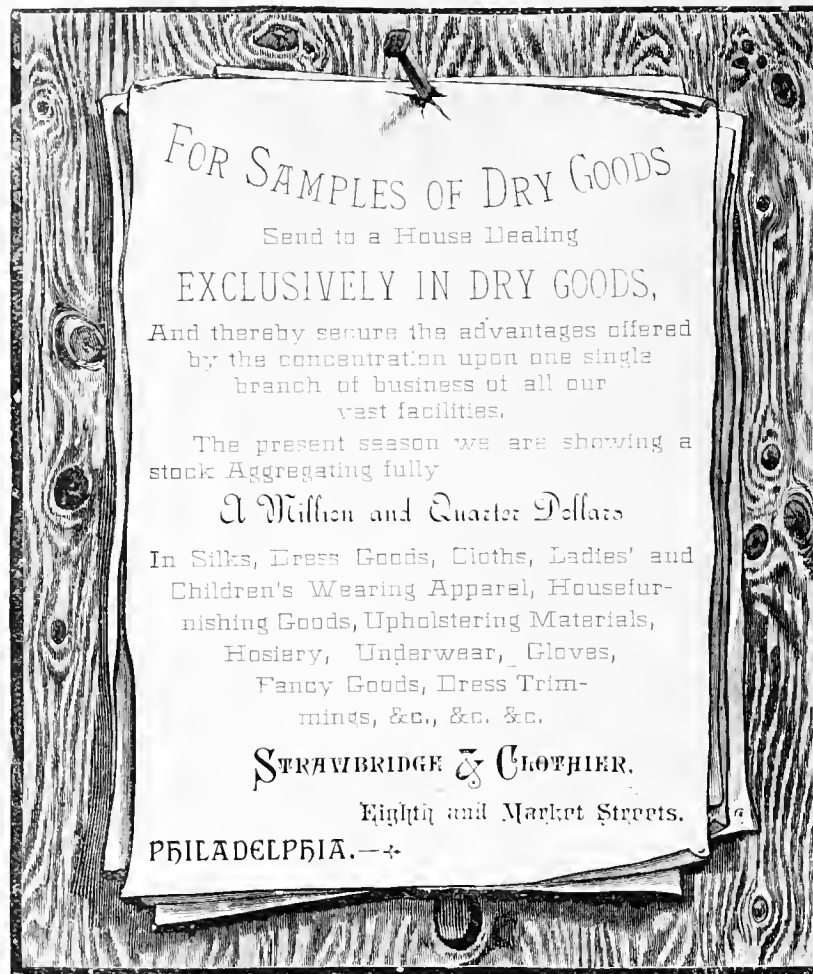
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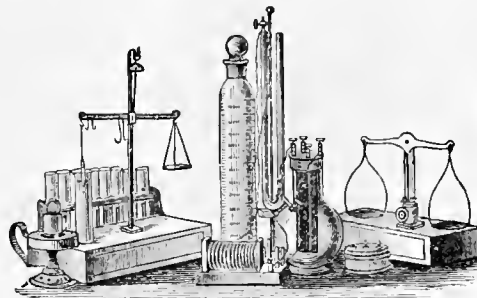
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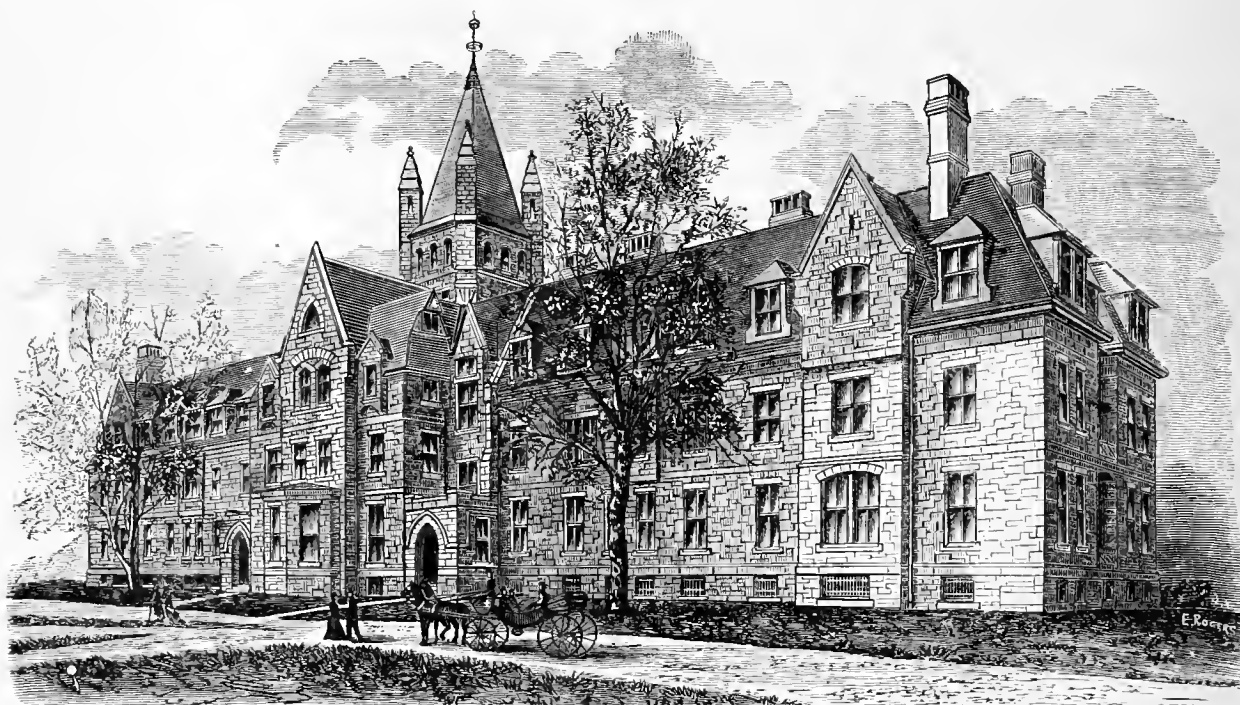
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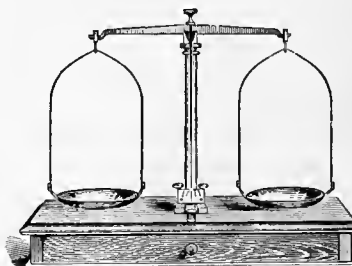
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Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., DECEMBER, 1832.

No. 3.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
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The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

THE GRAVE.

[From the German of Salis.]

The grave is deep and silent,
And terrible its door;
It covers with a gloomy veil
A shady unknown shore.

The nightingale's sweet singing
Sounds not within its thrall;
And only on the mossy mound
The flowers of friendship fall.

The maiden mourns her lover,
And wrings her hands in vain;
The orphan's pleading from its depths
Comes nevermore again.

Though in no other region
The longed-for rest doth come,
Yet only through the portal dark
Can man approach his home.

The heart in this life wretched,
By many a woe oppressed,
Low in the dark and silent tomb
Obtains a peaceful rest.

The pleasure afforded to so many of the students, last year, by the evening readings, leads us to hope that they will not be discontinued this winter. It is always pleasant to meet our professors outside of the beaten track pursued in the recitation room, and in a less formal manner than is possible in the regular lectures; and the large attendance at the readings, last year, showed that there were many who were eager to avail themselves of this opportunity. Selections from English literature, and those Greek and Latin classics which we have not time to study in the regular course, will prove especially advantageous and interesting to all.

What a shame it is that, when we have an excellent, well-chosen library within a hundred yards of Barclay Hall, so many of the students totally ignore its existence. Much has already been said in our columns, and in the recitation rooms and societies of the college, of the invaluable advantages obtained through the systematic reading of standard authors, thus bringing one in contact with the thoughts and aspirations of great minds; and advantages must be so evident to every one who gives a thought to the subject (and it is well worth a thought), that it is, to say the least, strange that so many of us should neglect to grasp while they are within reach. But few years, at most, separate us from the real work of life; and now, while our minds are vigorous and filled with the elasticity of youth,—more so than they will ever be again, as those who have preceded us in the race almost mournfully tell us,—now, while we have time and opportunities such as few of us will enjoy after graduation, is the time to form those habits of communion with master minds that will prove such an inexhaustible source of pleasure and comfort to us in later life. How greatly to be pitied is the man who, never having found this talisman in his youth, finds nothing for his mind to fall back upon in those later years, when the ardor of young manhood has grown cold before advancing age, "and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Everything depends on the thoroughness and carefulness with which the reading is first undertaken. It would do no earthly good to read rapidly through a hundred volumes, if a clear idea of each were not retained

afterward in the mind; and for this end the free use of the note-book and pencil is indispensable; for well saith the proverb, *Lectio sine stilo somnium*.

When are we to have a foot-ball ground? is the question constantly asked, and with good reason. It has been six months since the managers promised us one, and now the season is nearly over, yet we see no progress made in advancing our interests in that direction. Do the managers wish to discourage this sport, or are they willing to give us their hearty co-operation? They must certainly see, by this time, that the greatest way of promulgating the interests of the college and raising the number of students, is by holding out some inducements to its students. When a young man determines to enter college, he naturally selects one which will prove the pleasantest to him during his course, and that which holds out to him the greatest attractions. We naturally ask ourselves, Does Haverford offer any such attractions? We answer, yes, in part, but with the facilities which we have here,—the beautiful grounds, the fine situation, the healthy locality,—Haverford should take its place among the first colleges of the country.

Few students at present seem to take any degree of interest in the study of elocution. Declaiming is a branch of society work, which, although extremely important, is nevertheless sadly neglected at Haverford. Many are contented with simply learning a fine extract from an orator or author, and repeating it with no variation of tone, with no force, and with not a single gesture to vary the awful monotony. There is still another class, in a degree less advanced than these, who do not even commit their declamations thoroughly, but wend their way cautiously, and only with the aid of a prompter, through the whole performance, much to the agony of the audience, who, sympathizing with the poor speaker's misfortunes, lose sight of the beauties of the passage.

The grand old adage that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," or at least attempting to do well, applies in this as in other matters. The good derived from speaking even the words of another no one will deny. Among the objects to be gained are confidence in one's self, and the art of giving the right expression to a production. But neither of these ends is accomplished when the student mounts the rostrum, and proceeds, trembling as he articulates one word, lest his memory fail him on the next. On the other hand the performance is, perhaps, rather injurious than beneficial.

There is, however, another consideration, which, although perhaps a secondary, is nevertheless an important one. There is before most of us a Junior day and a Commencement; and upon these occasions, as at no other times, those outside have the opportunity, and take the liberty, to judge of our abilities. Our success upon such occasions, both as classes and individuals, depends to a great extent upon the way in which we use present opportunities. Let us not permit the good name of our college to suffer in this respect.

The words of the bard of Avon appear to have deeply insinuated themselves into the minds of some of our number, who have adopted as their own the passage which reads, "I am nothing if not critical." There is no effort put forth, however honestly, but it is their delight to pass the most harsh and severe judgment upon it. Not strange, therefore, is it, that the "official organ" has also been arraigned at this bar. It is in vain that we endeavor to appease such individuals. They clamor for something which they can neither define nor we produce. We ask their aid in the efforts which we are making to fulfill the duties of our office. Let them produce a model article, and we will endeavor to raise our poor productions up to the standard therein exhibited. Till then we hope to go on, free from the imprecations with which these persons have too audibly assailed us. Our duties at best are not the pleasantest. We only ask that they may not be made all the more arduous by those who should rather support us by their contributions than dishearten us by their sneers.

We were very glad to hear the remark made a short time since, by one of the managers, that they intended in a short time to double the number of students here. Now, we are all interested in the welfare of Haverford, and would like to see twice the present number here. We also would assure the managers that we will do all in our power to increase that number. However, we think a few suggestions might be offered which would be of some advantage or aid in obtaining the desired number.

For any college to obtain students it is necessary for that institution to be brought before the public and kept there, and the only way to do this is to advertise the institution in different ways. One of the ways by which an institution of this kind is kept before the public is the inter-collegiate games, in which almost every college, except Haverford, engages. We are denied almost entirely this privilege of meeting teams from sister colleges unless they come here, so the college is deprived of one of its best advertising mediums. If we were per-

mitted to meet other college teams on their own grounds, the knowledge of this college would be spread abroad more than it now is. A person will not go to see a game of cricket or foot-ball without knowing who are to play. If Haverford is one of the contestants the question will be asked, "Where is that place, and what kind of an institution is it?"

Our advice, then, is to remove this restriction upon our sports, and we will rejoice, and Haverford will be better advertised in this way than by forty newspapers.

There seems to be a void in our library which nothing but a daily paper will fill. During elections and other commotions in the outside world, it is pleasant to have some means of obtaining information without waiting for the appearance of a semi-weekly, or trusting to the chance of finding some one who knows, or has the means of knowing, the progress of affairs. Among all the magazines and weeklies which crowd our library, and some of which are rarely opened, we search in vain for the messenger which would inform us of the doings of the the last twenty-four hours. Cannot some enterprising society dedicate a little of the money which it contributes to the purchase of books and periodicals, to the support of a first-class daily? The blessings of an enlightened community would follow the act.

In one of the editorials of last issue we find that a petition for a vacation of *ten* days had been granted. It was as much of a surprise to us as to our readers, as it was *two* days when we sent our copy to the printer. While we would have been willing to have had ten days, we only received two. It was very far from us to credit the Faculty with a vacation of ten days in which to celebrate the landing of William Penn, as we had less than most of the other colleges in this vicinity. However, we are satisfied now that it is over, and we have freed those who would have had to bear the burden of the mistake from any charge of "extravagant waste of time."

There is a rumor afloat that the managers intend to adorn Alumni Hall with an oaken ceiling. This has long been needed, and will add greatly to the beauty of our hall, and every Haverford student will thank these gentleman for their generous labors; but still we hope we will not be thought ungrateful for what they have already done for us, if we venture to hope that at some not distant day they will go a little farther and build us a new hall for exhibition days, lectures and society meetings. Such a building would supply a long-felt want, and afford relief

to our library, which, being somewhat crowded in the wing that it now occupies, could easily fill the whole of Alumni Hall. That the present hall is totally inadequate for its purpose every Junior day and Commencement bears witness; and a new hall, the thing that Haverford now lacks most, would afford comfortable accommodations for the crowds that visit us in fourth and sixth months, and would add a new dignity to our stately grounds.

From the daily papers we learn that political "bossism" has been fatally wounded, and the people are hardly able to contain themselves for joy at the overthrow of this great evil. This, however, is but one kind of bossism, and there yet remain many species of this evil to be rooted out, prominent among which, and the one with which we are most intimately acquainted, is what we might call "College bossism." It is true that this does not affect the *greater* number of mankind, but there is a certain part of it which is as much under the control of "College bosses," as Pennsylvania and New York have been under Republican bosses. These bosses have a way of running things to suit themselves by calling meetings and notifying only those of their friends and associates whom they can get to coincide with their views and submit to their dictates. This year there have been evidences of this manner of "working" a meeting, and more than once have there been meetings of the different associations without proper notice of the time and place being given. It is useless to give examples, as they are already well fixed in the minds of many of the members, and especially of those who were not notified of the meetings.

That it is best for our sports to be ruled by three or four persons, will be acknowledged by no member of the college, yet we find, time and again, persons who are dictators of our games, and thus it is that we are not as successful as we might be were it otherwise.

It has been remarked by many that there seems to be a total lack of energy in all our sports; and why is it? The question is easy to answer, when one looks at the management of the different associations. Each one has a few men who sit in dignified places, make out the different teams, and they are sure to have their friends on them, regardless of the strength or weakness of the team. This is a short and simple, yet, as we think, true solution of the problem of sports at Haverford.

The "boss detective" of the county, a curly-headed Jew, and at one time a Senator, famous for his method of picking cherries, will begin manufacturing.—*Ex.*

THE CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

At some period in every man's life a transformation and change takes place. We are placed, as it were, at the negative pole of a magnet, and by the force of life's circumstances we are drawn away from this negative pole and move towards the positive. But between the two poles there is a point where the forces pull neither way, and the sensitive needle stands fluttering and trembling, and turns not to the positive nor to the negative. Correspondingly, there is a point in a man's life where his development is arrested, and, like the magnetic needle, he knows not which way to turn. This point is the grand Centre of Indifference, and in accordance with a man's strength of character, so long will he be held at this centre. Now we, at Haverford, are all very close to this centre of indifference. We are one large mass without ideas, without interests, without aims, and without ambitions. Do we study, do we read, can we play cricket or foot-ball, have we any society interests? Are we even decently bad?

A man who deliberately goes to work to sell his soul to the devil has an aim and ambition in life, and there is more respect due to him than to the listless fool who loafs through his college course with his hands in his pockets and his brains rattling around in his skull. Cricket has been played here for thirty years, and the old Dorian has struck terror to the heart of many a veteran cricketer. But how many men go out to the scrub-matches? Eight on a side is the average. And what is the trouble? Lack of interest.

We could organize a foot-ball team which, not to flatter ourselves by any means, could make our brethren of the U. of P. wish they had never heard of Haverford College; but how hard it is to get two full teams in the field the class of '85 can testify. We have a gymnasium of the highest class, and how many men use it? We have a faculty and curriculum which offer mental training and development second to no college in the country, and how many of us graduate with four years of conscientious study behind us? There is a library provided which is selected with more care and judgment than any college library in the United States. Look in the registers; some pages are blank; and there are men who have been here one, two, and (I blush to say it) three years, and, in that time, have taken, perhaps, two books from the libraries. Ten to one those books are "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (for, sad to say, some of Jules Verne's works are in our libraries), and Vol. L. of Harper's Magazine.

There are literary societies at Haverford which men wiser than any of us need ever hope to be, tell us are

among the most important factors of a man's college life. And how are they treated? No better than our study, our reading, our cricket, and our foot-ball. There is something beyond all this which comprehends all our above-mentioned short-comings. We are neglecting and trampling under foot our God-given faculties, which should be used and expanded for the ennoblement of ourselves and our fellows, and for the glory of God.

We are, indeed, disciples of the *cui bono* philosophy, and nobly do we stick to our motto. "Will you go out and play foot-ball?" "What's the good?" is the reply.

A professor, interested in our welfare, asks us why we don't study harder and read more and improve our intellects, and mentally we say to ourselves, "What's the good?"

Here we all are at the Centre of Indifference,—a huge, worthless mass of inanity. Now the great trouble with most of us is, that we never stop to think what our mental condition really is. Any man who would consider, for just five minutes, his standing ground, would have the whole thing settled. Every one that has some definite interest, or aim, is in a much happier state than he who has none. Some ambitions are almost worse than none at all. Among the lowest aims with which a man can enter his college course is that of having "a good time."

One man's idea of "a good time" may consist in making himself a good cricketer, and great praise be to such a man; but there are higher aims. There are some light-headed gentry in every college who have not the remotest idea of their being there; they go because they are sent. To make as much noise as possible, to "skin" through their examinations, and to play at being bad, are the moving springs of their college lives.

But a little serious consideration will show every one that a stationary mental state is a very bad thing; not to advance is to go back. One who sees this and determines to *advance*, leaves his centre of indifference and moves toward his positive pole, towards the light, and Carlyle's everlasting yea. His first idea is to make the best man possible of himself before God and the world, and he does not think much about the *how*. εἰς ἀνδρα τέλειον. What a motto, how impossible to reach it! Better aim high, though, and if we fall short of the mark it may not be so very low after all.

The first step settled, the ways and means of further development are to be considered. No one doubts that a thorough taking hold of religion is the firmest basis, but, strange to say, it vexes some men to have religion poked at them with every step. So we are left to another method which will eventually lose itself in a higher spiritual life.

Not to put the matter on a religious ground, then, every man needs some method in his development, the means by which he can accomplish his end. The best means, we are told, is work; to be interested in something which we may follow out and develop for ourselves. Each man should have something in which he is especially interested. People's tastes lie in different directions: one takes chemistry, another botany, or zoology, or some period in history, or classics, or literature, or mathematics; the field is boundless. The pursuit of any specialty is a sustaining power in a man's life, and the intimate acquaintance with each is a boundless advantage, not only to the man himself, but to the society in which he lives.

If he does not feel drawn towards a definite intellectual development, there is still plenty of work for him at Haverford. The cricket and foot-ball interests must be looked after; an athletic association should be formed; there are social interests at his pleasure; in short, there is no state or condition of the *genius homunculus* for which there is not corresponding interest or duty in waiting. Of course, the intellectual and spiritual development is the most lasting, and conduces to the greatest happiness and good.

Hear what Carlyle says about it:

"To each is given a certain inward talent, a certain outward environment of fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of capability.

"But the hardest problem was ever this first: To find out by study of yourself and the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward capability especially is. For, alas! our young soul is all budding with capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one." Every one of us should apply to ourselves the practical common sense in which this extract abounds. Our inborn talent and the circumstances of our lives shape our capabilities. Then knowing that we have this capability, let us find out what it is worth, and which is the main and true one.

Having found this out, hear Carlyle once more:—

"Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, 'Know thyself;' till it be translated into that partially possible one, Know what thou canst work at, and then, he might have added, 'In Heaven's name, let us work.'"

Now we are well away from the Centre of Indifference, and on our way towards the positive pole, towards the truth and light, and God. But perhaps our progress is somewhat slow. We are not on our firmest basis; we have been considering the question, remember, purely in the light of expediency.

This is no place for a sermon, but it is none the less true that there is no perfect development, no satisfaction or happiness, no sure foundation, unless a truer spiritual life goes hand in hand with every step we take towards our clear, definite aim. By this alone, we are told, can a complete, perfect, symmetrical character be built up. To use Phillips Brooks' illustration, the perfect character is like a cube: "The length and breadth and height of it are equal. Length of a life, speaking figuratively, of course, is its reaching on and out in the line of thought and self-development. The breadth of it is its out-reach laterally. It is the constant diffusive tendency which is always drawing a man outward into sympathy with other men. And the height of a life is its reaching upward toward God."

The writer hopes that no one will think that he meant to sermonize in the above weakly set forth ideas, he hasn't been out of Egypt, himself, long enough to do that, but he does venture to say that this matter of development is a very important one for us students.

We have often been told of the peculiar aims of Haverford College, and we can't afford the responsibility of going back on those aims. We each know that we owe a certain duty to ourselves and to God, and we can't afford the responsibility of neglecting that duty.

Then let us each aim to be a true man.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN THE FUTURE.

A short time since the centennial of the birth of Webster was observed at Marshfield, at which a series of orations and poems were read in commemoration of the great statesman. Few of us, in our busy American life, fully appreciate the gigantic power and lasting influence of the man over whose tomb a few of our leading statesmen assembled to offer a small tribute to the mighty dead.

It is now thirty years since Webster died, and in that time the Union has triumphed over many obstacles sustained, in a great measure, by the influence of his noble works and thoughts. As a man, Webster has often been misunderstood. Few of our American statesmen have been more intensely vilified, and few have deserved it less. The men of his own time were most bitter against him; but because of the sober second thought of the American mind, he is more correctly and thoroughly understood from year to year, and the tendency of the national sentiment is towards a more grateful recognition of the sacrifice he made in 1850. Webster was admired almost universally throughout the North up to the time of his famous 7th of March speech, in 1850. After the delivery of that speech, the rage of the Abolitionists was

unbounded. Theodore Parker said: "O Cardinal Wolsey! was there ever such a fall?"

Wendell Phillips, with his proverbial sarcasm and blind narrowness, said of Webster, after he had been seven years in his grave: "The words he dared to speak, his friends dare not to repeat; the life he dared to live, his friends dare not describe at the foot of his statue." Not content with that statement, he calls back the departed spirit in these words: "You were mourned in ceiled houses and the marts of trade; but the dwellers in slave-huts, and fugitives along the highways, thanked God when you died, and they had one enemy the less."

Now, how far was this criticism just? Let us see. The great and ruling desire of Webster was for the maintenance of the Union and the firm establishment of the Constitution in the hearts of the nation. He was broad and comprehensive in his views, and in his speeches he seemed to embrace the future in his grasp, while his vilifiers were men, it may be, earnest and patriotic, but of narrow-minded views; men who had not his foresight and comprehensibility, and who were legislating for the present, let the future turn well if it would. Webster was always characterized by the love of truth, and with it on his side he entered the fray with his whole soul; without it, he was deprived of most of his power.

Wendell Phillips again says: "He bartered the hopes of four million bondsmen for the chance of his private ambition." He could not have done this without an inconsistency. The whole work of his life-time, and the summary of the principle he had maintained in a public career of forty years, were contained in that 7th of March speech. Not one idea that he proclaimed in that speech was inconsistent with those which he had declared in his earlier Senatorial speeches. But why was it received in such a different spirit then than in another form twenty years before, when friend and foe alike gave him the title of "Defender of the Constitution"? It was because the mass of the people had become changed in their sentiments in regard to slavery, and in their frenzy would listen to no words of counsel which abetted its endurance.

Bartered the hopes of four million freemen for his private ambition! The statement is absurd on its very face, as many other wild utterances of that speculative fanatic, who ranked the petty prince of Hayti above the Father of his Country. If Webster had been acting for his own advancement, would he have taken such a stand against the drift of public thought? Would he not rather have shaped his utterances to the moulding of Abolitionism, which was then so rapidly spreading over the North? What power he might have had, and how those earnest men would have applauded him for his inconsistency!

But no, he preferred to stand alone in the defense of the Constitution and the Union rather than to revoke the principles he had spent his life in upholding:

"Like some tall eliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its crest the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Or, as Pope says:

"And more real joy Marcellus exiled feels, than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

No Abolitionist was more earnest in his opposition to slavery than was Webster. His whole course of speeches show this; but he recognized that the pound of flesh was in the bond, and in his great love of the Constitution, he was unwilling for the union of the States to be broken up. He saw the coming struggle,—*"States dis-severed, discordant, belligerent, a land rent with feuds, or drenched in fraternal blood."*

In the exordium of that great speech on the Constitution and the Union, he says: "I wish to speak to-day, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American. I speak for the preservation of the Union." Can any one, on a careful perusal of that speech, say that he was inconsistent; that he did not make it to arrest the march of sectional antagonism, and to restore harmony? If the men of that day had heeded his counsel, the war of 1860 had been averted. Some of the great men of the Republican party,—Chase, Wade, Adams, and Seward,—at one time were willing to grant stronger concessions to the seven rebellious States than were the grounds which Webster took in 1850.

Some there may be now who find in that speech things objectionable; but the whole tenor shows that he did an unselfish act, that he did it out of pure love for that Constitution which he committed in his boyhood days from a pocket handkerchief, and that it was the only course which a broad statesman could have adopted, who had nourished those ideas from the cradle to the summit of his high career. That speech will grow in the admiration of posterity, and its recognized worth will remain long after his puerile accusers have been forgotten. So much for the 7th of March speech. Who can estimate the influence that Webster exerted in his own time, and since his death, on the development of our Constitution and the formation of a settled government? Up to 1830, the success of the government had been regarded as doubtful, and the exact line had not been drawn between the Federal government and the States. State sovereignty upheld by Hayne, Benton, and Calhoun, had become an issue, which only such a man as Webster could crush. This he did by his reply to Hayne in 1830. That speech so annihilated the arguments of the States

rights school, that the war was put off for thirty years, which postponement saved the Union. That, and his subsequent speeches, did much to establish the Constitution in the minds of the nation, and to build up the fabric of a stronger and more stable government. In the formation of the war Republican party there were two elements, the extreme Abolitionists under the lead of Phillips and Garrison, and another body of liberal men,—men who had been educated in the spirit of Webster's doctrines,—who had read and declaimed his speeches, or imbibed his principles. Whoever would know the secret of the motive power which prevented the dismemberment of the Union by the war of 1861, will find it in the principles promulgated by Webster in 1830 and 1833. Many a gallant youth in the North went to battle for his country inspired by the passages of Webster's works, and died cheered by the words "Liberty and Union." His influence has come down to us, and every clause of our Constitution is inseparably linked with some of his great thoughts. We are indeed glad to state that the bitter criticism of the last generation is being superseded by a better and more complete recognition of his ability, his services, and his unselfish devotion to the interests of the whole Union. Whittier, who was at first so disappointed at the last act of Webster, afterwards repented of his hasty poem and recognized the correct position of the statesman.

Unlike some of the others, the Quaker poet was too whole-souled to abide by his extreme position. Webster's fame can "take no backward step."

As the generations of the future are more removed from the influence of the war feeling, and look impartially on the history of the country from 1830 to 1865, Webster will hold the position he has merited, that of Defender of the Constitution. There is much in his character that deserves study, and much that may well be imitated. Theodore Parker said, "Since Charlemagne there has not been such a noble figure in all history."

His orations are to us what those of Demosthenes were to the Greeks, the repository of the national grandeur, and few orators have possessed more of the qualities of the Grecian patriot than Daniel Webster.

It takes the best qualities of Fox and Burke, and much of the majesty and divinely beautiful of Milton, to make up the character of Webster.

Demosthenes on the Crown; Webster on the Constitution! How nearly alike were the men and their purposes! Every American youth should study the character and orations of Webster.

That his character was noble and his opinions broad, is shown in all his works, and truth and majesty stand out

from every line. Any one who makes a study of his clear, compact, and pure English, cannot fail to have a feeling of earnest longing for truth aroused in his soul, and no one can be a diligent student of the works of Webster without being rendered broader, better, and more truly American.

Webster was a man who went beyond his age; who looked into the future, and uttered thoughts which the future will appreciate even more than the past. He was a man

"Not for an age,
But for all time."

LOCALS.

"Good Gus!"

Give him a bib.

Transit observed on the 6th, and account next time.

The lazy man is the happiest; only fools and asses work.

Thee k(nose) that the force is equal to the mass multiplied by the velocity.

Look here, Freshie, you did not come here to work; you came to have a good time.

The Freshmen showed much pluck in tackling the Sophomores on the 22d inst.

There was a magnificent Japanese sunset on the 22d inst., and an aurora the same evening.

In answer to a subscriber, we don't know how the election will go in '84, but we do know that a mule kicks harder than a camel.

Counting from its organization in 1834, the Loganian catalogue contains the names of eight hundred and eighty-five members.

Where, O where are the jolly Sophomores? Oh, no use of asking that question! Put your head out of the door after 11 P. M., and you soon find out.

Where are the oysters by which the heart of the student was made to rejoice during last winter? We need something to remind us of the "univalve joke."

It is with a feeling of pleasure we announce that the shadow of '83 has been found. It was discovered in a crack in No. 10, and was exhumed with a razor and a hatchet, and is again chirping merrily.

Let the student now "brace up," and prepare himself for the questions which will be so aggravating to his "college spirit." Christmas vacation is upon us. In a few brief days our aunts will be asking us, "How large a school have you?" "How many scholars?" Which teacher does thee like best?" "I notice in thy paper some remarks about thy having reached the second stage. Do most of the other boys do as well as that?"

The match between the Sophomore and Freshmen foot-ball teams was played on the 22d, on the old base-ball grounds, and resulted in a victory for the Sophomores by 8 goals and 4 touch-downs. '85 plays a remarkably strong game, and will have many representatives on the college team. Wilson, Reeve, Bettie and Blair played well for the Sophomores, while Bacon and Brooks did good service for the Freshmen.

His eyes were black, but not by nature. In all respects he was a forlorn creature. He carried a pencil in his hand. Once and a while he'd make a stand, and jot down news of some disaster or advertisement of porous plaster. The people mostly passed by on the other side of the street. Once and a while, however, some one considered it meet to loosen one of his teeth,—a process painful, but nevertheless brief. Should you ask me why this mutilated jaw, I'd answer, he was an editor.

Prof. P. E. Chase lectured in Alumni Hall on the 22d and 29th ultimo. The subjects were "Weather Predictions" and "Meteorology."

Haverford is coming to the front as one of the greatest scientific colleges in America. After dissecting star-fish and bull-frogs for three years, one of her graduates has announced to the world that he has made, during his researches, the startling and original discovery that he cannot form another man's character but each must form his own. A few more discoveries will be announced in our next.

Now cometh the time when the Freshman buyeth new books, and goeth unto the Sophomore and saith unto him, "Yea, O man! I would fain buy of thee those books which thou perused in thy Freshman year." And the Sophomore thinketh, yea, he thinketh again, and finally remembereth the year gone by, and he layeth his finger alongside his nose, even so doth he of the tribe of Sophomites, and saith unto himself, "Here will I get gain." And at that Sophomore goeth unto his room, and taketh down a Livy, yea, a dilapidated Livy, one which his great grandfather used, and he looketh over it, and when he cometh to a page whereon many words are written (in English), he sigheth, and maketh believe he is exceeding sorry to part therewith, and he saith unto him of the tribe of Freshmites, "This book bought I, even last year, for which paid I eight trade shekels, and although I would fain part with it, I would be-tow it unto thee for the sum of two trade shekels, even so will I do." And he of the Freshman taketh the book and departeth therewith, and that Sophomore hieth away unto the village with his fellows and maketh merry.

SELAH.

There was once a worthy but parsimonious Arab, who, having bought a camel, neglected to feed it, in order that he might teach it to live without eating; but just as he was at the point of success, the camel dispatched his master with a well-directed blow of his hoof, and, breaking into his storehouse, ate up a great supply of grain that the Arab had laid by for the winter. Moral: There is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Let certain gentlemen (?) on the third floor remember this, and if they don't stop making night hideous with their wooden balls, and other babyish playthings, we will go up ourselves and slaughter a few, if there is no one to be found who will venture to stop this. A word to the wise is sufficient; we gave them a word in our last number. It was not regarded. Let them draw their own inferences.

PERSONAL.

At the Educational Conference, at Providence, last summer, the departments of English Composition, at Harvard, Johns Hopkins and Haverford were represented respectively by Francis B. Gummere, Ph. D. ('72), Henry Wood, Ph. D. ('69), and Allen C. Thomas, A. M. ('65), all Haverford graduates.

'65.—James A. Chase is the delighted owner of an American Star bicycle. Those who expect to receive machines for their Christmas presents this winter, would do well, before purchasing, to refer to him at Hazleton, Pa., for his testimony for the superiority of the lever over the crank motion.

'70.—Charles E. Pratt has devoted his leisure hours to the interests of bicycling. He was formerly president of the American League of Wheelmen, at Boston, and many of the best articles of that enterprising little monthly, the *Wheelman*, come from his pen.

'73.—Prof. Julius L. Tomlinson receives high praise in the last report of the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund for his great success in conducting the Wilson Graded School and the Normal School, at Wilson, N. C.

'81.—Walter C. Hadley was one of the Commissioners from New Mexico at the recent Mining Exhibition at Denver. He has sold out his interest in the *Mining World*, and now edits a neat little journal which he calls *Hadley's Pointers*.

'82.—W. C. Chase will spend the winter in France.

'82.—H. M. Thomas visited us on the 17th ult.

'84.—We are glad to hear such good reports from David S. Ferris. His "tony" dog-cart is the admiration of all Harvard.

'84.—S. Rufus Jones is studying law.

'85.—J. G. Hill is financier of a bridge building company in Vicksburg, Miss.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Hamilton College Monthly*, from a female college at Lexington, Ky., helps to make up the miscellaneous heap which our exchanges form. It contains articles of various grades of excellence; gushy poetry and stale essays on "Education" and "Literature" are interwoven with readable accounts of vacation experiences and sensible editorials. One article on "Newspapers," states that William Cullen Bryant founded the *Evening Post* in 1801. The statement does not seem probable, for he was seven years old at that time. The fair writer must have thought that he was raised under glass, to be mature enough for such a work at so early an age; but perhaps she was only careless in copying from the encyclopedia.

We had heard of the new *Michigan Argonaut*, which was launched at Ann Arbor some time ago, and had imagined that it was a large craft; but this time it has come around to us, and we find that the half had not been told. For size, it stands a veritable giant among college papers.

—twenty pages of reading matter and a lot of "ads." Its cover is of some indescribable æsthetic hue, and is emblazoned all over with those straddling crooked letters so much used on title-pages nowadays. Within the cover is collected the fruit of the labors of its fifteen or twenty editors,—really, we forget how many, but a small multitude,—enough hands to steer straight through any storm, it is to be hoped. One of them nudges himself pleasantly over the success of the Latin and French plays last year, and calls on the Greek chair to select a suitable drama, and assign the parts so that it may be brought out this year. He also thinks that a German play should be tried. Another says that the base-ball nine, not satisfied with its triumphs in the West, is to begin training in January, and to make a conquering tour of the Eastern colleges next June. Altogether, the paper gives one the impression that the university which it represents is full of life, except in the matter of foot-ball; concerning that sport it says, "What *would* we have done, if the Eastern colleges had sent us challenges?" However, the most refreshing thing about the paper is the neat way in which the exchange man brings a story into his department. As he relates it, he was a long thin man, with a supernaturally emaciated nose, and had always been very quiet. But one day in company he suddenly remarked, "You didn't know I was a poet, did you?" And then during the conversation that followed, he proceeded to recite several frisky little stanzas, among which was:

"One loves the scotching nicotine."

After he had finished, a co-ed. remarked, "Who would have thought he was so smart?" But she did not know that he was the exchange editor, and had culled these gems from the *Argo*, *Haverfordian*, etc.

No, brother *Earlhamite*, we haven't "learned to chirp yet." We have never been of the opinion, as you seem to be, that chirping is all that is required in a college paper. We thought that you would have enough good sense to say that the statement that "Haverford's day of usefulness is over" was put forth by last year's editors, and that you, having better judgment, would not undertake to defend their jealous vaporings. But we never imagined that you would soar above us in proud flight, screech out that "Earlham's graduates are second to none in the country," and then, circling around, wonder if we "can chirp yet;" and then to reach the height of your disdain by asking: "Can't Haverford accumulate enough activity to play base-ball?" Now, if you'll come down so as to hear us, we would like to suggest that Haverford puts more life into any sport in which she engages, whether it be base-ball, foot-ball, or cricket,

than Earlham can muster with her energies concentrated on base-ball. Indeed, we feel sure that Earlham sadly lacks proper interest in athletics. But even more than we were surprised at your exchange man, were we astonished at your first article, printed in poetic form. We read the first line, and saw that it was cribbed from a familiar poem; likewise the third, the fifth, etc.; the second, fourth, etc., we did not understand at first sight; but after a time it dawned upon us that they were editorial *chirpings*, put in to give the appearance of originality.

Nothing is more evident to any one who has an opportunity to read college papers than that hazing meets with general condemnation from them. Hardly an exchange, which has not spoken of the practice, has reached our table this year, and, with one exception, it has always been mentioned with disapprobation. Were we inclined to preach a sermon on the subject, texts like the following, from the *Athenæum* and the *Trinity Tablet*, might be selected in considerable numbers: "The various forms of mild hazing, and all the puerile animosities which hang over the Freshman and Sophomore years, belong to the past of college life rather than to the present, and read more like chapters from the musty romances which our grandfathers were brought up on, than the doings of to day's Young America." "The custom is on its last legs, and is now only a remnant. But it is, nevertheless, a radically brutal custom." Descending from sentiment to fact, we find the exchange man of the *Orient* offering to swallow his glue-pot if any one can cite an occurrence of this year, at Bowdoin, which can in any way be called hazing. Then he proceeds to speak rather disparagingly of our own little tossing affair here, and adds, "and this at a Quaker college." Well, *Orient*, we shall not say anything for the tossing; but we thank you for the compliment in that last expression.

The *Oberlin Review* still puts in a regular appearance, and we never take it up without expecting to find something worth reading. The desire to avoid nonsense seems to be a ruling motive with its editors, and sometimes they succeed to the extent of making the paper a trifle heavy. When the choice lies between solid matter diluted with platitudes, and solid matter relieved by humorous items, the latter is preferable. But so long as the *Review* can keep the standard of its staid, sober articles up to the essay on Gail Hamilton, or to the discussion of the moral tendency of Walt Whitman in the last number, it will be far from uninteresting. The latter article, while denying that Whitman is intentionally immoral, says: "Imagination can achieve real excellence only when it is pervaded and inspired by the moral. The moral is its supreme law, to which it is amenable. A lawless imagination, which has cast off the restraint of reason and of conscience, lacks the essential elements of true excellence."

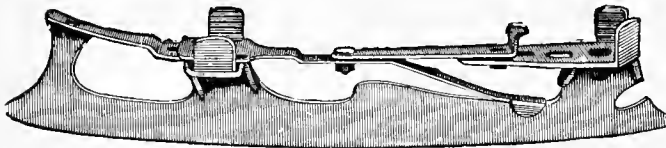
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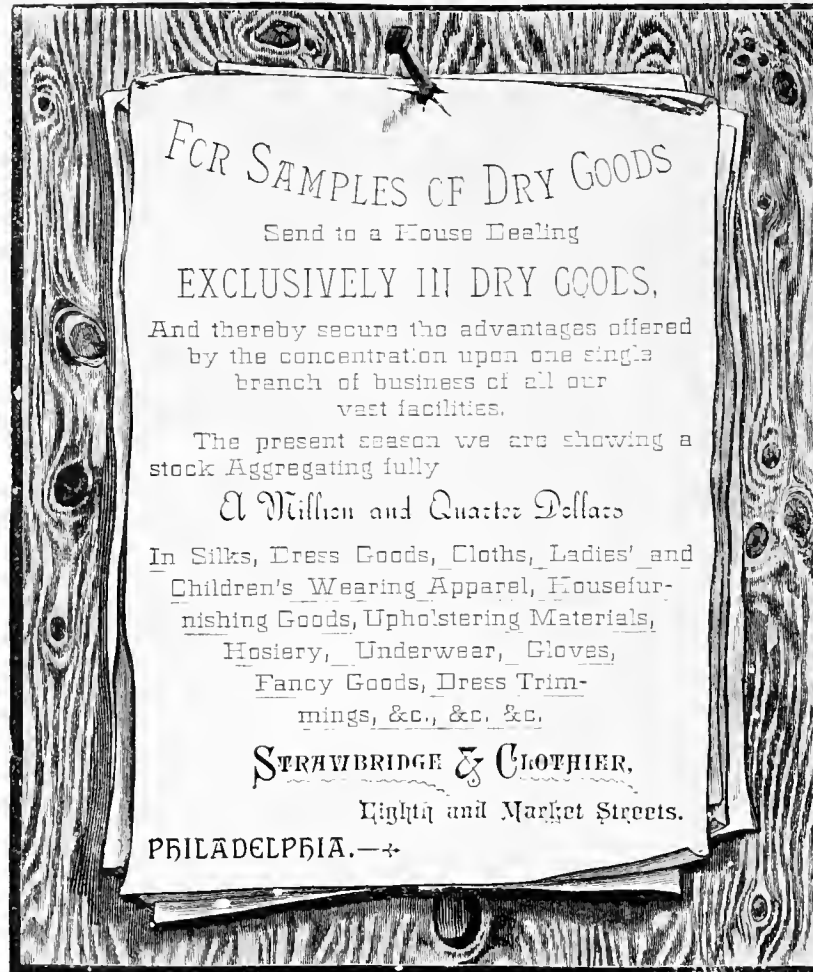
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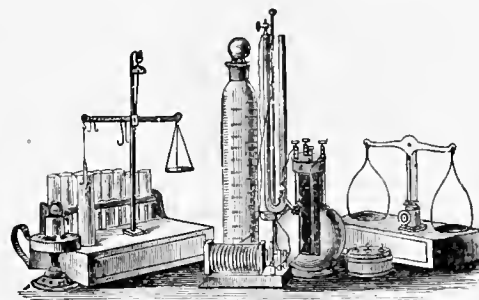
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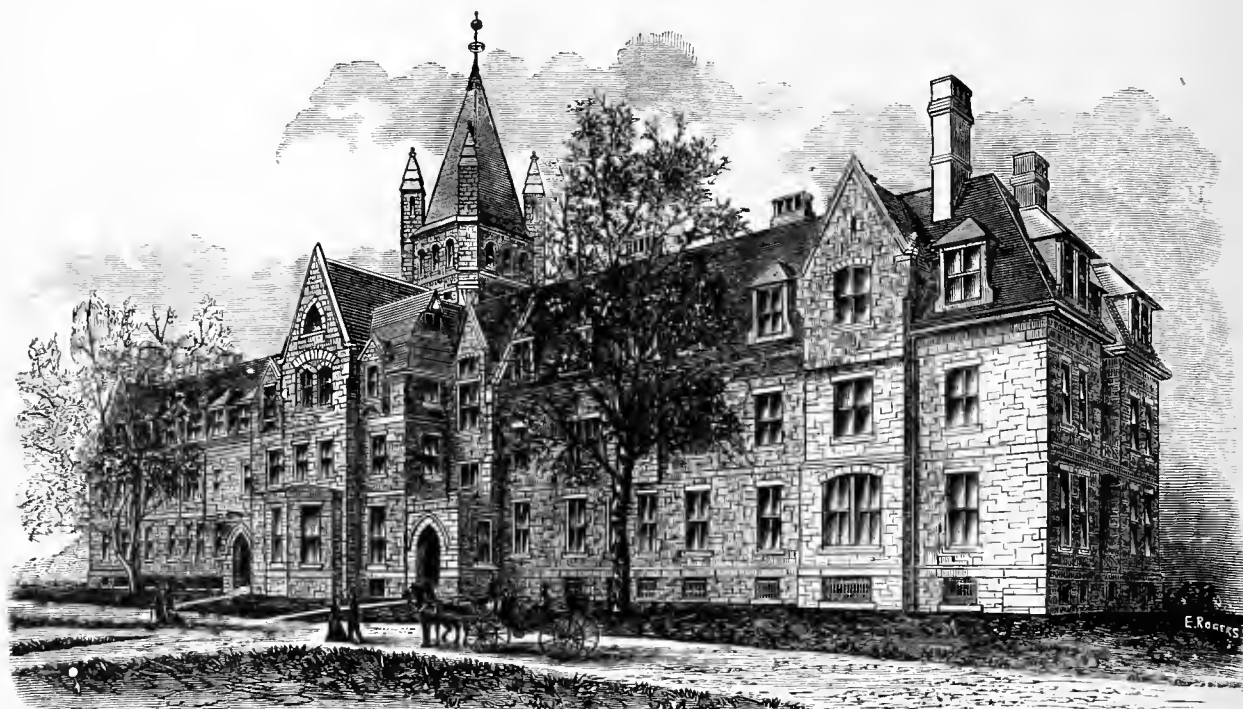
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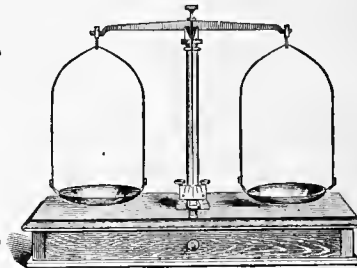
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., JANUARY, 1883.

No. 4.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

EDITORS:

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Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

TO MILTON.

Far nobler is thy place than that of kings!
Thy glorious words still live, and ever will,
To cheer the heart of all mankind, and fill
Their souls with aspirations high. Still wings
Thy spirit o'er the thoughts of men, and sings
In strains melodious, though thy voice be still
And sightless eyes long closed to every ill.
Each generation to thy tomb still brings
Its admiration of so pure a mind,
And life so spent in doing what was best
To serve its Maker. Noble was thy heart,
Thy patience noble, and thy eyes have shined
With more than sight. The world forever blest
Will be because thou acted well thy part.

B. V. T.

As we now begin a new year, it might be well to take a short review of the past, and offer a few suggestions for future consideration. During the past year we have seen some changes in our Faculty. Professor Allinson has left us for a place in Baltimore, and Professor Brun has accepted a position in Cornell University as instructor in French. W. H. Collins was compelled to resign his appointment

as Assistant in the Observatory on account of sickness and death in his family. Professor S. K. Gifford has taken Professor Allinson's place as Assistant Professor of Latin and Greek; and J. E. Coffin ('82) assists in the Observatory.

The only important change in the buildings during the year has been the removal of the dining-room from the basement to the first floor of Founders' Hall. The old collection room has been changed into the dining-room, a new floor having been laid, and the room made as attractive and pleasant as possible. The little room adjoining has been changed into a pantry and carving-room, and is connected with the kitchen by a dumb-waiter.

However, the most important result of the year's work has been the total change in the morals and spiritual interests among the students of the college. That there has been a wonderful awakening of the students, no one, even the most critical and indifferent, dare deny. It has not been a sudden and superficial revival, but has been the result of the constant and earnest labor of those who have been alive to their own needs and to those of their fellow-students, and to the earnest prayers of the professors. And now, as we begin a new year, with a new spirit in the college, let us all watch and pray that we fail not, and continue to press forward the work until we see still grander results. "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

In our last number we printed an article, *The Centre of Indifference*, with which in the main we heartily agreed; yet we think it was calculated to give one who did know the circumstances a wrong impression of Haverford and the work done here. While we think there are many at Haverford who are at this centre of indifference, yet we believe we are not one large mass without ideas, without interests, without aims, and without ambitions. On the contrary, we maintain that the majority of us are alive to the fact that we are here at Haverford to educate, to draw out, the faculties of our mind; that we have ideas, aims, interests and ambitions which Haverford College cannot fail to inspire or nourish in the breasts of all but the most thoughtless. It is an acknowl-

edged fact that the work done at Haverford will compare more than favorably with that done elsewhere. It is not in the exotic growth, so to speak, of the college course alone that one should look for the signs of life and activity, but rather to the regular recitation work. We should say that the man who performs his class-room work conscientiously, even to the exclusion of outside reading and society work, is nearer to the positive pole of the magnet than the man who neglects his class-room work for general reading or literary society work. But let us look aright even at the exotic growth, the literary societies and sports, and we will see that our condition is not as bad as some would make out, that we are not, even in this respect, "a huge worthless mass of inanity." In the first place we must always bear in mind that our numbers are small, very small, the whole number of the students being about sixty. This is a very important consideration, and one which should always be borne in mind when we are judging of the work done at Haverford. These sixty students support three literary societies, whose literary standard, we believe, is equal to that of similar societies in any other college. We admit that there are many who do but little to help support these societies, yet over one-half of the students are actively interested in their welfare. And this is a proportion equal to that of *most* of the other colleges. Again, in regard to cricket, the author of the paper in question complains that eight on a side is the average at the scrub-matches. We unite with him in mourning that this is the case, yet we do not think it has as gloomy an aspect as he would see in it. Sixteen out of sixty is a large proportion, when we look at it comparatively; and we are willing to assert, though we have no means of proving the assertion, that it is a larger proportion than that devoted to any one sport in any other college. In football the case is almost the same. Hence to us, at least, the condition of Haverford College compared with that of other colleges, is such as to cause sincere congratulation. Still we think there is plenty of room for improvement in every way. We would not have any one suppose that we think Haverford perfect. All we ask is that justice be given the good and earnest work that is done here. We are too apt to look upon the dark side of our surroundings, and by this means miss the very advantages we are longing for. We should especially appreciate the good and noble work Haverford is doing, and do our best to forward it.

President Chase gave us an interesting lecture on the 20th. Subject, "Miracle Plays and the Early English Drama." It was well attended.

It does not speak badly for Haverford, that, during the first term of the present year, there was scarcely any hazing; and if we except the slight shaking which a small portion of the Freshman class received on the first evening of the term, we may say that there was none. There is, if we read rightly, a strong popular sentiment in college against anything of this nature, and we think that precedent alone preserves the slight vestiges which still remain. As was said in our last exchange column, it seems to meet with general disapprobation among all the colleges. If reports be true, it received its death-blow at Harvard at the hands of Sullivan. Bowdoin, after the experience of last year, has practically given it up. This relic of barbarism, which has been so repeatedly stigmatized as cowardly, ungentlemanly and brutal, is fast disappearing. Will not Haverford join in wiping out its last traces? Tossing should be abolished,—not because it is particularly injurious to the Freshman, but because it is a blot on the reputation of our college. People are surprised to hear that the Quaker Sophomore joins in the war against the Freshman. They imagine that tossing is a far more cruel thing than it really is. They picture to themselves the weeping, supplicating Freshman begging in vain of the hardened Sophomore to spare him, and they brand us all, to a certain extent, as savages. Now those who have ever been present on such occasions know that, as a rule, the Soph has the worst of the bargain; for it is no easy job to raise one hundred and seventy-five pounds of fresh meat to the ceiling, and it may be even with a degree of pleasure that the Freshman sees the efforts of his tormentors frustrated. But let us have a regard for our good name, and not be the last to abandon a practice which has been fraught, in the past, with so many evils. We feel that the first class which entirely does away with this last vestige of hazing will be in no wise despised or less esteemed for the act. For it is, to say the best, a foolish custom, and one hardly becoming that dignity which a college man should possess.

The inevitable ice-cutter has again visited us and destroyed our skating. Therefore we have a few thoughts to advance about ice and ice-cutting, which, while they may not coincide with the views of some of our functionaries, do, as we think, express the views of those who suffer from such proceedings. We have no chance for outdoor exercise during the cold part of the year, except it be on the ice, and every time it is cut all skating is spoiled until there is a thaw. It is bad enough to have it cut at all, but, when cut, why can it not be done in a way to do as little damage to the skating as possible?

There are ways which would be as easy, as quick, and as cheap as those now employed. Besides, the ice, when cut systematically into blocks of some regular size, could be packed away much easier, and, when carefully put up, could be kept longer than it now is. The present method of cutting with an axe is indeed more ancient and simple than using a saw or plow, but we have now reached a time when people generally use the best and quickest methods. Is it not strange, then, that at a place where improvement and advancement are the very bonds which hold together and support the entire community, that it should be so rudimentary and slow in adopting these improvements which are made to keep pace with the ever-advancing world?

If the ice could be left uncut until it reached a thickness of more than three or four inches, it could be cut with a plow in about half the time it takes to chop it out with the axes.

There is another arrangement which would be pleasing as well as beneficial to us,—if, instead of cutting the ice in a narrow strip, half or three-fourths across the pond in the very centre, it could be cut all together, taking one-half to cut for the ice and leaving the remainder for the benefit of the students. It seems to us nothing more than right that this thing should be done with more regard to the pleasure of the students.

As much as may be said to the contrary, it is evident that the Loganian Society is not in so prosperous a condition as at this time last year. There is an evident lack of interest. The solid literary work of the college is performed in the private societies, which are at present doing well. While the weekly meetings necessitated more work on the part of members, nevertheless there was much enthusiasm, and the Loganian was in every sense the representative society of the college. It does not now lack in those who are able to do good service, but it does lack in those who have the will. One good way to judge of its standing is by the attendance. In some of the meetings there has been barely a quorum present. Comparing the attendance thus far with that of the same period of time last year, we find that it is only three-fourths as large. Now that it holds meetings but twice in the month, the quality of those meetings should certainly be better than under the old system. The highest society in college should be well attended, and good work done there if anywhere. It is nearly time for the prize contests to take place, and these may possibly arouse some of the old-time enthusiasm. They certainly should.

Our Y. M. C. A. is doing at present a splendid work in the college. The great interest which was manifested during the latter part of last term was due directly to this institution. And one would indeed be blind who could not see that it has done more for Haverford in the past two months than a whole code of rules. Not undertaking to sermonize in any way, we would simply say that in the prayer-meetings held from night to night, lies the great secret of the present good feeling at Haverford. Hard feelings between class and class, and between student and student, have almost ceased to exist. The acceptance of Christianity by so many of our number has settled many knotty questions in regard to discipline, and binds us together as a college more firmly than ever before. The three objects Haverford has ever had in view are to develop each young man physically, intellectually, and spiritually. Certainly she has experienced within the last year great advancement in the latter. The reformation, for so it may truly be styled, has not been a hasty, superficial one, but thorough. It has not taken place without the deepest consideration; it has been a practical turning around from negative to positive—from thoughtlessness to prudence, from darkness to light.

We should like to draw the attention of the managers to a long-felt necessity here at Haverford, and one which could be obviated with little outlay. It is the want of gas in our Observatory. Some years ago, when the Observatory was built, gas-pipes were laid throughout the building, although no connection has ever been made with the generator. As it now is, one going to the Observatory on a cold night, has to go through the trying ordeal of lighting a lot of old stuffy lamps, which, at their best days, gave by no means too much light, and which time and old age has considerably diminished. Now that Haverford is taking such a strong step in astronomical research, and our Observatory is authority in this locality, it would be well to offer to its advocates all the possible advantages which would tend to increase the interest in this study. We would also call the attention of the managers to the great advantage which a telegraphic communication with Washington would give us; it would be necessary only to connect our Observatory with Haverford College Station, in order to have open wires to Washington. It would greatly facilitate our work, and be of general advantage.

Improvements are now going on in Alumni Hall. The old stained ceiling is gradually assuming a more respectable appearance.

Examinations are almost here. It will not be long now before the fatal hectograph will be brought into use, lead-pencils be sharpened, the midnight oil burned, and other unusual occurrences take place. One will strive for that magic ten, so often dreamed of, but so seldom realized; and another, less ambitious, but no less eager, will labor that he may obtain a simple six,—the number below which no one may venture with impunity. As a rule, the one who has been at Haverford the longest will tremble the least; for he has learned that examinations are not such a fearful ordeal. They are but the test of the term's work, and no one who has performed that work honestly need fear for the results. Let him who enters the lists for the first time bear in mind the true object of examinations, and not look upon them as a set of puzzles instituted to weary his brain; for such they are not. They should be, and as a rule are, fair test questions; and if they bear on small important points, and not on general principles, it is the Professor's, and not the student's, fault if he fails to attain the required number.

TRANSIT OF VENUS.

The Transit of Venus was observed here by Professor Sharpless, on December 6th, and, from the reports, he was as successful as any astronomer in the country. Many of the observatories were unable to get all four contacts, on account of clouds, while here the clouds seemed to break away just at the right time. During the day the Observatory was visited by nearly all the students and professors, and, after the last contact, the reporters began to flock around the door and knock for admission. One came as early as eight o'clock, in order to be inside when the door was locked.

We give below Professor Sharpless' report to the Transit Commission, which he has kindly permitted us to publish.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, Dec. 8, 1882.

To Transit of Venus Commission:

GENTLEMEN:—The times of the four contacts of the transit of Venus of December 6, 1882, were, to the nearest second:

1st contact,	8h.	56m.	15s.	W. M. T.
2d	"	9h.	15m.	49s.
3d	"	2h.	39m.	33s.
4th	"	2h.	59m.	51s.

For first contact the spider line was arranged to cut off a segment of the sun on the middle of which Venus appeared. The smallest notch which could be seen was recorded. Definition moderately good.

For second contact the limb of the sun was very unsteady. The time taken was when the first glimmer of light crossed between the horns. Sixteen seconds previous to this, apparent geometrical contact was noticed; and sixteen seconds after, a very distinct persistent streak of light was seen. Both first and second contacts were taken through thin clouds, which did not seem to disturb the sight.

At third contact all conditions were favorable. No ligature was seen, the disk was steady and the contact is very reliable. By the time of the fourth contact the limb of the sun was again quivering, but the time cannot be far wrong.

No atmosphere of Venus was seen at any time when off the disk of the sun. I should suppose the first contact *might have been* three seconds before the time recorded.

The second *might have been* in error three seconds plus or minus. The third, I believe, did not vary one second from the time. The fourth could hardly be in error two seconds. These I should place as the limits of error unless I was very much deceived.

The instrument used was an eight and one-half inch equatorial, cut down to six-inch aperture; focal length, eleven feet, clock-work attachment. A solar prism of two pieces of glass cemented by Canada balsam was used. The eye-piece was negative with spider lines in it, and magnified two hundred diameters. The time was taken by two assistants with watches, recording as phenomena were called out. On this they had been previously drilled, and their results agreed except that in one case there was a divergence of one second, which was decided by the chronograph record. This last was used only as a check, being not considered instantaneous. The watches were corrected by the Washington time signals of the 5th, 6th and 7th, also by the local time obtained from a four-inch transit instrument and a good sidereal clock (Harpur, Philadelphia). These agreed to within a fraction of a second, assuming the previously determined longitude of the Observatory, 6m. 59.34s. East.

Faculae were visible on the sun at the time of the third contact only.

Latitude of Observatory, 40°, 0', 42".

Longitude, 6m., 59.34s. E. of Washington.

Prof. ISAAC SHARPLESS, Astronomer.

JOHN E. COFFIN, }
GEO. H. EVANS, } Assistants.

In this connection the following letter may be interesting:

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1882.

ISAAC SHARPLESS.

DEAR SIR:—In our talk to-day, about the Haverford "Transit of Venus" Observations, I forgot to mention that I had handed your "contacts" to the correspondent of the *London Times*, who telegraphed them to London that night, Dec. 6th. They are published in the *London Times* of Dec. 8th. They are duly credited to "Professor Sharpless, posted at Haverford College Observatory, near Philadelphia."

Very truly,

W. V. MCKEAN.

SOURCES OF LITERATURE.

It has become the custom of historians to accept as the crucial test of a nation's worth, its advancement in art and its possession of a distinct and characteristic literature. Material prosperity is still the boast of every progressing nation, but no guarantee of influence in the future, no power to direct the destinies of the nations yet to be, is felt to have positive value comparable to that of intellectual force and distinction.

Each new nation accepts the material advancement of its predecessors as its natural heritage, and in good degree also directs its own currents of thought, moulds its own intellectual character. Notwithstanding this, we cannot outgrow Homer or Plato; their prowess ever will stand in competition with ours. The intellectual life—the forces which move it, seem to follow in natural sequence through the ages; they possess continuity; they indeed seem at times at a very low ebb, but always, at some place, the tide has been high, and has indicated prowess and renown.

The blood-stained record of Tamerlane's life is insignificant in comparison with the triumphs of Newton. The march of mind keeps step with the instincts of the human heart; as they are spiritualized, it is glorified, and we recognize in the struggle for the humanizing arts, in the efforts of the soul upward and outward into the light of love and of God, the substantial progress of mankind.

Briefly we would indicate some of the sources of literature (which we esteem as the most worthy evidence of intellectual advancement), and point especially to that source which, as it predominates, will give finer temper to the race, and lead it in the upward march to the stars. Perhaps it would be impossible to point to any time in the history of mankind when the world was entirely without a literature. The rudest nations sang about their

smoking victims the glory of their fathers and the might and majesty of nature. It is not, however, until society becomes organized, and material success is assured, that literature assumes a tangible shape and is preserved to posterity.

All history seems to point to tradition as the first and original source of literature. The untutored mind recognizes, perhaps, as well the mystery of the future as it does the significance of the past, but it dwells especially upon the latter, for the probable reason, that, while it is not awed by it, it nevertheless feels that it is more readily within its grasp. Tradition, as a source of literature, divides itself naturally into traditions of race and traditions of religion. It is perhaps impossible to judge which of these has been the most prolific source, and which in order of time is first used. As a matter of fact, this does not concern the present discussion; its interest, however, as a matter of investigation, is very great.

The importance of the literature of tradition, as it is handed down to us, has perhaps never been overestimated. Students of philology have appropriately acknowledged their debt, but the praise of the literature of the religious traditions has not been generally accorded. Thoreau and Emerson in America frequently speak in high praise of it, and some great students abroad have made the study of it a specialty. We believe it is a fertile source of study. We believe it is well for every human heart to understand that, though removed thousands of years from those simple worshipers, there yet remain many bonds of common sympathy. We must still stand with awe before the infinite, must feel our hearts faint and our hands grow weary, as we struggle with the mysteries of life and death. Their God was our God, and they were flesh as we are flesh.

Time does not permit that we dwell at any length upon the several sources as they are enumerated, nor even that we should endeavor to name them all. We would fain stop one moment, however, to point to the instance of America, which illustrates, by its progress, the various transitions, from traditions to natural tendencies of life, and finally to that source of character which has its foundation in the moral sentiment.

Second in order of time to tradition we would name the tendencies of life. We do not look upon the literature of this character as having had an especially reforming influence, but rather as having mirrored the reforms of the race as it advanced. Agreeable with the opinion of Draper, "that profound changes alone ensue when the operating force is in unison with the temper of the age," we prefer to believe that few reforms have been wrought

by a single agency. Literature has ever had its refining effect, has perhaps modified reforms, but it can point to few that it has itself accomplished. From this source of literature it seems evident that most philosophy is derived, and if we accept this as true, it entails the further belief that nations have made philosophies, and not been made by them. The mind advances to a certain position; becomes theistic or atheistic, as the case may be, and philosophy simply formulates these tenets. Besides philosophy, historical novels and dramas draw largely from this source, and often reflect more perfectly the tendencies of the life of a period than contemporary history. "The Golden Legend" and George Eliot's "Romola" are familiar instances of this, and their intrinsic excellence is so great that it is no exaggeration to say of them, that they project the past into the present with such consummate skill that we become familiar with the actors as they pass across the stage, and enter into the merits of the play which they unconsciously act.

Passing, however, from the tendencies of life, we come to a source of literature, which is perhaps more fruitful than any we have named; a source which has been operative through all ages, but has been deepened and made purer with time. It is that of human character. What lyrics of any time have not reflected the rest and unrest, the loves and hates, the joys and sorrows, of the human heart? History portrays the march of the nations to glory, and this glory is the triumph of the individual, the perfecting of man. Poetry of what description soever has to do with man, and indeed, we are almost led with Goethe to exclaim, "Nothing is of interest to man, but man."

The ideals of character do indeed change with time, and are perfected by it. "No poetry, no philosophy, no art of Greece," says Gladstone, "ever embraced in its most soaring and widest conceptions that simple law of love toward God and towards our neighbor, on which 'two commandments hang all the law and the prophets,' and which supplied the moral basis of the new dispensation. There is one history, and that the most touching and profound of all, for which we should search in vain through all the pages of the classics,—I mean the history of the human soul in its relation with its Maker, the history of its sin and grief and death, and the way of its recovery to hope and life and enduring joy."

Literature, then, has come to that animating source which has so changed its character that we must now consider it foremost among the forces working for the amelioration of mankind. It has advanced through all stages, oftentimes, perhaps, with halting gait, from the simplicity of ignorance to the simplicity of wisdom and

knowledge. It has become by no means the least of the agencies perfecting character. Through it virtue has become more strong, love has been spiritualized, and the moral sentiment has been enforced. It does not antagonize material prosperity, but joins hands with it, so that they proceed together. It has been called, but we think incorrectly called, "culture." Most certainly it is one of the agencies of culture, and by a subtle magnetism marshals all the other agencies which perfect men, and make them "peers of all the world."

LOCALS.

Hard luck !

The kid is with us once again.

Freshies, do try again, and shave him.

Ben says, he ain't got dat dar twising grape vine yet.

Baily, '85, got the Athenæum prize for declamation.

Ice-house is well filled with ten-inch congealed water.

We would congratulate the rabbit which eluded the pistol of the bloodthirsty Senior.

Our observations on the 6th were remarkably successful; for particulars, see other column.

Hearing one of the Sophomores propose a game of twenty questions, the other day, brought us back to bygone days.

The foot-ball season is over, and we record no defeats. We should be congratulated on our clean record.

The Sophomore who investigated the bottom of the skating pond in search of zoological specimens has not yet reported.

The good ice and fine moonlight nights have been thoroughly appreciated, not only by the students, but also by our neighbors.

Some one among us is authority for the statement that an ancient Greek could play on the flute and accompany himself by singing.

There has been some talk of not cutting the ice after the holidays; we fully commend this decision, and thank our managers accordingly.

Certain members of '83 have instituted a dog kennel on the first floor; the editors would solicit the services of the canines on Haverfordian day.

The Managers' Report for '82 is just out. It is a neatly gotten-up volume, and gives one a good idea what events have transpired in the last year at Haverford.

The foot-ball match between '86 Swarthmore and '86 Haverford, resulted in a victory for Swarthmore by one goal and ten touch-downs. Good work was exhibited on both sides.

The first eleven will commence work in the gymnasium next week, under the auspices of Dr. Ladd, and will give his system, of working a team together, a thorough test.

The absent-minded Junior locked his door, put the key in his pocket, and, when recitation hour came, yelled for some one to come and let him out. It is not to be supposed, however, that he had been up late the night before.

Alas!
 No more upon the glittering ice
 The skaters glide with flying heel;
 No more resounds the flashing steel;
 No more doth "shinny's" charms entice;
 No more by night we see the glow
 As torches o'er the surface flash;
 No more we hear the warning splash
 Of some poor Sophomore gone below.
 Alas! allured by shining gold
 The Prefect bargained for our dam;
 The ice was cut! (my soul keep calm!)
 And all the student's fun was sold.

Now shut up and stop grumbling, you can't always have a good time, there are some hardships in this life as well as pleasures, you must not expect all life to be a holiday, so buckle down, old fellow, and put your shoulder to the wheel.

The fellow who translated "*At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens*," "The pious Aeneas, rolling over many times in the night," has been equalled by a Freshman, who renders "*juvenem divina specie*," "a youth of divine nationality."

The rural denizens along the Lancaster pike between Bryn Mawr and Ardmore were recently terrified by the maraudings of a band, whom they imagined to be outlaws under Jesse James resurrected, but it turned out that they were only Freshmen in search of cats for dissection.

Over the ice he glid,
 Into the water slid,
 Howled like a tiger,
 Flashed all his molars bare,
 Fiercely his eyes did glare,
 Almost he seemed to swear,
 Such was his anger.
 And as he slowly rose,
 Dripped all his Sunday clothes
 Faster and faster.
 There on the bank meanwhile
 Grinly his comrades smile,
 "Hard luck" is what they style
 His sad disaster.

The Freshmen are rivaling Nimrod as hunters. They spend their hours in hunting the cats, which formerly serenaded us with their nocturnal howls. It takes three to perform the act. One puts salt on the cat's tail, another holds chloroform to her nose, while a third is reported to take notes for the benefit of science.

A society for the prevention of the perpetration of puns should be formed in college. A young man nearly fainted away the other day when it was accidentally stated in his presence that a punster should be punished; a joke which, by the way, has been the property of every succeeding class since the college was founded.

Dark was the night and drear,
 Keen was the chilling blast,
 The winds rushed far and near,
 Like demons sweeping past,
 While the feathery flakes of snow filled the air,
 And the stars, at times so bright,
 Had refused to give their light,
 And around was wintry night
 Everywhere.
 Within his lighted room
 The student sat asleep,
 Forgetful of his doom,
 As he snored in slumber deep,
 And before him on a desk lay his book,
 Not the beating of the wind
 Could arouse his dormant mind
 Though the rattling window-blind
 Loudly shook.

The sleeper had a dream;
 There seemed to come to him
 Within a cloud of steam
 A turkey ghastr and grim,
 And shook its fluttering pinions
 Round his head.
 And it said in accents sweet,
 "You perceive the very meat
 Which to-day you chose to eat
 Till most dead."

Quickly passed the hours by,
 The pealing clock struck one;
 He roused up with a sigh,
 For the morrow had begun,
 But no portion of his task had he learned.
 All was silent now; the blast
 With its mournful shrieks had passed,
 And his light, decreasing fast,
 Dimly burned.

He lay down on his bed,
 Was soon asleep once more,
 Nor raised his weary head
 Till breakfast was most o'er;
 Then quickly from his couch upward sprang,
 And within his class that day
 He had nothing for to say,
 Could but answer simply "Nay"
 With a pang.

When asked the reason why,
 His ignorance was such
 He answered with a sigh,
 "I ate, perhaps, too much
 Of that Thanksgiving turkey yesterday,
 And the sleep it brought to me,
 With my lessons, as you see,
 Did not very well agree,
 By the way."

Junior in Cicero: "*Lusit vir egregius extremo spiritu*,"—The great man joked at the end of his liquor."

Prof.: "That is as good as 'I have eaten a monument harder than brass.'"

PERSONAL.

'52.—Lewis M. Hopkins has been from the first a trustee of the Johns Hopkins University, founded by his uncle.

'73.—Alden Sampson, A. M., is traveling in Colorado, in the hope of benefiting his health.

'70.—On the 6th ult., we had the pleasure of listening to an extremely interesting lecture delivered in Alumni Hall, by Charles Wood, A. M., on his personal reminiscences of some of the leading minds of England and Germany. The pleasant manner of the lecturer, and the nicety with which he portrayed the characters of the great men he had met, held the attention of his audience throughout; and we hope we may soon have the honor of listening to him again.

'81.—On Thanksgiving Day last, Walter Penn Shipley played a remarkable game of chess with the German champion, Steinitz. The game lasted five hours and a half, till at length Mr. Steinitz was compelled to draw the game to save himself from a complete defeat, as he himself said. Mr. Steinitz had enjoyed an unbroken succession of victories in this country, until he met Mr. Shipley, though we believe he has been beaten once or twice since.

Joseph H. Cook, E. Y. Hartshorne and George Hussey, of '81, R. R. Dunn and H. L. Wilbur of '83, have visited their *Alma Mater* since our last issue.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Not a new paper, but a new one to us, is the *Georgetown College Journal*, which now presents itself for inspection. Its chief literary article shows up the prevalent cry for practical education in a light, humorous way, and at the same time points out that the proper field of education is to train the mind, and not to make it a machine. Farther than this we are not going to say anything about the *Journal's* contents, for we notice that there is *A. Brogan* among its editors, and we have too much respect for our person to expose it to any attacks that can be avoided.

Not many exchanges reach us from the far South, but we are pleased to receive a greeting in the shape of a *Monthly* from the University of Alabama. We find it a sensible, dignified, and interesting paper. A few things show that down there they don't look at things just as we have been accustomed to do. For instance, the *Monthly* says that, during the war, Whittier was "busy in writing hard things concerning the South." Of course we might suggest to our Southern brethren that Whittier was only voicing his indignation against "a nation's griefs and wrongs," but then that is a conviction that will probably come to them when circumstances are such that they can understand him more fully.

The muse of college verse seems to have got to Syracuse on her rounds this time, and inspired the students there with various jingles for the *University Herald*. Five poems grace the columns of its December issue; one of the short ones is graphic enough for reproduction:

"I had a dream the other night,
While all around was still,
I thought I saw a fresh young man
Come dashing down the hill.

And as he passed he heaved a sigh
That was full ten feet long;
I stopped him short—'twas evident
That something had gone wrong.

Said I, 'My boy, what makes you sigh?'
He answered very low,
'Twixt you and me we'll let this be—
My moustache will not grow.'"

The *Herald* also contains an article on Temperance, which is unique in its way. Here is some of its reasoning.—Intemperance is a huge tree: one of its branches is rum-drinking, which bears the fruit of drunkenness; another is opium-eating and its fruit stupor and death; another immoderate mental work—fruit, impaired health. Now by cutting off the one limb of drinking alcohol, you do not weaken the tree. The nutriment which would have gone into the severed branch, will now go into the other branches, and the tree will be strong as ever.—Ap-

plied more generally its logic becomes this; there is, of necessity, a definite quantity of baseness in the world. It is useless to stop its manifestation in one form, because that will only intensify its action in another.

For the first time we have a visitant from over the water. *Our Magazine* comes from the London Collegiate School for Girls, and brings with it ample proof of the literary abilities of those who sustain it. A review of Charles Kingsley's works, which classes him as a writer full of power to refresh and stir up the mind, seems of especial value. The article shows a thorough acquaintance with the novelist—an acquaintance which gives the power to understand his motives in writing, and to appreciate and analyze the characters he created. A touching poem recounts the deed of the Pennsylvania railway engineer who recently sacrificed his life in saving the lives of the passengers on his train. We commend it to those editors whose burdened minds sometimes lead them to express themselves in love-sick rhymes framed in adoration of the fair sex, or in gushy effusions concerning the silent moon, or some other equally intangible object. Perhaps it may not be altogether out of place to remark here, that several of our exchanges have put themselves on record as believing that young ladies' colleges and co-education colleges are less productive of such unhealthy wails than those institutions which train the masculine Young America only; and an examination of the papers before us seems to indicate that this is true. The first and last stanzas of the poem in *Our Magazine* will serve to show its style:

"Heroes, you say; for they died in the field, with their faces full front to the foe!
It may be—I know not—perhaps you are right; there are heroes and heroes you know.

We judge so oddly, we down here. God does not judge like us,
And many a man is nought in His sight over whom we fume and fuss.

* * * * *
And he died last night. A hero! I tell you again and again,
A million such lives as the men you name may pass through the soil and the stain

Of the so-called death of honor, and not gain such a glad 'Well done'
As the Master gave that man last night, when he passed to the crown he had won."

Some of the young ladies, in a manner which seems half confidential, tell of some tableaux which they presented at an entertainment, and in doing so give a little glimpse of the green-room and the dressing of the personators. Of course they only push the curtains aside a little, but we take our peep, thankful for small favors.

MARRIED.

BROWN—RUCKMAN.—Thursday, December 28th, at the Presbyterian Church, Doylestown, Pa., Henry C. Brown ('66), of Philadelphia, to Emma C. Ruckman, of Doylestown.

The other morning a manuscript was laid on our desk with the following note attached :

MR. EDITOR:—Knowing by experience the labor and trouble encountered by the student of German in Whitney's German Reader, I would venture to lighten the toil of future classes by the following translation of Goethe's Erlking.

The blotted and crumpled manuscript enclosed, read as follows :

THE ERLKING.

Who rides so late through the night-wind wild?
It is the father with his dear child,
He bears his son so firm in his arm,
He holds him safely, he holds him warm.

"My son, why tremblest thou so with fear?"
"Seest thou not the Erlking, my father dear,—
The King of the Erls with a crown of light?"
"My son, 'twas naught but the damp mist white."

*My dearest child, come,—go with me,
Many glad games will I play with thee,
So many bright flowers grow there in my home,
My mother wears golden robes,—little one, come.*

"My father—my father—and dost thou not hear
What the Erlking saith to me softly, clear?"
"Be quiet, my son, the wind o'erhead
Sighed through the oak leaves parched and dead." •

*Then wilt thou not, dearest child, go with me?
My beautiful daughter is waiting for thee;
Mid all the glad dancers, she dances the best,
She will sing to thee sweetly, and rock thee to rest.*

"See, father—dear father—in yonder dark spot!
The Elfenking's daughter—oh! seest thou her not?"
"My son—my son—full clear do I see,
'Tis the glancing leaf of the willow-tree."

*Thy fair form enchants me,—thou wilt not say nay,
Thou art still unwilling? I'll drag thee away.
"My father—my father—the Erlking draws nigh!
He grasps me! he hurts me! Dear father, I die!"*

The father, in terror, rode fast through the night;
He elaps in his arms the groaning child tight,
When he rode through the court-yard with fear and dread,
At rest in his arms his child lay dead.

Four new students come to Haverford with the New Year.

A SUMMER-DAY'S SPORT.

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

Canto I.

Boy,
Gun,
Joy,
Fun.

Canto II.

Gun,
Bust,
Boy,
Dust.—*Ex.*

Student (translating): "And—er—then—er—then—er—he—er—went—and—er—"

The class laugh.

Professor: "Don't laugh, gentlemen; to *err* is human."—*Ex.*

A Cambridge (Mass.) man arrived in a frontier village recently, just as a gang of cowboys "had taken the town." His first exclamation was, "Have you folks a college here already!"—*Ex.*

TIME: Election day. Slightly exhilarated individual in front of the city hall vainly trying to put on his coat. Sympathizing passer by: "You're putting the right arm into the left sleeve." Exhilarated individual: "That's all right, I—I le—left handed."—*Ex.*

Over the garden wall,
Apple-trees big and tall,
No apples as yet so hard to get,
And you may bet
I'll never forget
The night that dog was on me set
Over the garden wall.—*Madisonensis.*

She: "This is a pretty hour of the night for you to come home after you promised me to come home at a quarter of twelve. You are the biggest liar in Austin." *He* (pointing to the clock): "well, ain't three a quarter of twelve? It ain't my fault you don't know arithmetic."—*Texas Siftings.*

A little boy quietly watched a bee crawling on his hand, till it stopped and stung him, when he sobbed: "I didn't mind its walking about, but when it sat down it hurt awful."—*Ex.*

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student replied: "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl for two hours."—*Ex.*

Tutor (dictating Greek prose composition): "Tell me, slave, where is the horse?" Startled Sophomore: "It's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it."—*Ex.*

Isn't a woman wet enough with a *cataract* in her eye, a *waterfall* on her head, a *creck* in her back, forty *springs* in her skirt, *high tied* shoes, and a *notion* in her head?—*Ex.*

A COMPARATIVE DEGREE.

Miss Emma Blank, tutor at Vassar,
Once said to a Cornell Professor,
"I should like a degree,
And I think that M. D.
Would make me a happy possessor."

The Prof. like a bold chevalier,
As he drew up his chair somewhat near,
Said, "Of greater degree,
Shall you be than M. D.,
I confer the degree, Emma Dear."—*Ex.*

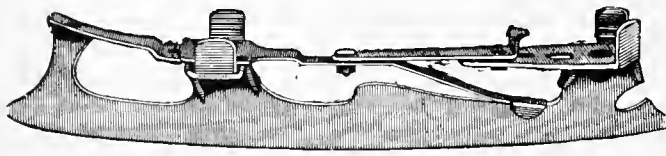
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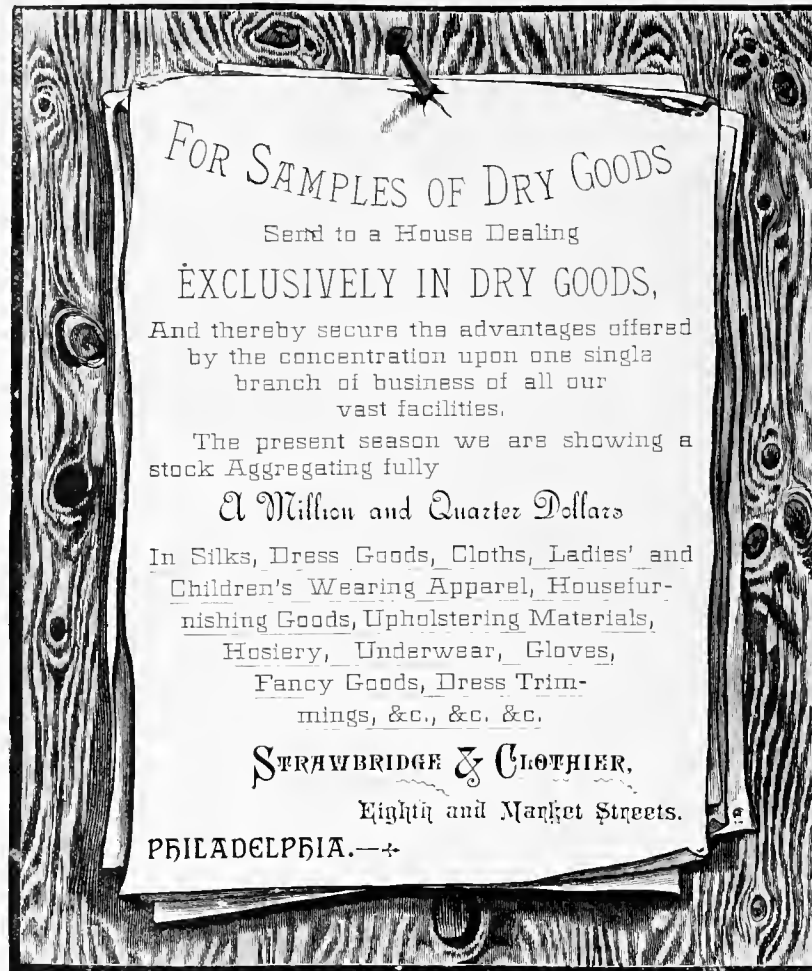
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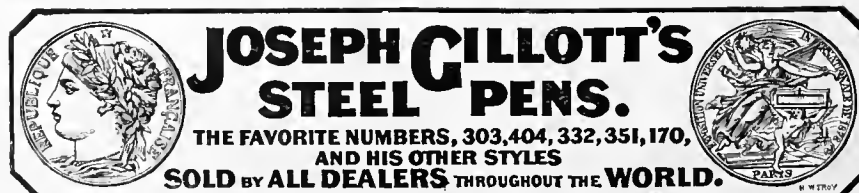
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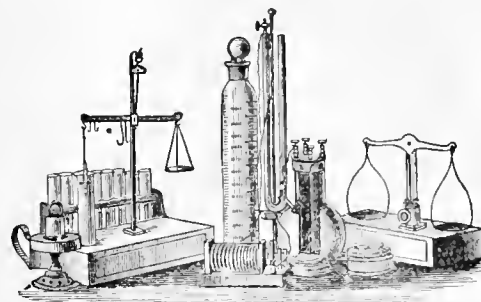
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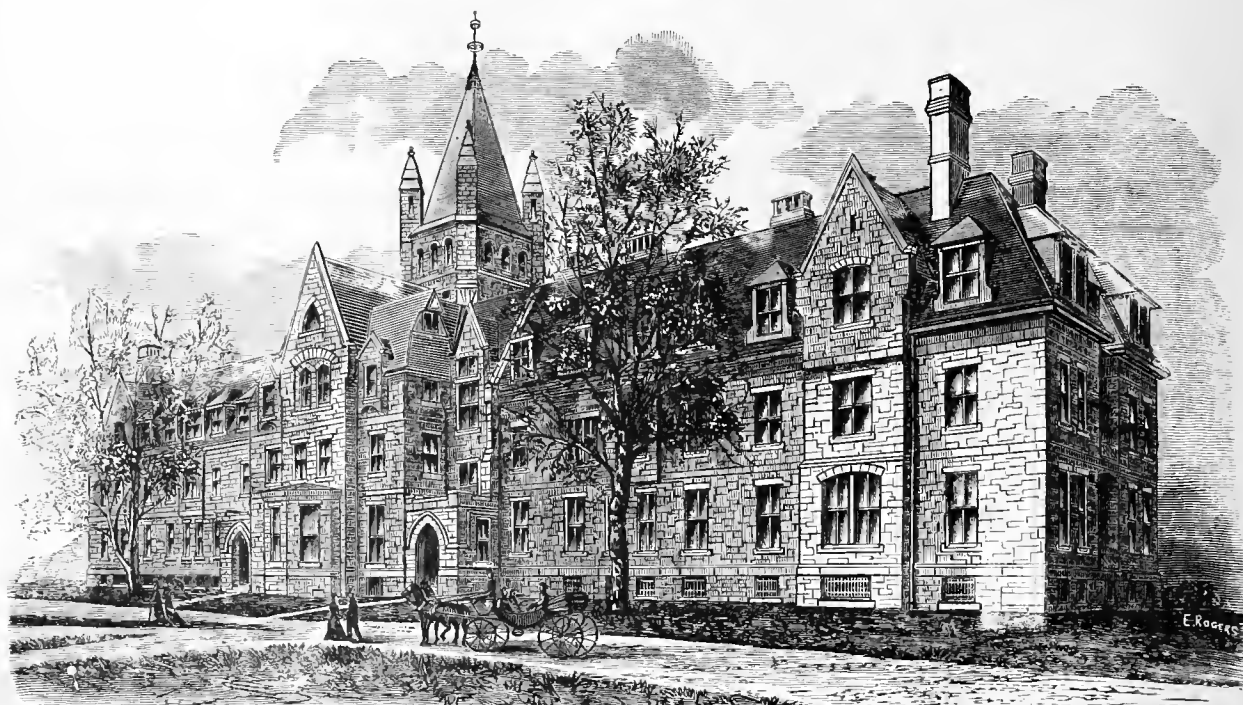
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., FEBRUARY, 1883.

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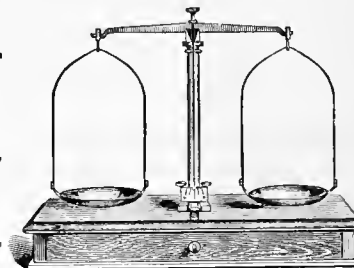
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 5.

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Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

To the Readers of The Haverfordian:

It may seem necessary to make some explanation in regard to my withdrawal at this time in the College year from *The Haverfordian*. That there may be no misconception in regard to my course, I will say that my reasons are ill-health and want of time. I have derived much pleasure from my association with the paper, and do not leave it without some regret. I would also say that I feel a deep obligation to the Faculty, Alumni and students of Haverford College for the kind support they have given me in the management of this paper. With the earnest wish that you may continue this support to my worthy successor,

I Remain Yours,

O. W. BATES.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, *January 30, 1883.*

We have attempted several times to call the attention of some of the students to the amount of noise and disorder which they cause in Barclay Hall. We have also tried to do it in a proper and gentlemanly manner, but the present indications are that we have failed in our endeavors. It is true that we cannot compel a person to conduct himself as a gentleman, but we have always thought that the persons to whom we refer were gentlemen enough to try to conduct themselves so as to annoy their fellow-students as little as possible. Even these thoughts have been driven from us by their recent conduct, and we are now left with no ground to stand on in reference to these noble collegians. When a person comes to college he is supposed to have seen enough of the world to enable him to think a little, at least, and to know that there are other persons in the world besides himself. He also is supposed to know that it is, to say the least, very unbecoming two college students, eighteen, nineteen, or even twenty years old, to stand in the hall with cups or buckets of water, and throw at each other to see who would get wet the more; he is supposed to know that other people have to walk the halls, and that it is exceedingly unpleasant to have to walk through water and a small crop of beans, or stop and wait until they have finished their water-fight and bean-throwing. We are very sorry to say that there are some at Haverford who are too ignorant on these subjects, and while they set themselves up as gentlemen, and persons entitled to places in good society, they come far short in even these simple requirements; they lack even the slightest traces of gentlemanliness. Knowledge does not make the gentleman, and you may be as wise as Solomon, yet lacking this thoughtfulness and respect for others, you are not and never can be a gentleman. 'Tis true, we have heard these things excused as "boyish fun," and on account of the age of those engaged in it, but Haverford is not the place for these young men(?) to play their "boyish tricks." We come here to work and act as men, not to play. Now, while we desire to offend no one, we would say to *you*, consider what we have said, and if these things apply to you in any way, they were written for your benefit. Take them and profit by them.

We have heard so many complaints lately concerning the heating apparatus in Barclay Hall, that we think it would not be out of place to say a few words in these columns in regard to the matter. Some of the rooms, especially those on the windy side of the building, have at times during the past two months been unbearably cold. Now it seems to us, though we may, perhaps, be ignorant of all the facts of the case, that a better plan than the present might be adopted. Fifty-eight degrees is rather too low for comfort, and yet this has at times been the average temperature in certain apartments. It is not improbable that the introduction of steam radiators would remedy this. The change would not, at any rate, be a change for the worse. Those parts of the building which are at present heated in this manner are always warm and comfortable even in the coldest weather. While we rejoice to see the improvements which are going on in so many directions at Haverford, we can but regret that in a matter so important to the health and comfort of all there is apparently so little concern.

We hear that there is a movement on foot to go back to the old method in the Loganian, and have meetings weekly instead of fortnightly. Perhaps before the present number of the "Haverfordian" shall have issued from the press this change will be made. If this would bring the Loganian up to the position which it held a year ago, we would be the last to cry it down; but we fear it would not. There are moreover strong reasons why the step should not be taken. The college is an overworked one as it is. There is not a man here belonging to the Loganian, who, if he endeavors to do his work honestly, does not find that he has little time to spare. Besides the tasks pertaining to the regular college curriculum he has continually something to work up either in the Loganian, or the private society of which he is a member. Add to this the reading which he should do in connection with his Junior and Senior orations, and the writing of these, and you have a year's work which should be rather diminished than increased. But perhaps a few really wish to devote more time to society work. If this be the case, let them rather be zealous to improve the quality than to increase the quantity of that work. Much better one well prepared essay than two hastily thrown together.

Now, let us examine this matter and see if we cannot detect where the trouble lies. Before the constitutional amendment last year the average attendance was twenty; after this instead of decreasing, it increased a slight fraction, and that, too, at a season of the year when the attendance in all of the societies is apt to be smaller.

The only fair way to judge of the success of the system is by comparing the figures taken before and after the change, during a period when the same students were in the society. This year new members came in and old ones went out. More than half of those who had been active members a few months previous had disappeared. From the very first the meetings have been poorly attended, not on account of their fewness, but on account of the fact that there are not as many actively interested in society affairs as formerly.

We wish to make a suggestion, which, if heeded, we doubt not would be of good results. Complaints are quite often made on account of the fact that students are tardy in coming to meals. This, we think, could be to a certain extent remedied, if the hand-bell were rung in Barclay Hall. It is almost impossible for many to hear the large bell, especially on stormy days. The plan would give very little trouble to any one, and would be of great convenience to all.

The question, "How can the cricket interests be best advanced?" is one we often hear asked. As an answer to it we would repeat what we have said in a former issue; that an honest competition for places on the eleven be made possible; and let each person receive the position he *honestly* deserves. As it now is there is absolutely no chance for a person to get on either of the cricket elevens unless he is a cricketer of unusual ability or a warm personal friend of the Ground Committee. If the students who take an interest in cricket and don't happen to have intimate friends on the Ground Committee, could be assured that their efforts would be rewarded as they deserved to be, then the afternoon practice matches would be of some advantage and all would like to play. But now how is it? The unfortunate ones are taken down to the cricket field and are compelled to field for the amusement of the first eleven. It is great fun for those who bat, but for the poor Freshman, and the others, who are numbered among them on the cricket field, it is anything but fun. If nets were used, there would be but few who would get any good from this mode of practicing as these few would monopolize all the nets. So, if we want cricket to succeed as it used to, let us have the old honesty and honor, then the fellows will play cricket and play with some ambition, knowing that there is something to compete for and some one to compete with, impartial men being judges,

A change has been made in the "Haverfordian" staff owing to the resignation of the Business Manager. Our relations with him as editors have been very pleasant, and we regret that his ill health forbids his finishing up the work of a year which promised to be so profitable a one financially. His mantle, however, has fallen in pleasant places, and the present Business Manager and his assistant will, we have no doubt, carry to completion the plans which he started out upon.

PROGRESSION.

If we turn back but a few pages in the history of the past we find the world groveling in dark superstitions, and believing that all their actions, both good and bad, were governed by blind chance or a certain unavoidable fate. With nothing to show them the great truths of Christianity, and relying wholly on their imagination for an explanation of what they saw everywhere around them, it is not strange that, educated though they were, they were unable to understand what seems so clear to us.

They, as well as we, noted great changes, movements which tended to raise the human race from their low condition to a higher and nobler vantage ground. Philosophers lived among them teaching that the possessions of this world and those acquirements which are commonly considered of the highest value, pale before the possession of those grander qualities,—virtue and justice. Poets, too, sang of a general progress of mankind, but they all failed to detect the principles governing the changes which they witnessed.

Instead of trying to penetrate the future, divine its laws, and prepare themselves for its demands, they spent their time lingering in the past enveloped in the mists and myths of antiquity. What they saw and experienced filled up their sphere of knowledge. The mountains seemed to bound their field of vision, and so they imagined they must uphold the dome of Heaven around which the Sun drove his daily chariot. In early Greece, Hesiod, standing near the father of poetry, sang of the descending gradations through which man had gone.

First, they enjoyed the Golden Age, in which everything was peaceful, pleasant and happy, men were secure, and lived without labor, with nothing to disturb or trouble them. Here then joy was realized to its full extent and happiness was the lot of all. This was followed by the Silver Age but little inferior to the first but showing a descending scale. Next came the Brazen age, when man became robust, strong and mighty, contending with brazen weapons, but without the happiness of former times.

Still continuing to descend he at last reached the

Iron Age, which unhappily, as the poet says was his own, when envy and revenge filled the hearts of all, and war and destruction was the aim of manhood. Such was the knowledge wise Greece devoted herself to and this was the generally accepted opinion.

Ovid in flowing verses adopted his ideas and gave them the Roman Sanction; while the sportive fancy of Horace and the stern genius of Juvenal recognized them as true. Virgil, in his earlier years, seems to have caught a glimpse of divine truth. In his Eclogue to Pollio, the real meaning of which is still unexplained, he seems to foretell from heathen lips, the coming of a Saviour, and instead of looking back for the Golden Age, he sees it in the future. In his words is a ray of truth which shines even now.

Thus the idea of progression started as a little stream from the mountain side, but as it flowed on it received tributaries from other sources until it moved with the force of a mighty river.

It had been a long dark night, but dawn was approaching, and "jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Germany was the first modern nation to be interested in the progress of human improvement. Leibnitz her gigantic genius skilled alike in Science, Mathematics, Philosophy and Theology, gave his master mind to the study of the subject and the movements which govern and control its attainment.

He saw and recognized the advancement of the present, then over the superstitions and prejudices of the past, and he clearly laid down the Law of Progress in all the sciences and in all the concerns of life. "The Present," he said, "born of the past is pregnant with the Future." He believed that the race of mankind was capable of continued improvement until it reached perfection. His views were seconded and carried out farther by Pascal, a man who by his learning and untiring study has enriched every branch of knowledge, and whose short life was spent in seeking to elevate his fellow-men.

He compared the existence of mankind to the life of an individual who has first birth, then childhood and manhood, and finally comes to old age; as his intellectual and moral powers can be indefinitely improved and expanded by age, influence and study, so the human race has had a birth, and what we call antiquity is but the childhood of humanity, and like the individual has felt the influence of the ages through which it has passed down to the present. I quote briefly from Pascal's *Les Pensées*, "By a special prerogative of the human race not only each man advances day by day in the sciences, but all men make a continual progress, as the universe grows

old. So that the succession of men, in the course of so many ages, may be regarded as one man who *lives always and learns continually*." But while we recognize the truth of this, it is still a fact that nothing is accomplished without time and exertion. Nature works rather through long ages, with steady improvement, than by sudden changes. While the earth might have been made and poised with all its perfection in a single day, we find, instead, that age after age and æon upon æon passed away as the waters slowly move the granite boulders to the fertile fields. Time will, in the end, accomplish what at first seems to finite minds beyond conception. Let it once be granted that the heavenly bodies meet with resistance in space however small, and it is certain that each orb which now shines so bright will become extinct. In the same way if we grant a gradual progress in man we must grant with time his perfection. The past is plain to all and we now find ourselves far in advance of the most enlightened of antiquity, but the future will show still greater triumphs. It is not necessary to speak here of the great mechanical improvements which have been made over the past. We all see for ourselves the mountains removed and cast into the sea, and the work accomplished with the greatest ease which they wrought out with the sweat of their brow. These are the triumphs over inanimate nature. We wish to speak rather of the grand advancement we have made in intellectual and moral pursuits, the perfection of which, if attainable, is in the far future while we are now at the start, nevertheless we are making rapid strides toward that ever receding goal.

If, as Pope has said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," how small are the triumphs of genius and discovery compared with the improvement of human kind. The liberation of our slaves is to be looked upon as a much greater triumph than the inventions which have startled the world.

The advancement from almost universal war and bloodshed towards a time when we enjoy almost universal peace is not to be left unnoticed. On nothing do we look with more pleasure than the broken arrows and disbandoned mail coats of the past, or hail with more joy than the signs of coming peace.

The glory of war is but a single flash soon to die out, but the fruits of peace are of everlasting continuance. The glare of gas lamps is not to be mistaken for the feeble light of the far off star, which shines year after year with uninterrupted brilliancy, nor is gentle peace to be exchanged for the apparent grandeur of war.

He would, indeed, be unpatriotic who did not now thrill at the mention of Bunker Hill and Saratoga, fields consecrated to freedom, but the light of Paul Revere's

lantern shines only for a day, while the star of Bethlehem, accompanied by choruses of angels singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men," will shine for all eternity.

"Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

* * * * *
"Down the dark future through long generations,
The echoing sounds grows fainter and then cease,
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace!'"

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.—WHAT IS HE, AND WHAT DOES HE KNOW?

In speaking of college graduates I have no reference, of course, to prodigies, to exceptional cases of good scholarship. I make no mention of young men, who, by excessively close application to study, have acquired an unusually broad knowledge of things. Nor do I have anything to do with men of genius—those strong creatures without any law. But I chose the average college student—the live boy of sixteen summers, who enters college fresh from his school-boy pranks, bent on what he calls "having fun," who looks upon the Faculty as an association of august tyrants and forthwith hurls defiance at their worthy heads; who spends his stray moments in culling scraps of news from the Sophomore camp; who counts himself honored to be called a Freshman; who votes rules a bore, and can't see why we have any rules. This specimen, this diamond in the rough,—what will he be, what will he know, when he comes to take his degree?

I think we may say that there are very few intelligent men of means of the present day, who do not desire, at least, to give their sons the opportunity of a college education, if they wish it. But, nevertheless, we still hear a great deal of fun made of college graduates, of what they know, of their future usefulness in the world. It therefore behooves us, as college students, to look to ourselves and see whether this be so; whether this four years of the most vigorous period of our lives, which we think we are devoting to preparations for the future, is not being squandered on idle fancies. Now what are we, and what do we know? To bring the matter within a more commensurate area, and within the realm of our own experience, what do we know—what do we have a chance of knowing—here at Haverford, where we have courses equal in breadth and completeness to the corresponding courses in any college?

We, of the classical division, have Latin and Greek throughout. The standard authors of ancient Greece

and Rome are read, giving, to a certain extent, an insight into the thoughts of the master minds of those cities as well as into their customs and modes of living. But it is not my intention to enter into the discussion of the advantages or disadvantages of the study of the Classics. Suffice it to say that I earnestly believe it to be beneficial.

Then, the different branches of mathematical science are studied, the Scientifics going somewhat further than the Classics. These two, Mathematics and the Classics, are pre-eminently our training studies.

Let us now run over some of the paths of investigation, which our college course throws open to us. We wish to know something of this world on which we dwell. Therefore, we study Physiography, which gives us a general view of the arrangement of the earth. We study Zoology, Botany and Mineralogy, to acquaint ourselves with the animal, vegetable and mineral worlds respectively. We turn to Geology to find out how this world was formed. Chemistry attracts our attention, because it resolves matter into its elements. Physics, too, claims a portion of our time. From this orb of ours—this mere point in space—we turn with bewildered eyes to the wonders of the celestial universe, to obtain, if possible, some small idea of that vast expanse.

But in the course of our investigations over this wide extent, we do not forget to devote a part of our time to the study of man. Under this head we may name Logic, Rhetoric, History, Political Science, Constitutional Law, Ethics, Evidences of Religion, and especially Christianity, Psychology and Metaphysics in general.

We have taken a hasty glance at the principal studies in our college course with the avowed purpose of discovering what we Collegians, we Haverfordians, know. But have we gained anything by this recital? Do we know these things, or have we been piling "ology" upon "ology," simply as a child piles blocks?

The non-collegian is inclined to think so. He looks upon the average college man as one who knows little about what he studies, and cares less. Undoubtedly he knows little, very little, compared with what he might know. But is that *little* amount large enough to make it worth the while? This is a question which, perhaps, presses hard sometimes, but it ought to be answered.

Let us look again at some of our studies, and first of all at the Classics. The boy who intends to enter the Classical Course is supposed to have a clear knowledge of Latin and Greek Grammar, and to have read some of the easy Latin and Greek authors. He enters college. During

the first two years of his course his instructor pays particular attention to construction in order to instill more thoroughly the principles. The last two years are devoted, generally, to a higher, a more philosophical view. An attempt is made to give the scholar some insight into the genius of the language; into the reason why the Roman or the Greek conformed to such and such a rule or mode of expression. If this attempt is successful, then, and then only, can the scholar appreciate the beauties of the language and enjoy the exquisite touches, the subtle shades of thought displayed in the literature of those noble tongues. This not only gives pleasure, but carries with it a lasting benefit. The Latin or Greek, of course, must be translated. Now, if the translator comes to fully appreciate these subtleties, he will naturally try to express the same thoughts, to the best advantage, in his own language. This, evidently, will tend to improve his diction.

But, it may be asked, does your average college graduate reach this standard? I answer, "No, not fully; but I believe that in experience you will find him advancing toward it."

Now, for a moment, let us turn to the study of History. What are the facts here? The time which can be devoted to this study during a college course gives but a scanty knowledge of history. To borrow a metaphor from Guizot, we stand on some eminence and take a bird's-eye view of things. Perhaps now and then we descend into the valley for a moment, but it is only to rise again. No wonder that we grow dizzy, bewildered, and lose our way. We see here an abyss and there a deep ravine, and far off there in the distance, a dark untrodden forest—a fitting background for this scene of our bewilderment. Our unsteady feet totter under us, and every moment threaten to hurl us into the oblivion of one of these gulfs below. This is a picture (rather flighty, perhaps,) of the feelings which overtake one, when he contemplates his situation. I think we may safely say that the collegian, yes, the average college graduate, *fully knows* that in regard to his acquaintance with history it becomes him to conduct himself with all humility.

But we must pass on to Metaphysics. Here the so-called practical man rebels. He can stand, what we call, our culture derived from the study of the classics. He admits the training obtained from mathematics; but when you speak of that ridiculous nonsense known as metaphysics he loses all control of himself. The college student thinks differently. Deep reasoning, broad generalizations, weighty thoughts appall his unpracticed mind; and yet, by close application, he can, to some extent, enter into those lofty thoughts which to the pro-

foundest minds always have been, and doubtless will be, of all things most real. His preconceived ideas of time and space may receive a rather severe jostling; his notions of things in general may lose considerable of the stable basis on which he formerly supposed them to rest; yet, if by this experience, his mental vision is enlarged; if his conception of the creation which surrounds us is more accurately defined, both as to what we rightly know and what we do not know, nor can know; if his ideas of the infinite and absolute Being, the Ancient of Days, is more firmly established; his study of metaphysics will not be in vain. And this I verily believe to be, in fact, the case.

Let us now consider the matter of outside reading. Every college throws open to its students a library. But it is a common complaint that the majority of students make little or no use of this advantage. This is only too true. The Freshman and Sophomore have their battles and their larks, so that solid reading with them, in most cases, is out of the question. The Junior looks at matters, perhaps, in a higher light. He begins to feel his deficiency, and seeks the library more frequently. The Senior looks back with woful glance on what seems to him now to be almost a barren waste. There are, of course, notable exceptions to this experience, but the average college graduate will agree with me in the main. It is, no doubt, doleful to think of the knowledge stowed away on those shelves, and then to realize our own emptiness.

But there is some daylight mingled with all this darkness. To us the college curriculum is of first importance. If we are faithful in that, we may feel that we have done no small amount of work. Some constitutions will not stand the confinement which much outside reading necessarily requires. As I have intimated, our duty is first to the curriculum, then to outside reading, and our duty is to do that only which is in our power. This is said not to foster any spirit of idleness, to which we are all so sadly prone, but to save us from utter despair.

Now, another thought. Is it a thing of little importance for a young man during the most receptive and impressionable years of his life, to associate with such men as college professors are generally found to be,—men whose minds are devoted to the advancement and culture of the human race; men to whom mere money-making could never be more than a means to an end; men who think most deeply of the great problems of life and immortality; men who show by their very lives that there is something higher, nobler far than the passing pleasures of the day? Yes, it must be so. Be a

young man ever so thoughtless, he cannot help but think, as he recalls his college associations, what he might be.

But enough. We must hasten to conclude. Our glance at the average college graduate has been, at best, but cursory. But what may we say of him? First, what is he? I think we may say he is a man,—a man who looks upon the battle of life with a brave heart and a broad mind. And what does he know? He knows that the world is wide, knowledge far-reaching; and that, if we attain proficiency, it must be through determined and untiring labor. As regards himself, he knows that all the knowledge which he can muster as his own, amounts to a mere point in its insignificance. He feels that he is standing on the border-realm. The myriad paths of research stretch out before him. He knows in part whence their courses tend. He stands equipped to enter where he will.

POEM.

Sweet season, harbinger of coming spring,
'Tis thee our yet untutored muse would sing,
While all around full four feet high
The dirty snows of winter lie.
And o'er his book with palpitating heart the weary
Student sits cramming for examinations yet to be.
'Tis sweet to sit beside the murmuring brook,
And catch the wary trout with barbed hook.
'Tis sweet through ocean's foam to ride,
Or o'er the lake the sail-boat guide;
But who would be by nature so foolish as to exchange
For this the thought that he has passed in his studies and is free.
'Tis hard to pay five dollars for a back;
'Tis hard to be an editor, and rack
One's brains, while rude subscribers howl.
'Tis hard to shoot a stuffed owl,
But harder still it is to feel that in examinations, you were of the
requisite six bereft.
Oh hope, far-famed to sooth and sheer,
Apply your balm of consolation here,
While conscience says with bitter scorn,
'Twere better had you ne'er been born,
Than in examinations get so indisputably left.

LOCALS.

The sled.

Does the sled belong to '84?

Examinations are a thing of the past; that is, to most of us.

We are glad to see that the long-sleeping Glee Club has at last awakened, and again our halls resound with popular airs.

The only similitude we know of between an owl and a claret cover is that one is an owl, and the inside of the other produces an (h)owl.

"His eloquence soared to Jumborazo heights," remarked a fellow whose mind had confused the name of the big mountain with that of the big elephant.

"My moustache is begining to grow," said the elated Freshman, "but there's something peculiar about it. It's so bashful that it won't keep its color in company."

Professor Thomas gave a very interesting reading in the Scientific Lecture Room on the evening of the 6th:—Subject, "The Poets of the Eighteenth Century."

Since vacation the literary societies have met twice in the Scientific Lecture Room, on account of the repairs in progress in Alumni Hall, but they are now back in their old quarters.

The Freshmen have composed a sort of zoological epic, beginning with the animals of Noah's Ark, extending down to the cats of the present time, and ending with "To be continued."

We notice, and with much pleasure, that the first eleven is taking a decided interest in the gymnasium. With vigorous club and weight exercise, in addition to a mile run each day, we should certainly show marked results in our spring matches.

We would like to state here, once for all, that we *positively* refuse to receive any more poems for publication on "Puzzle and the Owl." We can't get more than half a cent a pound for waste paper nowadays, and the profit does not pay for the expense of hiring a barn to stow the effusions in.

Student (poking his head into the editorial sanctum): "I say, why is a —"

Editor (brandishing ink-stand): "Stop! stop, thou driveling idiot! Dare at thy peril to awake anew the harrowing reminiscences of examination week!" (Exit student, precipitously.)

According to the latest census, the average ages and weights of the classes are as follows:

Senior	Class, age, 21.85	years; weight, 157.93	pounds.
Junior	" " 20.60	" " 145.13	"
Sophomore	" " 17.92	" " 150.84	"
Freshman	" " 17.29	" " 148.18	"

A Senior wants to know what the result would be.

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" said one, when a fat student missed his footing on the ice-clad board walk. "*Et tu Brute*," responded the fat man, as he looked round in time to see the first speaker encounter the walk with considerable emphasis. And a third man, anxious to get off something in the same line of quotation, exclaimed, "Tis so slippery that I don't believe even nature might stand up here."

A sad accident occurred to one of the members of '83 recently. While out sleighing on Darby Road, his horse became frightened at an obstacle in the road, and dashed away at a frightful velocity ($v=ft.$), overturning the sleigh, and throwing out its occupants, continuing on his mad career until finally arrested by a policeman and a horse-car. The horse sustained serious injuries, and has since died. Obsequies next week.

While the poor editor sitteth in his editorial chair, and pondereth, and thinketh up jokes and old jokes, the rest of his fellows go forth and enjoy themselves, and they sympathize not, and little think that he is wearing out his very life that they may enjoy the fruits of his pen; and when Haverfordian day cometh around, they call upon that editor, and try to beat out the rest of his editorial life; but the editor careth not, for he is used to such things.

On the 7th instant we had the pleasure of again listening to a lecture by James Wood, in Alumni Hall, on "Prehistoric America." This is the first of a course of six lectures on American history, on the following topics: Second, the Settlements; third, the Colonies and their Governments; fourth, the Confederation; fifth, Acquisition of Territory; sixth, Immigration and

Development. Those of us who were here last year remember how interestingly he lectured on "The Rhine," and we are sure that the course he is now delivering will be fully appreciated.

On Thursday, the 11th, the annual snowball fight took place between the Sophomores and Freshmen, in the same locality which has been the scene of many other holiday encounters. The members of '85, with their usual forethought in such matters, had each selected his man, or boy, as the case might be. They awaited the onslaught of the Freshmen with their characteristic unity and boldness. The snow, being soft and dry, favored rolling rather than missile warfare, and a right jolly time the older class men had watching the Sophomores enjoying themselves. The Freshmen fought well and nobly, but with their small numbers, and those undisciplined, were unable to beat down their hardier foes, and were forced to succumb, but not before many hard bruises and bitter blows had been taken and given on each side.

A professor, on seeing one of his pupils after an absence from recitation, remarked to him: "Mr. Blank, you missed your dip yesterday." The student, after puzzling a moment, replied, "I don't understand you, sir." "Well," said the professor, "I will explain. You have no doubt seen the process of making candles, how the workman takes a piece of wool, and, after twisting it up in a string, dips it into boiling tallow, after which he hangs it up to dry. The next day he dips the wick again, and on subsequent days he goes through the same operation, until finally it becomes large enough with each day's accumulation, and the candle is made. Now it is just the same way with you. Yesterday your class was dipped, and each member necessarily received some little coating, no matter how little; some must have stuck on; but you, being absent, missed your dip, and you will perceive that while you are all hanging up together to-day, you are a little thinner than the rest." Now let us, students here at college, who are only too glad to shirk our work, bear this little lesson in mind, not only in regard to our intellectual pursuits, but also in regard to our physical. Let us therefore go in with the rest, and take our dip, with the hope of some time making a decent-sized candle, and be able to throw a little light ourselves.

CARMEN MISERORUM.

Dig! Dig! Dig!
 From breakfast time till tea,
 And Dig! Dig! Dig!
 Right on till half-past three.
 Till the wearied brain reels with the strain;
 Till aches the restless eye,
 $\Phi + r = x, x + r = \Phi,$
 Write! Write! Write!
 From half-past one till eve;
 And Write! Write! Write!
 Till the Prof. says you must leave.
 The Professor's eyes are sharp;
 The Professor's questions hard;
 And I know he will see if I use the key,
 With the answers down on a card.
 Buck! Buck! Buck!
 A totally, total eclipse;
 Buck! Buck! Buck!
 In parabola, plane and ellipse,
 No place is reserved for me
 With the lambs on the Professor's right hand;
 But with head bending low, to the "left" I must go,
 And there with the billy-goats stand.

And now cometh the time when the spirit of mischief croucheth out in the mind of the Sophomore; and he goeth unto his

fellows and saith unto them, What would you that we may make merry? And they putteth their heads together, and thinketh, yea they think deeply. And one of those Sophomores goeth forth in search of straw, and another in search of carpet, and one getteth cotton and all the implements necessary to make an owl. And they take the straw and wrap the carpet thereabout, and putteth in eyes and beak, and hangeth it up in a tree, even so do they of the tribe of Sophomorites. And now the ornithologist goeth forth in search of owls, when the moon is bright; and when he heareth the hoot! hoot! his heart leapeth for joy, and he cocketh his gun, and treadeth carefully, and admonisheth his friends to keep silence, lest they peradventure might scare the owl. But this kind of owl does not scare, no, not even at a Calculus examination; but he knoweth not this, and as he draweth nigh unto the tree he heareth the hoot no longer, for the throat of the wily Sophomore is hoarse, and would give away the joke. And he looketh up into the tree, and his eye glisteneth, and he saith, "Oh, thou gem of an owl! I will surely stuff thee full of straw." But the owl blinketh to himself, and murmureth, "I am stuffed already with straw, and thou wilt get left." And the taxidermist raiseth his trusty gun, which ever killeth, and sighteth accurately, yea, even with extreme accuracy, and chuckleth, and sayeth, "I am in luck." He fireth and communicateth the shot into the straw of the owl, and the owl falleth, for the Sophomore hath let go the string; and the ornithologist, when he findeth it out, fainteth, with the words upon his lips: "Go thou to——"

SELAH.

PERSONAL.

'38.—Dr. Benjamin Hardy is a distinguished practitioner in San Francisco.

'49.—Alfred H. Smiley visited the college recently for the first time in many years.

'52.—Dougan Clark is conducting a religious journal called "The Gospel Expositor," in Columbus, O.

'58.—James Wood delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture on *Ireland*, before the Friends' Institute for Young Men, in Philadelphia, on the 25th ult. This lecture is the first of a course of five lectures to be delivered before this Institute during Second and Third Months, the different lecturers being all well known at Haverford. The second lecture will be delivered by Dr. James J. Levick ('42), on "The Early Friends, and the Settlement of Pennsylvania," followed by Prof. Isaac Sharpless, "Have Comets a Practical Value?" Dr. James Carey Thomas ('51), "Impressions Abroad;" Dr. Henry Hartshorne ('39), "Poetry and the Poets," and Francis T. King, "Reminiscences of the Late Rebellion."

'57. Philip C. Garrett has been nominated by Ex-Governor Hoyt as a member of the State Board of Charities, and his nomination has been lately approved by the Senate.

'60. Cyrus Lindley has lately undertaken the duties of Principal of Vermilion Academy, at Vermilion Grove, Ill.

'63. Geo. Pearson was elected reading clerk of Pennsylvania, by the Senate last month.

'71. Reuben Haines gave some valuable books to the College Library last month.

'71. E. B. Reeves is studying law.

'81. Isaac Sutton, after graduating at Trinity College, N. C., has been teaching with great success, and now expects to study a year or so at Harvard.

Daniel Corbit ('82) and J. H. Cook ('81) "dropped in to see the boys" the other day.

MARRIED.

'70.—CAREY—KING.—At a meeting appointed by the Baltimore Monthly Meeting, and held at the house of the bride's father, in Baltimore, Md., on the 6th ult., Thomas K. Carey ('70) and Mary T. King, daughter of Francis T. King.

COLLEGE NEWS.

There is a rumor that the Wellesley girls are going to start a paper.

Within the past year, 9,192 volumes have been added to the Harvard Library.

Seniors at Amherst and Freshmen at Lafayette recite catechism every Monday morning.

Johns Hopkins University has secured Dr. Bluntchli's library, which is the best collection of works on international law in the world.

The University of Vermont has received a bequest of \$115,000. A handsome gymnasium is to be erected. A bronze statue of Lafayette, who laid the corner stone of the University, is soon to be unveiled on the campus.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The January numbers of the college papers have been making their appearance in rather a scattering way; some early, and bearing evidence of the joyous haste with which the editors dashed them off in anticipation of holiday rest and pleasure; others late, and showing unmistakable marks of work neglected as long as possible, and then done in a listless manner, each word ground out being esteemed as valuable only for the space it will fill. But our old exchanges are all before us at last, the Eastern papers containing, as a rule, a greater number of light, humorous articles, such as the exchange editor delights to read, except when their contents makes one think that they ought to publish expurgated edi-

tions; and the soberer Western papers, bringing more articles of the kind that strive after a high literary tone, but sometimes find that with all their soaring, they do not reach the intended height. All have seen fit to devote some space to New Year resolutions, either seriously or in burlesque; and of all things said about these resolves, none seems more natural than the words which the *Harvard Advocate* puts into the mouth of an imaginary festive Freshman. He determines that, during the last three years of his course, he will be industrious and eminently proper, but says:—

"For the next six months I'll be
As wicked as I can;
I'll revel in my naughty glee,
While I'm a Freshie man."

Some new friends, too, have saluted us with a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. *Chaff*, which has blown this way for the first time, comes with its greeting stamped in red letters on the title page, and says "Please X." Certainly; we shall be very glad to have a chance to see *Chaff's* pictures every month. For it is an illustrated journal, and the pictures in the number before us, though some of them are not especially *apropos* as scenes of college life, are amusing caricatures. In fact, the whole paper is amusing. Like Artemus Ward, after he had been lingering at the tomb of the lamented Shakespeare, we "pronounce it a success" in the line of humor, at any rate. It gives a lucid explanation of the expression "to laugh in one's sleeve," namely, that the "contents of every sleeve is largely made up of the *humerus*." It has started an entirely new venture in journalism, a sort of personal column headed "De Aliquibus," which informs us, among other things, that "Chester A. Arthur is President of the United States," and that "Mr. John Wanamaker is, at present, engaged in business on Chestnut Street, and has a large number of customers."

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* is a paper which pleases without exciting any special admiration; yet it is difficult to determine just what quality it possesses which renders it pleasing. To the eye it presents a neat form, an attractive cover, and a clear typography. Its literary articles consist, for the most part, of plain-spoken talk, sensible enough to call out no condemnation, and written in a style sufficiently graceful to win an easy tolerance. When a departure toward the humorous is made, as in "My Bashfulness," in the January number, the impression produced is, that something of less worth and interest than the solid articles has been inserted. The paper still smells of last year's fire; its newsy local column is headed "Cinders," and numerous references recall the

calamity. Taken altogether the *Phoenix* seems to owe its attractiveness more to the healthy, energetic life of the institution it represents than to any tangible feature of its make-up.

The exchange editor of the *Spectator* files a vigorous protest against what he conceives to be THE HAVERFORDIAN's opinion of "Irish Pluck." In a somewhat verbose and declamatory style, he recounts exploits of Irish bravery, saying that it "helped to win for America the glorious boon of freedom," and "watered the fields of the South with Irish blood until it rescued the Constitution from the vortex of disunion." There is some truth in these statements, though the manner of the writer shows an over-sensitiveness. We do not forget Montgomery or Mad Anthony Wayne,—nor Meagher and his brigade. Still we confess that we always thought that the Irish only aided in these achievements as any other true Americans did. If the editor, "Irish to the core," as he proclaims himself to be, aspires to write a disquisition concerning the patriotism of the American Irish, we suggest that he should devote some space to the opinion held by many of his kin in our land, that America is nothing more than a convenient base for attacks on England. But after all, the *Spectator's* remarks are hardly to the point if they mean to answer THE HAVERFORDIAN's statement. Irish valor is characterized by a stubborn perseverance that never knows when to stop. That is all we implied before, and we have said it again, forgetting for the moment, the *Spectator's* "notice" that it "will not submit to it." If examples are sought for, it is only necessary to point to the blind tenacity with which the Irishman clings to the dream of independence for Ireland, and his unreasoning, revengeful hostility to everything English. This defect in his character is so common as to be seen on every hand, and asserts itself so often as to be hardly atoned for by his lively sympathetic nature, or by his capacity for steady hard work under the direction of superiors.

PLUNDER.

Pretty little maiden,
On the mountain top,
Plucking a flower's petal,
"Love or love me not,"—*Campus*.

Pretty little maiden,
Handling of a mop,
Knock the stuffin' out of
A man who writes such rot,—*Argonaut*.

Mr. Andrews, translating Virgil—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, Prof." "Well Mr. Andrews, I think that was quite far enough"—*Ex*.

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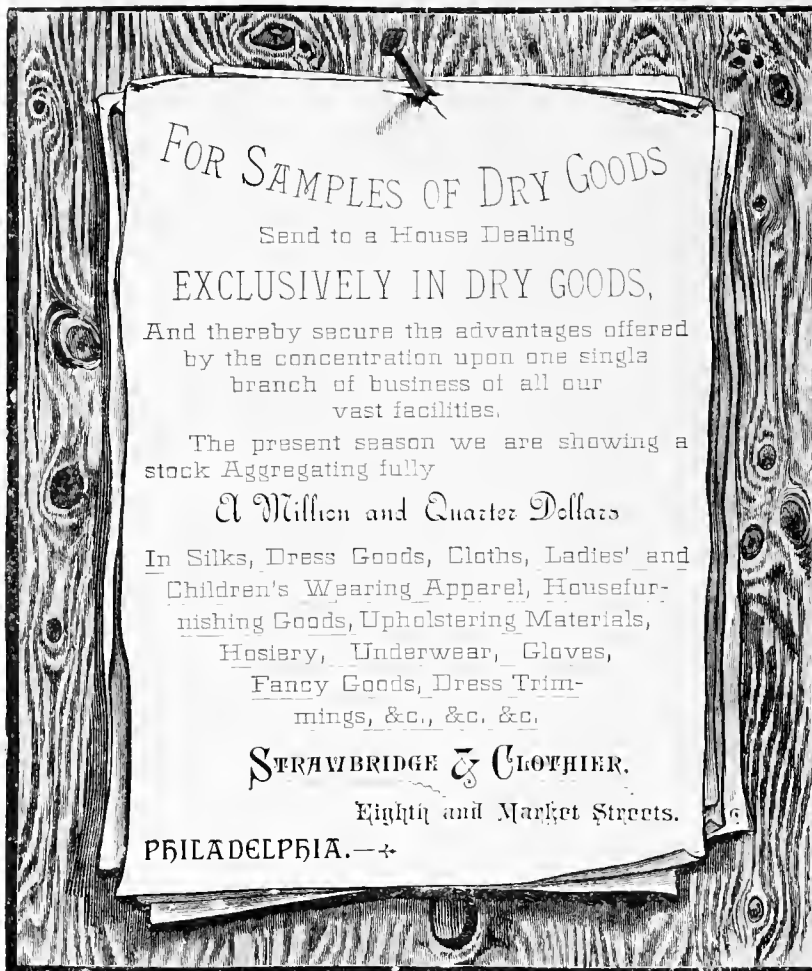
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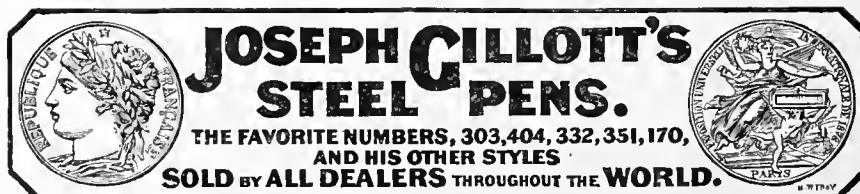
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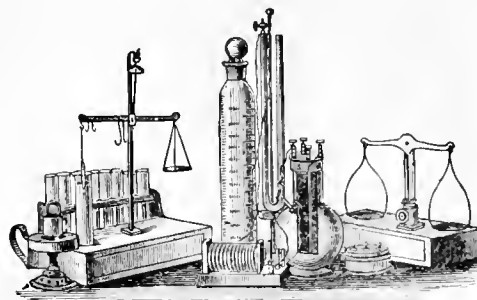
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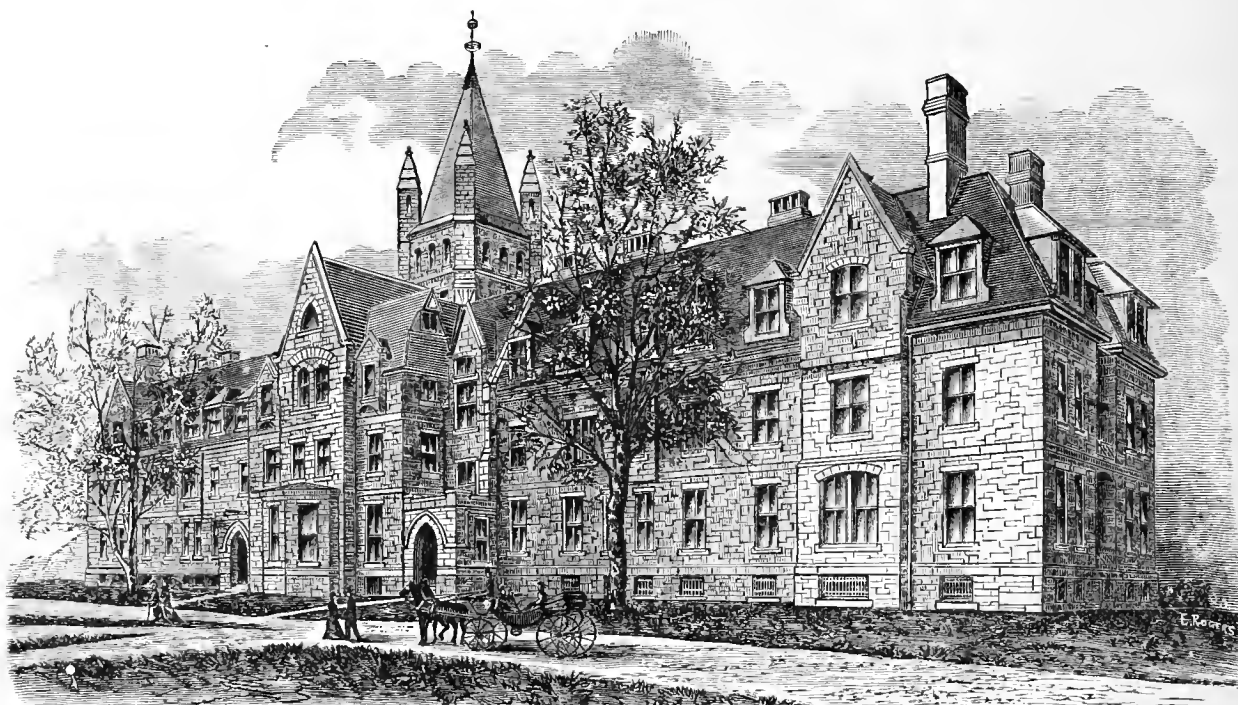
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

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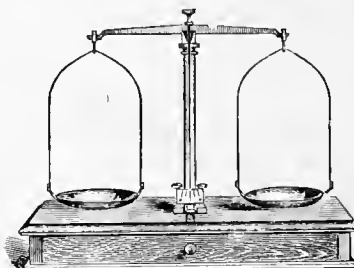
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Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., MARCH, 1883.

No. 6.

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SONNET ON EVENING.

What beauteous visions greet the enraptured sight,
When gentle Evening holds her silent sway!
Faint gilded clouds pursue retreating day:
Anon a modest star, with feeble light,
Looks shyly down; soon others, dazzling bright;
Then worlds on worlds in glittering array.
Below, the forest leaves with zephyrs play,
And hill and dale await the approaching night;
While Luna, riding in her silver car,
Illumes the scene with magic loveliness.
O Thou, whose wonders everywhere we see,
Who rul'st the vast profundity afar,
Teach us with thankful hearts Thy name to bless,
With adoration meet to worship Thee.

It is early, but not too early to call attention to the fact that the Alumni Prize Contest will take place before many weeks are past. It is desirable that as many as possible should take part in this. It is the only regular prize that Haverford boasts, and it is a shame that no more than two or three students should participate

annually. If there is no more interest in regard to this matter in the future than in the past, we cannot complain if the prize is taken from us. It is, undoubtedly, a busy time of the year, but nevertheless there are few who could not find the time to prepare, if they only chose to do so.

We have noticed, and with the deepest regret, a growing tendency in our midst of dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs, and a general grumbling, which does not become us. We naturally turn ourselves around, and look for the cause of the disorder amongst us; but we are at a loss to account for it; we see no reason for it, and have finally come to the conclusion that there is here at Haverford a band of grumblers and growlers, who are never satisfied with anything, and, what is more, never will be satisfied with affairs, no matter how they may chance to meet them. We have noticed these grumblers connected more or less closely with all our college pursuits; in our recitations, as well as on the cricket ground; and we cannot say that they add to the happiness and enjoyment of life. What we should like to see, is all this unnecessary growling put aside, and each one throw into a common pool his hearty quota of good feeling and energy. One certainly cannot but appreciate that the only way to live in happiness and concord, is by having some respect for our fellows, and studying to please them.

Every one must recognize the fact that it is difficult to arrange a comprehensive course of study that will suit the tastes and supply the needs of every student. One will also as quickly see that nothing is easier than for a college student to grumble about the course of study prescribed for him. Our curriculum seems to be crowded so full of work as to leave little chance for any addition, and we would not question the wisdom of those who have mapped it out. Still we would like to suggest that it is very deficient in the amount of attention paid to English literature. The lectures, one hour a week, during half the Sophomore year, while accomplishing as

much as could be expected in the short time allotted to them, are necessarily so brief and hasty as hardly to open the subject fairly. Besides, being chiefly historical, they do not require of the student any study of literature itself. The evening readings are of value to those specially interested, but are so few as hardly to count as a factor in the general work.

It is evident that this is too little time for so important a subject. We think that the present curriculum might be changed, so as to include a course in the study of eight or ten representative authors,—a study which would require their works to be read and discussed in the class. Such a course could be made of much value, especially to the scientific students, lacking, as they do, the acquaintance with literature which the classics give. A careful study of the English masterpieces would enable them to put on the mental garb of great minds, and would go far toward supplying a training which they do not now receive.

We do not think it is wise to leave the student to do his own reading in this field. Of course there are some who will study the English classics for themselves; but many of them are as likely to go astray as to adopt a course of reading that will be of value to them; and a still greater number never attempt to study the masterpieces. All need the guiding hand of an instructor to show them what to do and how to do it. Many other colleges now have more or less comprehensive courses in this department; ought not Haverford to follow their example, and meet the need felt here?

"Only the Lord and one professor ever understood it; the Lord won't tell, and the professor has forgotten it," is the way in which one of our exchanges comments upon their marking system. We think this remark will apply to Haverford better than almost any other place. Certainly no professor here understands our system, or if he thinks he does, he does not have the same version of it that any of the others do. We have as many marking systems as there are professors, and when the end of the quarter comes the professors hand in each his own marks. Two students in the same class and same division may have entirely different studies (owing to the number of electives), so that one may be under professors who mark easily, and the other under those who mark close. When the end of the quarter comes, these two students' marks are handed in, and one ranks high, while the other ranks low, although their recitations may

have been equally good. Unless we can have professors using the *same system*, why are we marked on our recitations and work? J. G. Holland says of the marking systems used in colleges: "Nothing can be more unsatisfactory or mechanical than the system of marking pursued in our colleges." He also says: "That the system of marking, as at present pursued, is very poorly calculated to nourish the self-respect of the young men subjected to it. It also forces into prominence a motive of study which is anything but the best. The great business of the student is not to acquire knowledge, and discipline and power, but to get marks." We have positive proof that the marking of students here is not to rank them according to their merits, but that the favorites should be ranked high, the others low. If it were not so, why is it that part of a class should all be marked above 9.50, the other half below 7.40? Any one knows that there should not be such a large difference between two halves of the same class, when in other studies the lower half ranks higher, if there is any difference. Is it anything strange that the marking system should be called "a failure, and worse than nothing," when a professor stands up and says that he has been marking his class, showing partiality to some simply because they had read more Latin or Greek before they entered college? But what is this marking system, and what are its advantages? Holland says that "it is a make-shift," and its convenience is that "it throws the responsibility of the student's progress upon himself, and entirely relieves the faculty." It may be a great convenience to the faculty, but the college is paid for educating the student, and not that he may educate himself. Now is there not some better way to encourage the student to better work? It may not be so easy for the professor, but will it not enthuse the student with a greater desire to do his work well when he sees that he receives some encouragement?

The all-absorbing theme of the present time is the society question. How shall we remedy the evils of the present organization, is a question which many have taken upon themselves to answer. The abolition of the Logonian, the establishment of a fourth society, and the formation of the upper and lower classes into two distinct associations, appear to be the three most popular schemes. Now the abolition of any of the present societies is next to impossible. The decree would no sooner go forth that there was a movement of this kind on foot, than the Alumni would pour in upon us, and

demand, as they certainly have good reasons for demanding, that the societies for which they labored be not discontinued. The experience of a few years ago makes us shrink from such an undertaking. We would only get defeated for our pains. This alone is certainly a very good reason for abandoning the project. But there are other reasons. Imagine two societies, one composed of Seniors and Juniors, the other of Sophomores and Freshmen. The latter, at least, could never be a satisfactory organization. We are willing to predict that within a year it would be broken up by a cane rush or free fight. There would be continual quarrels over the offices, and repeated wrangles on the different questions which might come up. The larger class would rule. There would be no incentive to work, as there is where two evenly balanced societies are striving for the mastery.

Another, and far better proposition, is that the Logonian meet one week, and the Everett and Athenæum on the next. In order that non-Logonian members may not suffer by the plan, it is proposed that a fourth society be formed, to meet on the same evening as the Logonian. The plan has this advantage; it would give to members of the latter society a little more time and less work, and would ensure to every member of the college one, and only one, meeting a week. But it is to be hoped that every member of the three societies will consider carefully before he votes for even the most promising of these changes. It is a very novel idea with many, this revolution in the organization of our societies; and the thought of varying the monotony of the regular, everyday college drudgery by tearing down one or two of these ancient landmarks and setting a new one is very pleasant. But it would be well for such to look for a moment at the real state of affairs. Is not the present organization as satisfactory as any could be? Has not the attendance in the private societies been larger than for years, and has there not been much zeal in the performance of the regular exercises? If the Logonian has suffered, the others have gained; and it is their turn to gain, for last year too much work was done in the Logonian when compared with that done in the Everett and Athenæum. But we think that even the much-pitied Logonian has had little reason to complain since the holidays, for the interest in her welfare has very perceptibly increased. Finally, in the comprehensive though peculiar lines of Lowell, let us remember that

"Change just for change is like them big hotels,
Where they shift plates, and let you live on smells."

Let us be conservative till we see some more satisfactory reasons for being otherwise.

THE INFLUENCE OF ATHENS.

It is related in a certain Greek anecdote of a somewhat impracticable Roman, that he desired to sell his house. So he removes a brick from the structure, and goes through the streets showing it, and entreating the people to buy the house, of which the brick is a fair specimen. Now any feeble effort that I can make on this subject can only convey such an impression of the true glory of Athens, as the poor Roman did of the varied structure of the house. Few of our busy Americans ever stop to think how much as a nation and as individuals we are indebted to Athens, and what would be the condition of the world if that little republic had not existed. Hers is indeed a glorious career. She lives to-day in the literature and national life of the world.

Judge Story says, "There is not a nation from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not imbedded in the very elements of classic learning." In the pregnant words of Macaulay, "Whenever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain,—whenever it brings gladness to the eyes, which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and long sleep—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens."

Upon the accession of Pericles, after the battle of Marathon, Athens became the resort of learned men, from Egypt, Phœnicia, and all Greece. Her social life was such, that only wise men could find pleasure in it. Consequently the *élite* of the world formed the classical age of Athens.

We boast of modern civilization, but in comparison with the Athenian populace we are as pygmies. The training of the humble artisans in Athens was a political education that we know not how to give to our statesmen. It has been concluded by English investigators, that the average ability of the Athenian citizen was as much above that of the Anglo-Saxon of to-day as we are above the African. Rufus Choate used to say that the orations of Demosthenes, which were understood by the Athenian people, were so compact that only the judges of the Supreme Court could endure such condensation of matter. But what seems so marvellous to us is the originality of Grecian work. John Stuart Mill says, "All genius is originality, but all originality is not genius." It is not remarkable that we, benefited by the experience of centuries, should accomplish great things, but when we consider that the Greeks with no standard on which to base their speculations, formed works which we, with those works as models, can never hope to surpass, we are led almost to deify the reason of man. And it is a fact

beyond dispute that the first fruitful germs of Philosophy were planted, the first flowers of immortal poesy blossomed on the banks of the Grecian Sea.

Explore in the realms of science and art and see what Athens has done. Let us ascend for an instant the old Acropolis, and view in fancy the bright stars of that Grecian Pleiades. Who was Homer? The Father of Epic poetry, the prince of all poets, before whom even our own Shakespeare must bow. From him Virgil, Dante and Milton drew their inspiration, and after almost three thousand years we look upon the Iliad and Odyssey as the grandest production in the perfection of its designs and execution that is to be found in the works of man. Who were Æschylus and Sophocles? The great writers of tragedy in the majesty of whose style is shown the true grandeur of an Attic muse. In true sublimity they were in poetry what Phidias and Angelo were in art. Who was Phidias? The greatest sculptor of Athens and of all time, who moulded "the living marble and the breathing bronze." The secret of his architecture perished with him, and the majestic white columns of the Parthenon still stand out in proud relief against the pale blue of the Attic sky,—the remnants of a perfect structure. Who was Aristotle? The man who bequeathed to us the beautiful arts of Rhetoric, Logic and Economics. Who was Plato? Without doubt the most comprehensive man that Rome, Greece or the world has ever produced. Under him and his master, Socrates, the science of philosophic reasoning was absolutely perfected, for the Romans added not one principle, and in modern times the men who have attained the highest success in the philosophy of the mind were those who had followed most minutely in the steps of Plato.

But you may say that Socrates and Plato were heathen. I deny that they were, and I dare assert that they attained to a grander, a nobler, and a more complete conception of the same God that we worship than scores of the skeptic philosophers of Europe and America, than millions who find welcome within the pale of the Christian Church. If they, with no knowledge of the Jewish God, could get so near him by the perfection of their philosophy, how much superior was their philosophy to that which now leads us away until we become lost in the mazy labyrinths of Pantheism and Transcendentalism! Let us to the famous orators repair, whose resistless eloquence wielded at will that fierce Democracy, shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

Who was Demosthenes? The most Athenian of Athenians. The first of all the orators of the ancient and modern world, the man who poured forth his pol-

ished eloquence and ponderous syllables in defense of the departing liberties of Greece, and who has cast a halo around Athens and made her shine with almost her former grandeur even in her dying hour. Search through the orators of Rome, England and America, and you will find scarcely enough to make one Demosthenes. He combined the broad learning of Cicero, the imagination of Burke, the fire of Mirabeau, and the deep logic of Webster. Look where you will in Art, Rhetoric, Sculpture, Philosophy, Poetry, or in Oratory, and there you will find an Athenian master. What has been the influence of Athens since the great Demosthenes? Let us first turn to old imperial Rome, as Byron called her, "Rome, my country, city of the soul, lone mother of dead empires." Whence did she draw her inspiration? Hear what her great poet Horace says: "*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes intulit agresti Latii*," or

"Greece taken, took her savage victors' hearts,—
And polished rustic Latium with her arts."

The Romans were the pupils of the Greek. Cicero copied Demosthenes and Plato; Virgil copied Homer and Theocritus; Horace copied Alcæus; Epicurus copied Lucretius, and the great works of Rome are but translations, or, at the most, a happy transfusion of the Grecian masters. Roman law which is the basis of our jurisprudence was taken from the Greeks. While Rome was martial, the ruler of the world and the most perfect social organization of antiquity, what was it but a pale reflection of Athenian grandeur? What she learned from Athens, she transmitted to Europe, and while Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Cervantes, Racine and Moliere went to Rome for their inspiration, the prime source was the Athens of Pericles. The great power of Athens lay to a certain extent in her beautiful language, which the Greeks themselves called the "Mother tongue of the muses," without doubt the most comprehensive that God has ever given to man, embracing in its expressions all the actions of nature and the varied conceptions and emotions of the human mind. It was essentially the language of nature as the Greek was the child of nature. Madame DeStael says, "Were I mistress of fifty languages, I would make love in the soft Italian, converse in the gay French, sing in the majestic Spanish, write in the copious English, think in the deep German, and deliver in the noble Greek."

The simplicity, the beauty, the majesty of nature had their own familiar gods. To the imaginative Greek, the low, sweet murmur of a gentle rill as it bubbled through some shady dell was the plaint of a sylvan nymph; the crash and roar of the "*πολλὴ ῥοισμός*," or the far-resounding sea was the wrath of the ocean god; and the roll of the distant thunder was the voice of the mighty

Zeus. The sublimity of the ocean, the rush of a cataract or the repose of a placid lake, the majesty of Zeus, the wrath of man or the gentle love of the maiden, are portrayed, as nowhere else, in the works of Attic Greece. As we recall the glories of Athens it almost seems that she lives again, that Socrates still teaches on the old Acropolis, that the maid of Athens still repeats the song of Sappho and the fate of Antigone, and we love to linger as when we recall the scenes of happy childhood. But Athens has gone, her beauty has perished, her temples have fallen, and the people have degenerated into timid slaves. Her language still lives, it is not a dead language, and her influence survives in the character of every noble man. There is something sad and pathetic in the fate of Athens. Who does not love her after the battle of Marathon, and who is not filled with sorrow as he reads of the invasion of Philip, and the conquest of the Roman legions? Who can wonder that Lord Byron, standing in Athens in 1821, and viewing the majesty of the ruins of former beauty and departed glory, should exclaim in the passion of a great poet:

"The past returned, the present seemed to cease,
And glory knew no clime beyond her Greece."

Byron loved Greece for her past, and in 1824 he died in assisting her to regain her freedom. Athens did not forget his sacrifice, and to-day over England's illustrious and heart-broken poet stands a monument of pure Pentilic marble, the token of the gratitude of independent Greece. Where now is the Athens of Pericles? Go to Rome, to Florence, to Paris and to London, and you will find in the galleries of art the few models of Grecian sculpture, but her intellectual empire embraces the civilization of the world. Her influence has been manifested in the assembly, at the bar of justice, in the forum, in the beautiful figurative language and the golden thought of literature, in the temples of learning, and in the growth of nations.

Whenever liberty has made a stand against oppression, whenever genius and culture have prevailed over ignorance and darkness, whenever men have searched out the beauties of the muses, the secrets of the universe and the workings of the human soul, then has been felt in its grandest form the imperishable influence of Athens in the sequestered villa of Cicero, at the gay court of Mæcenas, in the lonely exile of Dante, in the dreary cell of Cervantes, in the blindness of Milton, and on the scaffold of Harry Vane. God gave to Greece the largest mind, and in that little peninsula, twenty-three hundred years ago, lived a body of men whose works the world has never equalled, and from whom, directly or indirectly, have sprung all the noblest productions of the human mind.

The light which shone from that single constellation of Orion has been transmitted with a resplendent glare down through the ages, shedding a lustre on the glory of Rome, lighting up the darkness of Mediæval Italy, and kindling the fires of Saxon liberty, until it has penetrated the wilds of America, and still imparts the benign influence of culture and the blessings of civil and religious freedom to a prosperous and happy republic.

The career of Athens is indeed a noble one, and second only to the religion of Jesus Christ. In Palestine, among his chosen people, God made himself manifest; in Greece, among the worshipers of Athene, he revealed the power of the human mind. Jerusalem, the city of the prophets;—Athens, the city of Plato and Socrates! How inseparably are they linked in the history of human progress! Side by side their influence has come down through the ages; side by side let them go on together, and while the human soul is brought into divine harmony by the religion of the lowly Nazarene, it will ever be moulded and broadened by the teachings of the sages of Athens.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN.

GENTLEMEN:—Being a peaceably minded student, I have, up to the present time, taken no notice of certain scathing articles which I have seen in your paper. But recently, and particularly in your last number, there have been articles which reflect most strongly on certain influential members of our college, which are uncalled for, and, to say the least, dishonorable. One which struck me most forcibly was an editorial in your last number, in which you state that unless a cricketer is a warm personal friend of the Ground Committee, his merits as a cricketer are not recognized. I can, from personal experience, having been at college three years, testify that such is not the case; that no matter how little cricket a man may have in him, if there is the slightest chance of his being of any value to the eleven, either first or second, his interests are looked after. Your article certainly gives a wrong impression to outsiders, who would naturally suppose that Haverford is a den of bossism and political leaders. Our personal experience teaches us that such is not the case, but that the good old feeling of brotherly love, for which our college is noted, still exists amongst us, and hope will continue so in the future.

Yours, X.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Everett Society takes place on the 30th.

A VISIT TO MODERN HADES.

I sank down, down with the velocity of lightning; my hair stood on end; my flesh crept; I almost ceased to breathe; I could hear no sound save the awful rush of the air as I sped on my way. With feelings such as I had never experienced before, and hope never to experience again, I continued in this flight upwards to an hour.

Suddenly I became conscious of a strong smell of sulphur. A faint light below me gradually increased. The murkiness of an impenetrable night had in brief space of time changed to the glare of noon. I perceived land ahead, and soon felt it too; for my head struck against a projecting rock, with a force which rendered me, for the time being, insensible to the odors which I had previously noticed.

* * * * *

When I came to myself, I found that I was surrounded by a company of natives, of a strange and remarkable appearance, who on being interrogated as to their pedigree, styled themselves "shades." When I asked one of them what name I might apply to these regions, he answered, as a true Hibernian should, that they "were after calling them Hades."

"How far is it from here to the Styx?" said I to another.

"Upwards to a mile," replied he, "but unless you have ten oboli, you cannot get across, for they've raised the fare since old Socrates went over. Stewart of New York has put on two ferry-boats, and Charon long since gave up the practice. I have been waiting some time for a reduction, but with no success yet."

With such directions, and some others which I managed to get from this band, I started for the Styx. I had no difficulty in finding the place, owing to the cries which proceeded from that direction. Fortunately for me I had money with me, so I knew there would be little difficulty in crossing.

I thought, therefore, that I would look around me for a few moments.

The first person who attracted my attention particularly was a Yankee. He was whittling very diligently with a jack-knife, of which it appeared even Hades had been unable to deprive him. This diligent shade accompanied his task by whistling "Yankee Doodle."

"My friend," said I, delighted to see a fellow-countryman, "may I ask for what purpose you are whittling at such a rate in the Halls of Hades?"

"I am making pegs," said he, "for fastening together a raft to take me over this muddy river. I'm not going to sit round here all day, chewing my thumbs like that Dutchman yonder."

"Oh, genius of Yankeedom," said I to myself, "how little I expected to see thee display thyself in the very abode of the shades!"

I passed along, but saw nothing of interest save a Jerseyman fishing for catfish off one of the wharves. Therefore being anxious to *do* Hades, as travelers say, I resolved to embark. The ferry-boats, which run over this stream, are very much like those between Jersey City and New York, fully as clean, and, if possible, more crowded. On landing I was saluted by several ghostly forms with the cry, "Have a hack, sir, for Tartarus?" But I shook my head. I had made up my mind to have it out on foot with the dog Cerberus. I had a plan which I thought would work fully, as well as Eneas's drugged plum-cake. So I started boldly up the road which led by the den of this monster. Signs were scattered here and there, warning strangers "to keep off the grass," and "to beware of the dog." But I had cut too many eye-teeth to be taken in by the latter of these. I knew they were just put there to tempt travelers to buy from the owners of the shops along the way.

I neared the hound's kennel, waited patiently for the attack, and when he was within a few yards, drew from my pocket a copy of Whately, which happened to be there, and in a loud voice read a few lines concerning logical and physical sequence. I knew it would fetch him. He slackened up; every ear on his three heads dropped, and he was soon sound asleep. I turned round to an Italian shade who had a hand-organ over his shoulder, and said, "You see, my friend, what presence of mind will do." This gentleman answered that he would play a few notes on his organ, in order that the dog might still more soundly sleep. I implored him to abandon the project, if he valued his life, for it would certainly have the opposite effect; and told him that if the dog did not tear him to pieces, some of his fellow shades certainly would. I, however, hastened on in order that I might get past before he tried any of his experiments. Hardly had I reached the top of the hill, when the hand-organ-man began. He had ground out just three notes of the "Dead March of Saul," when that dog revived, and, a moment later, every head on his body had had a square meal. Dropping a tear at the thought of the poor man's fate, I proceeded.

I was soon met by a man enveloped from head to foot in a blanket, who exclaimed, "By the dog, well met! You are just the one I wished to see."

By his oath and general appearance, I took him to be Socrates; and in this I was not mistaken, for in a moment he said, "You have heard of me, I suppose. I am Socrates, who drank the hemlock."

After having asked him how hemlock agreed with him, I inquired for Xanthippe. "Alas!" said he, "two thousand years have made her none the older. She has just chased me out of Tartarus with a broomstick. I went in there to see if I could find young Alcibiades." He then went off into some philosophical discussion, which he did not abandon till we arrived at the gates which lead into the Elsyian Fields. He informed me that this was the place where he dwelt, and invited me to come in. I did so. This tract of land had not changed much since Eneas traversed it. Indeed, Socrates said, that while Tartarus had to be enlarged nearly every year, these regions, owing to the few who entered them, were always the same in size. I noticed with a pang that there were none there whom I recognized as college students. When I spoke to my guide about the matter, he said that Minos and Rhadamanthus never took the trouble to judge college men, but turned them into Tartarus without trial. We now came to a large enclosure. This, Socrates informed me, was a home for punsters. The walls had been made of great thickness, so that no sound could possibly escape.

"There is nothing they hate so much as puns," said he. "Homer hadn't been here long before he perpetrated the οὔτε one. He was immediately put in this enclosure, and has been there ever since."

We came to several more of these enclosures, the last of which was for honest politicians; it was very small.

After shaking hands with Virgil, Xenophon, George III. and Jonathan Dymond, and witnessing a game of base-ball which some Chicago men were playing, we passed out of the Elysian Fields, and started for Tartarus. Socrates being rather tired, I hailed a horse-car that was going in that direction. On the way we met Pluto and Persephone out driving. The former, except from the fact that his face was a little blackened from tending the furnaces, was very much like the rest of the shades whom I had met.*

We had no difficulty in obtaining a pass at Tartarus, enabling us to examine the premises. The first person whom I recognized was Tantalus, still up to his chin in water. He complained of being rather hungry. I handed him some of the fruit which was growing about his head. He thanked me, and said it was the first square meal he had eaten for three thousand years. Sisyphus was trundling his rock at a short distance off. I asked him if it was not hard work, he said, "Yes; but that there was nothing like getting used to a thing." At a short distance

from these stood Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte, engaged in a hot debate as to whether a catapult or cannon would kill the most men in the same time.

In this vicinity were buildings for horse-thieves, third ward politicians and lawyers, for poor poets and doctors. In fact, the whole concern was far more extensive than I had ever supposed.

But where was Socrates? I had not seen him for several moments. Poor man! I soon perceived what was the matter. At some distance off he was making vain attempts to dodge a broomstick, which his former wife Xanthippe was flourishing over his head. Quite a crowd had gathered about the two. There was evidently a crisis. I rushed in, and cried out: "Madam, allow me to remonstrate." But in reply she dealt me a stunning blow on the head, and—

* * * * *

I awoke. It was morning. The gentle rain was falling at the rate of a gallon to a drop. The breakfast-bell was pealing on the air, and my room-mate was endeavoring, without very favorable results, to resuscitate me with a cricket-bat.

LOCALS.

Ye editor sitteth alone in his den
And writeth a poem so fine.
The stanzas flow easily off from his pen
With beauty in every line.

And when the great epic at length is done,
He shouteth, in editors' lingo :—
"By the flesh-pots of Egypt, 'twill yank the top bun;
Old Byron is nowhere, by Jingo!"

Ye printer's small devil, he knocks at the door
And asks for ye editor's copy;
(For now you must know, if you ne'er knew before,
That the printer's the Devil's own poppy.)

Ye printer, he smileth a Guiteau-like smile,
And winketh a wink with his eye,
And taketh ye editor's poem the while,
And mixeth it up into pi.

When the morning dew flashed on the beard of the wheat
Like the tear on a maiden's eye-lash,
The editor called for the fresh-printed sheet,
And read his great poem—a hash.

The lines were all twisted, the verses reversed,
Whilst as to the spelling, O Moses!
And the editor thought that his gizzard would burst
When he read about "freshly blown noses."

Then ye editor reached for a murderous knife
And shouted, in editor's lingo :—
"By the flesh-pots of Egypt, I'll have his vile life!
I'll hash him to sausage, by Jingo!"

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A printer who hath passed this mortal span,
He was the devil's master from his birth,
But now he is become the devil's man.

* I could not, however, form a very correct estimate of his appearance, for Persephone's ten-acre hat intercepted the view to a great extent.

How can smiling mourn?

How can smiling morn hail?

The Seniors have taken up Gurney's Observations.

The Senior Class will take post-graduate courses at the U. P. next year.

Bicyclers are at work again cleaning up their machines, with the immediate prospect of enjoying some wheels.

Juniors are already beginning to show signs of weakness and general debility. Cheer up, you have five weeks yet, '84.

The Haverford College Bicycle Club has now a membership of twelve with a good prospect of increased membership this spring.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that each classman looks at the new catalogue, and beholds his name enrolled a year in advance of the last one.

The members of the astronomical class who wish to go to the Southern Pacific to observe the eclipse of the sun, will please hand in their names before next issue.

Gem Puzzle (after a temporary absence, owing to an attack of thyphoid) has resumed his chemical investigations under the guidance of Professor Richards.

The Senior who looks forward with pleasure to finishing his college course, is intoxicated by a certain bright picture, and does not see in the background the tall mother-in-law and the cradle.

The eleven will commence practicing week after next. We hope the new members will be present and strive for vacant places on the elevens; there is room for all who are friends of the Ground Committee.

Grandmother, speaking to society man dressed for the assembly: "Where is thee going, Dearie?" "Oh! I'm just going down to a little affair on Locust Street; thee don't know the people, Grandma."

We had a snow-storm and a touch of frost, last week, which nipped in the bud our large crop of "Stanzas on the Birth of Spring;" but if we are favored with fine weather and good feed, we may yet be able to grow some more before next issue.

A Senior has found that Emerson remarked very truly, "There is the illusion of love which attributes to the beloved person all which that person shares with his or her family, sex, age or condition, nay, with the human mind itself. 'Tis these which the lover loves, and Anna Matilda gets the credit of them."

We publish the following mortality list of Ardmore since the scarlet fever has made such fearful ravages in that vicinity:—

No. of population,	425
No. of cases of scarlet fever,	462
No. of deaths from scarlet fever,	489
Death rate is 1259 in a thousand.	

We have not heard anything lately about the new oak ceiling for Alumni Hall and the Library. We hope that the reason for this silence is that the managers are thinking about giving us a new hall. We hope they will begin to think of it soon, so that perhaps no later than the close of the twentieth century, our descendants can enjoy greater comforts and advantages in their public meetings and exhibitions than those that Alumni Hall now grants us.

Nearly a year ago an item appeared in our local column to the effect that the new flag-pole for our cricket ground still adorned the rubbish heap at the back of the wood-sheds. The other day, as we were walking through the woods, we made the interesting

discovery that the pole is still there, and unless some patriotic cricketers can concoct energy enough to get up early in the morning and set it up, it is likely to remain there till Doomsday. As energy is a remarkably scarce article nowadays at Haverford, this latter supposition is the most probable.

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.—*Ex.*

Thursday, the 22d ult., was a red-letter day in the annals of the Freshman class. Being desirous of celebrating in a fitting manner the anniversary of the little boy who was unable to prevaricate, they organized a court and called an offender upon charge of assault and battery with intent to disfigure. The culprit was found guilty, and sentenced to fight four rounds with the fellow previously attacked. The affair was to come off at four o'clock. Before the appointed time each champion had collected his retainers, and, with clenched fists and chattering teeth, stood on the arena. It was evident that there was to be war to the jack-knife. At a given signal the fight began. The fellows went at it strong, disdaining the old-fashioned plan of hitting straight out from the shoulder, and employing the new mystic curve plan. The leading principle of this plan is to strike out blindly in a sweeping half-circle, and trust to Providence that by that means you will occasionally feel the butt of your enemy's ear. In order to make this plan more effective, the seconds held up red and green lights, so that each fighter might know the direction of his opponent, and thus never strike a blow more than four feet wide of the mark. The four rounds followed in quick succession, and when they were over each champion retired to his chamber a sorer, if not a wiser, (Fresh-)man.

PERSONAL

Professor Isaac Sharpless has delivered two lectures at Wilmington, Del., on "Spectrum Analysis," and one at Malvern, on "Comets and Meteors."

President Chase has delivered two lectures at Wilmington this year on "The Lake School of Poets," and "Tennyson," and also his lecture on "Penn, the Quaker Cavalier," at Malvern on the 19th, and at Wayne on the 20th ult.

'81.—A. Morris Carey visited us recently.

'81.—Levi T. Edwards is making a twelve-inch reflector, the mounting of which is one of his own inventions, a combination of the equatorial and alt-azimuth, for Wilmington College, Wilmington, O.

'82.—W. C. Chase is still in Paris.

'85.—Jay has gone home.

'85.—P. Lee has gone into the Pharmacy business in New Iberia, La.

'85.—Benjamin Brooke is now residing at Angel Island, Cal., and is attending the High School at San Francisco.

'86.—Fred. Trotter, who has been at home for several months on account of ill health, has returned to the College.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Many college papers that have reached us of late, have been particularly emphatic in their protests against compulsory attendance at recitations and chapel exercises. The policy of requiring excuses for absence is described as putting a premium on ingenious falsehood, and making students familiar with methods of deceit. Stories are told to illustrate these effects, such as one concerning a fellow who was excused four times in one year to attend the funeral of his grandmother. One paper says the abolition of the system would do little harm, and would at least remove a great temptation. The *Dartmouth* styles it as "childish pettiness in government," and calls upon American colleges to follow the lead of the German universities, and not to "treat their students like children or reprobates." It is noticeable, however, that the cry for voluntary attendance comes strongest from those places where a limited number of cuts are already allowed.

Still more general than the comments on compulsory attendance have been those on the marking system, called out, probably, by the mid-year reports of examinations and class rank. Some writers give the whole system unqualified condemnation; others, more moderate and sensible, deplore the lack of uniformity in marking by instructors of the same college. The *Harvard Advocate* calls attention to the injustice arising from the fact that every instructor uses a different basis in grading, and hence a student's average often appears at a disadvantage simply because he happens to be under one instructor who gives comparatively low marks. A little less reverent but not less instructive is the following from Union College: "One of the respected members of the faculty is reported to have answered the conundrum: 'What is the marking system?' by saying: 'Only the the Lord and one professor understood it; the Lord won't tell, and the professor has forgotten it.'"

The *Berkeleyan*, from the University of California, comes round regularly twice a month, always bringing something interesting. It is none the less welcome because most of its articles are of the lighter kind, though thoughtful contributions are not entirely absent from its columns. One noticeable feature is that it has a funny man who heads his column "Olla Podrida." He succeeds in getting up a very readable department, perpetrating a medley of fresh jokes, satirizing college abuses, and doing all his work in an easy, graceful way, which is far from suggesting the idea that he hurts his head in the effort. The picture of the exchange editor, who is a lady, appears in each number at the head of her column. She has been reading "Centre of Indifference," in the HAVERFORDIAN, and thinks it must be a "queer sort of a place where a student frequently takes but a couple of books from the library, and 'ten to one, these books are *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, and Vol. I. of *Harper's Magazine*.'" As an explanation of the "sort of place" Haverford is, we would like to call her attention to the editorial in our January number, which treats of the article on which her comments were made.

The *Beacon* shines out a little more consequentially since Boston University has been removed to its new buildings, and treats its readers to no end of satisfied prattle about the new parlors, new library, and new gymnasium. It gives the statistics of co-education at that institution, showing that, eight years ago, young ladies formed twenty-five per cent. of the students in attendance, while now they form seventy-five per cent., but says that those who think the University will, in time, be given up entirely to ladies are mistaken. A contributor deplores the lack of sociability among the students in the following strain: "Co-education means hardly more than meeting in the class-room as we would at a concert. When the hour is ended, we go our several ways, half to one end of the building, half to the other." Truly a lamentable neglect of opportunities. The same article very sensibly says that if the feeling of reserve between professors and students were broken down by more sociability, so that they would stand more in the relation of friends, the work and influence of the professors would be much more felt. In an editorial, the *Beacon* records its regret that the faculty do not take a more substantial interest in its work. After pleading for direct aid, it gives the following as an indirect way in which it could be benefited: "In no better way could any faculty aid the interests of the paper than by relieving the editors of a certain number of their required hours, and so expect them to give more time and attention to the paper."

COLLEGE NEWS.

The *Miscellany* denies that the weekly holiday at Vassar has been changed from Saturday to Monday.

It is said that hereafter the president of Trinity will receive \$10,000 a year. The presidents of Harvard and Yale each receive \$4,000.

At Williams the students have a congress which meets weekly, and carries on its proceedings after the manner of the National Legislature.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has given \$4,000,000 for a new college in New York. It will be non-sectarian, co-education, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.—*Er.*

A correspondence game of chess, which has been carried on during the year between the Yale and Columbia clubs, has been won by Columbia. Columbia has beaten in contests with Pennsylvania, Haverford, and Harvard.—*Er.*

According to the *Spectator* there are 25,617 college students in the United States. That settles one point any way. There at least 25,617 parties who have found fault with the running of the college paper at some period of their existence.—*Argonaut.*

PLUNDER.

Bond was bidding her "good-night," and had imprinted the last kiss on her dewy lips, when she again entwined her soft arms around his neck, and while she thus held him in sweet embrace said:

"I have a conundrum for you."

"What is it, darling?"

"Why would a laboring man dislike me if he saw me holding you thus?" And then she rested her head on his shoulder, giving it the appearance of a flour-mill floor, while Bondie thought long and deeply.

At last he said, "Give it up, dear; why is it?"

"Because I am a Bondholder."

Bondie was stunned for a moment, and then said:

"I draw a good deal of interest,—don't I, honey?"

"If you are conceited enough," imprinting a kiss on his Governor Pattison forehead, "to think so, you dear boy, you may; but Par says if these 12.45's are not called in, and 9.30's substituted, the whole Bond will be repudiated and kicked off the front step. What do you think of that?"

As the town clock tolled one at that juncture, Bond thought that he had better go up to college, and as the treasury door banged behind him the damsel muttered, "If that Bond don't spend more of his interest on me in the shape of oysters and minstrel tickets, there will be trouble in financial circles."—*Er.*

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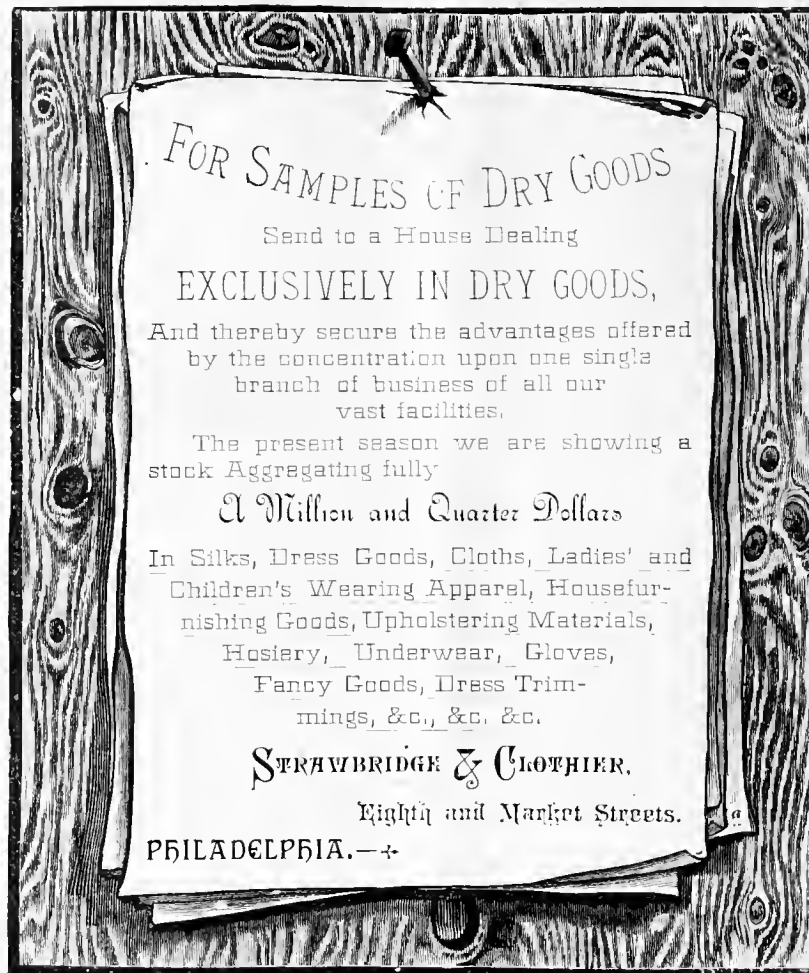
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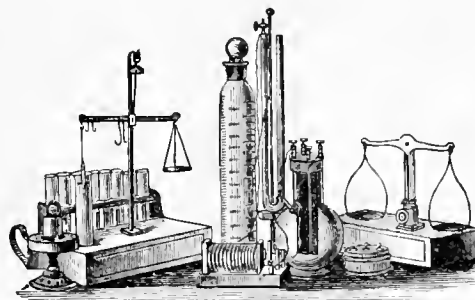
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Prof. ALLEN C. THOMAS, Prefect,
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., APRIL, 1883.

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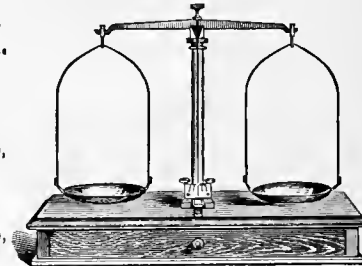
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., APRIL, 1883.

No. 7.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

Wanted—Nos. 9 and 10 of Vol. II. of *The Haverfordian*. If any person having either of these numbers is willing to sell them, he will do us a favor by immediately informing us of the same.

The attempt to awaken some of the students at the time of the fire on the morning of the 30th, proved that the habit of both closing the transoms and locking the doors of the study rooms at night is anything but a good one. It may be well enough to shut up tight to keep the noise out during the day, but when one retires he ought by all means to leave his doors, etc., in such a condition that he may be easily awakened in case of a fire or any other accident which might call for the aid of the students. The only persons who were awakened by the smoke had their transoms open so that the smoke had free access

to their rooms. This way may not be quite so pleasant, yet is it not the safer of the two? In case of a fire it would be no small business to awaken the seventy persons sleeping in Barclay Hall, and it is very important that each one should prepare himself so that he may be awakened as easily as possible. As we never know when such a thing may happen, is it not best to be always ready?

At the beginning of the year we proposed a negative policy for the editorial department of *The Haverfordian* until there was a decided feeling among the students in favor of reform. We think that the time has come for urging decidedly a reform in one or two points of college discipline. We are quite willing to be saddled with a number of rules in regard to smoking, times of retiring, etc., but when the regulations outrageously fetter the personal liberty of any student, there is need of a change. Of this class is the rule which refuses to students who remain at college over Sunday the right to attend any other place of worship than the one provided by the authorities. This is bad enough in the morning, but in the afternoon there is a collection held, with wonderful perversity, at the time when all the neighboring churches are commencing their afternoon services. It cannot be denied that this collection is interesting to all, but it is somewhat trying that we cannot have Sunday afternoons to ourselves. This rule was laid down way back in the past when Haverford was a school, the disciplinary traditions of which time unfortunately remain with us still.

It was then thought necessary to know at every moment the exact locality of every student, and this collection was one of the means used of coming at this praiseworthy knowledge. Perhaps they thought to kill two birds with one stone, by inculcating at the same time some of "the immutable truths of pure religion." Doubtless, Haverford is "loyal to all truth," but it appears as if she was only loyal to such truth as the powers that be see fit to cram down our throats.

We do not think that the rules in regard to morning church and the afternoon collection are kept up from any unworthy motives. There is, of course, a certain conser-

vative element which hates a change just because it is a change. But we would remind the Managers, or those who make the rules, that this is the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, and that the same rules which were suitable for a body of students fifty years ago are not suitable for us. We recognize the fact that the college discipline is much more sensible and practical now than it was a few years ago; but there is still room for improvement. A great many rules have become, by common consent, dead letters, and we hope that this remedy, or some other, will be applied very soon to all the remaining ones which are impracticable and foolish.

It will be admitted by all that the influence of a set of laws which are honored more in the breach than in the observance is more bad than good. Anarchy will not take place at college if a man occasionally attends some other place of worship than Quaker Meeting, or if our cricket team should play a few matches off our own grounds in term time.

Finally, we would remind the Managers that they have decided to give up the idea of the "family" because it didn't pay, and that they had agreed to make this place a college. Instead of asking that any rules should be abolished, we would most respectfully suggest that some of the old domestic and family arrangements should be done away with.

Our personal editor seems to have a very hard time collecting material for his column, which is not surprising, since so many of our graduates seem entirely to forget the existence of our paper a few years after they leave our halls, that is, we don't doubt that they are often with us in the spirit, but we often yearn after a little more interest in the flesh.

Any little items of news of themselves, or classmates would be very acceptable to us, and would add an interest to our personal column, which at present it is greatly in need of.

We wish to state that contributions for *The Haverfordian*, of whatever sort, should be accompanied by the name of the contributor. This is but a fair request, since we wish to know whom to hold responsible for the statements which may, from time to time, appear in our columns. Our correspondence has not, till of late, been of such an extensive nature as to demand our making this rule; but within the last five months we have received as many as three contributions, several of which have been anonymous, so that we feel that we are justified in making this request. We hope that none of the many

writers, who are constantly pouring their effusions in upon us, will be discouraged by this. We only ask that they will let us know who they are. As long as they do not slight the "Bud," and the "Gem" for the sake of the "official organ of the students of Haverford College," we shall be satisfied. But we put the question to every conscientious student, are you not sadly neglecting your society work in your attempts to lighten the tasks of *The Haverfordian* editors? As with aching hearts we leave the joys of the editorial sanctum for a few days' vacation in the cold, cold world, we have but one favor to ask, and it is this: That you will think over the above query, and see if there is not some chance for improvement in the present method of supporting a College paper?

On the 30th ultimo, the Everett Society celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by a well-attended festival and appropriate remarks. Of our three societies, this is the youngest, being founded in 1858, and hence its age is half that of the college. At the time of its founding, there were at Haverford the Henry, the Athenæum, and the Loganian Societies. Those students, who were not members of these organizations, on one Seventh-day evening met in the north-west class-room of Founders' Hall, and started the present Everett Society. During the first year of its course, it was composed of seventeen members. Thomas Wistar ('58) and Henry Bettle ('61) were the first President and Secretary. Hon. Edward Everett, upon hearing of the birth of his namesake, presented it with his portrait, which is not the least precious keepsake among its archives. Counting from the time of its organization, its roll contains the signatures of 319 students. During its existence it has collected a library of 1123 volumes, and is now preparing the twenty-fourth volume of its paper, the "Bud."

There is something stimulating in the fact that our societies are all of long standing, and that in the Athenæum, the Everett, and the Loganian more than a generation of students have debated and declaimed as we are now debating and declaiming. In many of our American colleges, the good old custom of supporting the weekly literary society has passed away. The mental gymnasiums, where so many of our Websters took their lessons in the war of words, have been abandoned; and in their place has been substituted what may be called, without exaggeration, an excess of base-ball, cricket, and other athletic sports. But it is to the honor of Haverford that, while developing the physical, she has not neglected so important a feature of her mental culture.

THE THINKER.

"What is the hardest task in the world?" "To think." So asks and replies Emerson, himself one of the world's greatest thinkers.

To say that any one does not think, as we commonly understand the word, would be erroneous; but we may perceive that thinking as defined by the great thinker above alluded to means something more than is accorded to it by its general signification. That power and intensity of mental habit which distinguishes the true thinker is ingrafted in few individuals.

But why this seeming paradox? says some one; to think is an easy task. The thinker leads an easy life, says the ignorant peasant, as he looks with envious eyes upon the delicate hands and tidy dress of some individual who supports himself through means of the labor of his brain. It is true there is no sweating of the brow, no bodily exertion, oft nothing at all to mark externally where the vicissitudes of victory and defeat have wrought their changes and left evidences of toil.

It may seem like making a strange assertion, but nevertheless a true one, that few persons ever learn to think in the highest sense of the term; and why? Simply because they take their ideas second-hand; so that thinking, the noblest process of the mind, is dwarfed down to the effort of remembering; and hence if there is no necessity or inclination for original investigation, we may never feel nor appreciate how great may be the task of the thinker, nor experience the joy of his reward.

In the physical world the value of the product is measured by the amount of labor bestowed upon it in preparing it for our reception. We apply the same law to the productions of the intellect, and though at first sight, the rule which we have adopted, may seem to be set with many noteworthy exceptions in its application, it remains true in the long run that those thoughts which have cost the thinker the most labor are those which the world values the most highly. The work of patient, earnest minds lives to enrich mankind; it has substance; all else is but a bubble bursting in mid-air; for a time it dazzles with its splendor, then, at a touch, it is dissolved and leaves no mark to show where it has rested.

Here, then, is the secret of endurance, or that on which rests the perpetuity of the thoughts of men, and that is the intrinsic value of the labor which they have cost. Power to think means capacity for resisting all that would allure the mind from the object of thought. Vigor and perfection in the intellectual and moral world, as well as the physical world, imply capacity for resistance. He is the true thinker who, closeting his mind

with his problem,—his idea,—spends his toil upon it until it has yielded a solution.

The thinker does not always possess the gift of knowledge. Numerous are the instances of those who, without this external aid, assisted solely by the habit already formed, of patient, persistent thought, have won renown as men of intellectual prowess, and have contributed in no small degree toward the progressive movement of mankind.

All honor to him who, despite misfortune and lack of the advantages attendant upon the scholar, trains his thoughts to soar with certain flight in the regions of knowledge.

The college student, surrounded by all the incentives and aids to mental improvement, is not near so worthy a subject for contemplation as a Miller, a Burritt, or a Franklin, who in the habit of a simple rustic, at the same time that he pursues his humble avocation, patiently directs his untutored intellect wherever it is impelled by the bent of his genius, that abiding force which conducts him step by step, from thought to thought, until the man, the thinker, struggles forth from the darkness of obscurity to the notice of his fellows.

We have been considering the thinker; let us now consider for a moment what he has wrought. Or, rather, instead of asking ourselves the question as to what has been accomplished by thought, we might ask: What has been accomplished without it? The poet, with far-seeing eye, has already framed for us an answer:

"Not a truth to science or art has been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven."

Review all past events; survey everything indicative of intellectual or material greatness, whether existing now in its fullness or only as the vestiges of an ancient civilization, and how readily do we perceive that all has evolved from the mind of man. Civilization eventually reveals itself in the form of material products, wrought through the application of mind to matter. A rough block of marble in the hands of the savage remains so; but in the hands of a Guido or a Michael Angelo, lo, what a miracle is wrought in the senseless stone! The American continent was a wilderness as long as it was only the abode of savage tribes; but let the "paleface" come—the man with mind—and in three or four centuries that wilderness becomes the Eden of the world. "Savages," says a writer, "are enslaved by the terrors of their own imagination." Their rude intellects, like their bodies, possess a large amount of activity; but with no power to direct it otherwise than in contributing to their immediate wants, there results a bodily as well as mental

stagnation, and advancement becomes with them an impossibility. In that state of society which lives and moves in accordance with constant mental development, and not altogether through the impulse of the moment, the case is far different; here everything is moving toward a greater sufficiency. Instead of accepting circumstances as they are, man makes them; many things that formerly excited his terror, he now looks upon as contributing to his security and comfort. The terrible spirits that tenanted the earth, air and water, are chained obedient to his will. He is emboldened by his success; he now pries into every nook and corner of the visible world; he passes beyond its confines in the daring of his thought, and reasons on worlds beyond his little sphere that by a point of light reveal their presence in infinite space. Superstition no longer holds him the servile slave of form and ceremony. Love and unselfishness form the basis of his creed. He seizes unto those ideas of a future life and of a Supreme Being which are themselves of divine origin.

Can we then, in the light of all these things, estimate the value of a thought—a perfect thought—which has evolved from the mind of one of the world's great thinkers? Can we fathom its tendencies, or show what may be the result therefrom? Can we tell now for how much we are indebted to Homer, Plato, Shakespeare, Milton or Newton? Will any future age be able to realize for what it is indebted to Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, or any of those great minds whose thoughts are still *young* in the world, so to speak? How vain would be the attempt!

We feel that we may say without exaggeration that there is nothing to compare in value with those great thoughts which have been given forth to the world by that comparatively small band of thinkers filing through the ages; for, as Goethe says, "in the world there are few voices and many echoes." All material grandeur sinks into insignificance when compared with that wealth which has embodied itself in the form of books and those precepts common among mankind, but which was originally the immediate product of the thinking soul.

If, supposing it were possible, the question should occur as to which would be the greater loss to man, namely, the destruction of all that wealth which has embodied itself in a material form, or the annihilation of the recorded thoughts of the centuries, we should not hesitate to say that the latter would be by far the greater loss, and in the widest sense irreparable. The world has almost ceased to bewail the loss of Greece and Rome, but the destruction of the Alexandrian library by the Mohammedans can never be sufficiently deprecated nor deplored. How insignificant is the decline or destruc-

tion of a material empire when compared with that of the intellectual! "Babylon in all her desolation is not to be compared with the human intellect in ruins." Macaulay, in his review of Mitford's History of Greece, has shown the supremacy of the empire of the intellect in a sentence which for beauty and sustained grandeur of style has no equal in our language. Speaking of the resplendent culture of the ancient Greeks he says: "Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode on distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of her proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of her proudest temple; and shall see a naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory shall still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercised their control."

As our essay draws near completion, we are more and more filled with the grandeur of the human mind,—its possibilities and its capacity for endless improvement. But says a writer, "Our thoughts must be executed, otherwise they are no better than good dreams." "Cast forth thy word, thy act, into the ever-acting, ever-living universe," says Carlyle. Not only is thought the immediate foundation of all speech, but it is the only true source of action; and hence we see that all that pertains to man is centred in that strong old Saxon word—*think*.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE EVERETT SOCIETY.

When the suggestion was made that we should attempt to celebrate, in a modest sort of way, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Everett Society, no one thought that the scheme would develop into the

brilliant success which was achieved. To say that our success was brilliant comes nowhere near expressing the facts; if we spoke the truth we would not be believed.

The morning of the 30th was ushered in by a fire in the basement of Barclay (at about three o'clock in the morning) and a storm of sleet and rain, and an Everett man might be easily spotted by the length of his face. The Fates seemed against us. It was even rumored that the Athenæum men had been putting the weather clerks up to mischief; but we believe this to be utterly without foundation. The undergraduates were promptly assembled in Alumni Hall at 7.30, but there was not a sign of an Alumnus. As sixty-two had accepted, this was discouraging. But suddenly they dropped into our midst as if from the clouds, and by the time the meeting was settled, *fifty-seven* of the sixty-two were present.

The President introduced Mr. H. T. Coates, who addressed the society on the principal political events contemporary with the growth of the Everett, and he urged in a very forcible manner the duties and responsibilities of the youngsters who are soon to take men's parts in the world. Mr. Joseph Parrish was then introduced, for the poem. His production was listened to with an appreciation and enthusiasm which evidently showed that the members of the Everett Society know a good thing when they hear it. It is needless to say that Messrs. Coates and Parrish did ample credit to Haverford College and their old society. It would be useless to attempt to express our gratitude to these gentlemen for their contribution towards the success of our undertaking.

The meeting then adjourned, and after a few moments reassembled in the dining-room in Founders' Hall. The supper was spread by Trower, of Germantown; and if the justice done to his viands was an indication of his excellence in his art, he may well be proud of his reputation.

President Chase was chairman of the supper, and presided with that grace and dignity which is so eminently characteristic of the man. Here, again, it would be useless to attempt to express our gratitude and obligation. His eloquent speech with which he introduced the first toast showed unmistakably the regard in which the Everett is held by the authorities, and the valuable place which they consider it takes as a factor in the influence of Haverford College.

The first toast was "Haverford College, the Faculty and the Managers." Professor Pliny Chase replied for the Faculty in the most forcible and eloquent speech which we have ever heard the gentleman deliver. Extracts should be given from this and all the other speeches, but the lack of space will not permit it.

Mr. William P. Evans was appointed to reply on behalf of the Managers, but he was absent, so the remaining toasts were proceeded with. They are as follows:

"The Loganian Society."—Dr. Henry Hartshorne.

"The Everett Society."—Henry Bettle, for the Alumni; for the undergraduates, John Blanchard.

"Haverford Cricket."—For the Alumni, F. H. Taylor; for the undergraduates, B. V. Thomas.

"The Society of Friends."—Dr. James L. Levick.

"The Penn Charter School."—Richard M. Jones.

"The Law."—James Carey, Jr.

"Medicine."—Dr. Joseph Wills and Dr. J. B. Sheppard.

"Our Sister Colleges, University of Pennsylvania and Harvard."—For the University, Dr. James Tyson; for Harvard, Stuart Wood, Ph. D.

"The Mercantile Profession."—H. G. Lippincott and Thomas P. Cope, Jr.

"The Committee of Arrangements."—T. K. Worthington.

The supper lasted from a quarter of nine till eleven o'clock. The Alumni were escorted, after the good old fashion, to the 11.21 train by the undergraduates.

A complete success was achieved, and we can only hope, for the Everett Society, that her fiftieth celebration will be as glorious and enthusiastic as was her twenty-fifth, and that very many of those who met together on the night of the 30th of March, 1883, will reassemble in the year 1908 to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of our beloved society.

COMMUNICATION.

WILMINGTON COLLEGE,
WILMINGTON, O., March 23, 1883.

EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN:

I wish to correct, through your columns, a personal statement in your last issue, to the effect that the undersigned is making a telescope for Wilmington College on a plan of his own invention. I am only one of three engaged in this enterprise, the other two being Messrs. Milton J. Farquhar and Reynold Janney, two enthusiastic graduates of this college, to whom fully an equal share of honor attaches, both in the invention and execution of our plans.

Respectfully,

LEVI T. EDWARDS.

A POEM ON YE SPRING.

One night, as in a moonlit grove
 Your humble servant chanced to rove,
 Upon a stump near by he spied
 The goddess Flora, sunny-eyed.
 And pausing a moment in her meditations she said, "How are
 you, Johnny? does your mother know you're out?"
 Thus I addressed this goddess gay,
 Who bringeth in the summer day:
 "Sweet Muse, fair daughter of the spring,
 Tune up, old girl, let's hear you sing.
 And give a little refreshment to weary mortality."
 Then struck the Muse the droning lyre,
 And thus her notes at me did fire,
 Accompanied by a certain degree of affability.
 "Springtime has come at last,
 Winter's dreary days are past,
 And the birds from every tree
 Sing their songs right merillie,
 And the green grass is just beginning to vegetate on the ground.
 Sometimes the days are mild and warm,
 Sometimes we have a thunder-storm
 Accompanied by a superabundance of mud.
 Now the frogs their voices raise,
 Now we're in for pleasant days,
 Now the sun is slow to sink,
 Now the stars delight to wink
 From out the glittering firmament, which is spread out like a ging-
 ham umbrella overhead.
 Now the student leaves his knowledge,
 Leaves his books, and leaves the college.
 Toward the city hastens gladly,
 Then at night, forlorn and sadly,
 Takes the emigrant train and arrives at his room at about 3 A. M.,
 gets late to breakfast the next morning, and receives two
 little marks on his deportment column."

LOCAL.

The gymnasium looks deserted.

"How many eggs did you eat, Cæsar?" "*Et tu, Brute.*"

Keep a stiff upper lip, Junior, and you will get through.

The Sophomore band will play the overture for the Junior exercises.

'84 has launched upon the public about seven hundred invitations within the past month.

James Wood gave the last lecture in his course on American History on the 4th inst.

We hope the Dorian will be at work again before our next number makes its appearance.

There are at present fifty-seven cases of spring fever in college. Truly a fearful mortality list!

The flagpole on our cricket grounds blew down last month. This will give us a chance to *put up* our new one.

No—that is not a wild Texan bull having a fit in the building. It is only a Soph, practicing on the violoncello.

The twenty-nine students who visited Swarthmore last week voted universally that Swarthmore's were square men.

Professor Thomas gave a very interesting lecture on "England," on the 28th ult., illustrated with stereopticon views.

The work in the gymnasium has proved beneficial already in our match with Swarthmore. It showed strongly who had worked, and who had played truant.

With little expense, a good running track could be put around our buildings, which would be a great source of comfort both to our runners, as well as to our neighbors.

A. P. Smith, '84, F. A. White, '84, Enos L. Doan, '85, and Rufus M. Jones, '85, have been elected by the Loganian Society as orators at the public meeting in June.

There has been a sketch class started in the college, and we would advise some people to brace up and have some style about them, as they are liable to be sketched any moment.

The Everett celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary on the 30th of last month. The honorary members of the society were well represented, and the whole affair was a decided success.

With the present material which Haverford has, a first-class cricket eleven could be formed, if the services of a professional could be obtained. Won't some rich man make the first move?

Freshie wants to know how a man can study fourteen hours a week, and play cricket twenty-five hours. Why, Sonnie, let lessons go; they don't amount to a row of pins alongside of cricket.

We see that the Executive Committee is making preparation in respect to our new football grounds. We assure them that all efforts in that direction will be fully appreciated by the Association.

The Editors of *The Haverfordian* would petition the Faculty for a sanctum. Let it be on the fifth story, iron-bound, with gratings over the windows, and amply supplied with revolvers and bull-dogs.

The Astronomy Class took the latitude of Haverford Observatory on the 16th by triangulating across the country from the government station near Media. The results will be published in our next issue.

A Junior, who has just finished Pericles' oration, inflicts the following on us for publication:—"What is the difference between Abraham and Thucydides? *Answer.*—One was translated by faith, the other by works."

Unfortunately, the snow on the 31st prevented our second eleven playing a football match with the Swarthmore second on that day. The eleven was in good practice, and our chances for victory were very good.

He was an ambitious student of Political Economy, and when the Professor asked him what had been proposed as a suitable substitute for specie as a basis of exchange, he answered, promptly, "Corn bread, sir!" The class suspended business, and took a recess for a few moments, while the professor ventured to suggest that bread corn was the proper expression.

Our wildest expectations have at length been realized. The flagpole, which for months rested upon the bosom of mother earth was lately removed to the cricket ground by a delegation of students marching to the tune of J. Brown. And yet it was not without feelings of sorrow that we saw this ancient landmark snatched from its original position,—sorrow at the thought that we could never again write any more editorials or locals on the subject; sorrow at the thought that one more object of our journalistic wrath had been removed. Amidst all the joy which accompanied its transportation, we could but mutter to ourselves the words: "Thus it always is with our brightest hopes; who would have thought that this (sorry log) would ever be disturbed?"

The bicycle boys are beginning to put their heads together and whisper obscure sentences about a grand tournament next June, with races and champion belts and fancy riding, wound up with an ice-cream supper. They have got the talent and ability, especially for the last item; but there is no track, and unless the managers build them one, the whole affair will probably end in smoke.

Who says that energy is scarce at Haverford? On the afternoon of the 27th ult., the boys turned out *en masse*, and tore down the old wooden "back-up" on the football field, and then carried the new flagpole to the cricket ground. Darkness fell before their labor was completed; but, equal to every emergency, they soon collected a pile of rubbish, by whose lurid light the work was brought to an end.

The devouring element visited Haverford for the third time upon the 5th instant. The roof of Founders' Hall took fire during the dinner hour; but when the students appeared upon the scene the flames were mostly under control. The event clearly demonstrated the fact that tramps have a practical value, since one of these personages was the first to announce the fire. The report that the alarm was given merely to deprive the fellows of a portion of their dinner, and to keep provisions from giving out, is utterly without foundation.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 30th, some of the students were aroused by the smell of fire like the burning of paper and pine wood. Upon investigation it was found that a pile of waste paper, with the sweepings of the house, which had been stored in the basement, had taken fire during the night, and burned, fortunately without any flame, until the whole of Barclay Hall was filled with a dense smoke, which looked as though something serious was about to happen. With the united efforts of about half a dozen students it was quickly extinguished, and each one returned to his "downy couch" feeling as though he had done something great. However, great praise is due to those persons who assisted, for the quiet manner in which they did their work. Very few of the students knew anything about what had happened until breakfast time, when the whole story was quickly spread.

Smoke?

No, siree!

Don't smoke no more—

Don't even chaw.

Dropped it, you see.

Swore off yesterday.

Don't want no third stage;

Guvnor would rage—

Mought stop the pay.

Hey?

Wot's that you say?

You'll stand treat?

Prof's all away?

Well, sir, that's neat—

Durn it, come on!

Thar by the ridge,

Under the bridge,

Good place to stay;

Jest lend me a couple of matches—

This here's a rale "Henry Clay."

Say, who be he?

Under that tree?

Joe?

Sho!

Well, I'll be!

No!

Yas, that's so!

Stranger, 'tis he!

Caught, sir, by Jee!

PERSONAL.

'59.—Mr. Carmalt revisited the college on the 23d ult. He had not been here before since his school-days.

'68.—Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro', Maine, of which Edward H. Cook ('68) has for years been principal, was destroyed by fire last month. It was not insured, and there was a loss of \$6,000.

'70.—We hear very good reports from the Rev. Oliver G. Owen and his school at ————

'72.—Caspar W. Haines is still in Mexico. He is superintendent of a branch of the Mexican National Road.

'74.—John G. Bullock has been lately elected a member of the Committee of One Hundred.

'82.—William C. Jay, graduated at Bennett Medical College, Chicago, on the 20th ult.

'82.—Wilmot R. Jones' name appears on the new catalogue of Providence Boarding School as Assistant Governor.

'82.—Edward Randolph was with us again on the 26th ult. He has just returned from California, and seems greatly benefited by his voyage.

'83.—H. L. Wilbur is at home for his Easter holidays. He visited us on the 27th.

For the account of the celebration of their twenty-fifth anniversary by the Everett Society, we refer you to another portion of the paper. The following honorary members attended the celebration: President Thomas Chase, Prof. Pliny Chase, Prof. Isaac Sharpless, Prof. Allen C. Thomas, Prof. Joseph Rhodes, Jr., Dr. James Tyson, Dr. Henry Hartshorne, Dr. James L. Levick, Joseph Parrish, Henry T. Coates, Henry Bettie, H. G. Lippincott, Joseph Trotter, Richard M. Jones, Howard Cooper, John B. Jones, B. H. Lowry, Ellis B. Reeves, John G. Bullock,

Charles Roberts, J. Whittall Nicholson, James Carey, Jr., Stuart Wood, Henry Cope, William M. Coates, H. J. Taylor, F. H. Taylor, L. M. H. Reynolds, J. B. Newkirk, John M. Whittall, Edward Gibbons, J. M. W. Thomas, Henry Thomas, William Bangs, T. H. Cope, Edward M. Jones, E. Y. Hartshorne, W. F. Price, James H. Cooke, A. L. Smith, W. P. Leeds, Walter Brinton, T. C. Palmer, R. S. Rhodes, H. L. Wilbur, C. Yarnall.

OBITUARY.

DANIEL B. SMITH, the first principal of Haverford College (then School), died at Germantown 3d mo. 29, in the 91st year of his age, and was buried 4th mo. 1st. He was a man of large and varied reading, particularly interested in metaphysical, ethical, and physical studies. He made important discoveries in chemical science, and his text-book on Chemistry, prepared for Haverford, was the best in the American market at that day. His long old age was honored and beloved, and full of activity and vigor to the last. His former students, for many years, have looked up to him with veneration as the Patriarch of Haverford.

THOMAS K. LONGSTRETH, an able scholar, an honest lawyer, and a sincere and active Christian, a prominent and beloved member of the Class of 1870, died 3d mo. 3d, and was buried 3d mo. 6th. Seldom have we been called to mourn the premature close of a life of so great promise. The large congregation which was gathered at his funeral in Twelfth Street Meeting House on the 6th ult., bore impressive testimony to the love and esteem with which he was regarded by a very large circle.

FOOTBALL.

SWARTHMORE VS. HAVERFORD.

Although the football season is generally finished before Christmas, a game was arranged between the two colleges, to be played on March 21st, at Swarthmore grounds. Wednesday breaking clear and cold seemed auspicious for the match; so our team, with many kindred spirits, mounted the college tally-ho, and drove over to Swarthmore. The roads being heavy, Haverford was on the field a little late, so that the referee, G. H. Evans, was unable to call the game until 3.35. Pennock winning the toss, elected the lower end of the field, making Haverford kick down hill, with the wind slightly in her favor.

While the middle rush of Haverford put the ball in play by a slight kick and then running with it, not far,

however, for Swarthmore was quick and agile, and the burly Jumbo soon bit the dust. By the able services of Wilson and Whitney the ball was then slowly forced towards Swarthmore's goal line. Elkins, of Swarthmore, while making a spirited run, was thrown heavily; examination proved that his arm was broken. A substitute being put in place, the game was immediately resumed. Stuart (Haverford) rushed the ball through Swarthmore's goal line, and secured a touch-down at 4.05, from which Bettie kicked a goal. The ball was trundled into play again, but no appreciable advantage was gained on either side in the remaining few minutes. The referee called time, and both teams took a breathing spell of a few moments, and patched up sundry cuts and bruises; after a fifteen minutes' rest, the teams went to work again, Swarthmore to gain her lost ground, and Haverford determined to resist it; it was evident from the appearance of the two teams, that the last three-quarters was to be a hard fought-battle. Wilson being laid up with a dislocated nose, and Whitney badly bruised, Harding and Shoemaker played half-back. The ball kicked off by Swarthmore was then driven towards Haverford's goal, where, by a slight misunderstanding and a remarkably good rush, Swarthmore secured a touch-down. In attempting to punt it out to obtain a more favorable position for kicking a goal, Reeve caught the ball and started up the field with it. Doan, of Haverford, was then badly hurt in the knee. Hussey being substituted, the game was continued, with the ball traveling slowly towards Swarthmore's goal. Wilson, who was now playing back, had to be replaced by C. W. Baily. As the time grew shorter, the game waxed hotter, and both teams became obstinate, resisting firmly every attempt made to advance the ball in either direction. After some minutes' bucking in this manner, the referee called time, giving the game to Haverford, with one goal and two safety touch-downs against one touch-down and six safeties.

The invitation to supper extended by Swarthmore to the college members, was gladly accepted and much enjoyed, after the hard work of the game. Debarring the few accidents which happened to members of both teams, and which up to the present time are doing well, the day passed off very agreeably to every one.

SELAH.

Hereafter every football and base-ball player at Princeton must file with the registrar of the college his parent's or guardian's consent to his connection with the team. No conditioned students will be allowed to play in matches away from Princeton.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

To say that a paper is a college publication is far from classifying it. The exchanges which reach our table represent almost as many different grades as there are between the *Norristown Herald* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Among the college papers which resemble the latter is the *Vassar Miscellany*,—not at all newsy, never attempting to be funny, and decidedly magazinish in form as well as in matter. Without doubt the *Miscellany* stands at the head of papers of its kind, attaining, as it does, solid excellence without being dry and stale. Its articles are almost without exception good in style and thought, and by no means dull from lack of variety; its table of contents presents a list of pertinent essays, apt reviews, and racy sketches. But notwithstanding all these excellences, an editor of the *Miscellany* is troubled because it has nothing in the line of those light, airy verses which have of late formed so striking a feature in a good many college papers. The chief obstacle seems to be the want of suitable subjects,—as she views it, it would not be lady-like to get up grinds on the professors, and Vassar has no crew or ball teams whose prowess can be sung. This is the way she sets aside love, the most frequent subject of such outbursts: "We can't write love songs without giving ourselves away. How would it look to see in the staid pages of the maidenly *Misc.* 'To my Lad's Necktie,' 'His Pointed Shoes,' 'His Beaver Hat,' etc." However, as long as Vassar can keep up to her present standard in journalism, she can afford to remain dignified and "maidenly."

Having begun a review of the *Miscellany*, we cannot refrain from mentioning the way in which a contributor in a readable essay on "Aspects of Modern Art," treats the great apostle of æstheticism. The following is the summary manner in which he is disposed of: "The name of Oscar Wilde will soon join 'Pinafore' and 'Grandfather's Clock' in the hereafter allotted to worn-out jokes and defunct slang." The article goes on to tell of the reforms which the æsthetic craze has brought about in furniture and interior decoration, and concludes the sketch of that feature of art by saying: "The sunflower was not in vain, and the lily rests from her labors and her works do follow her."

The latest additions to our list are the *Bethany Collegian* and the *St. Mary's Sentinel*; and really we almost wish that they had not come,—for, take it as coolly as we can, it is not entirely pleasant to find that both papers are too emulous of the literary flying-machine. The following will show the *Collegian's* soaring: "Were we to approach

the tomb of one who sleeps at Mt. Vernon, in our mind's fancy we could hear the voices of his tomb, like the rich notes of an Æolian harp, saying, 'Lo, I watch o'er the precious bones of one who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'" And the *Sentinel* strikes an attitude, and says, "What is poetry? It is the thrilling ripple of laughter gushing from the light heart of an innocent child, or it is the smile of a slumbering infant listening to the rustle of angelic wings." But leaving the voices at the tomb to croon, and the infant to smile poetry indefinitely, let us look a little further at the new comers. Were it not for the fact that their literary articles are made up of "fine writing," both papers would be rather pleasing. Both are neat, though the *Collegian* carries off the palm in that respect; and as this is its first issue, there is hope that it will improve with experience. If the editors will confine their remarks a little more closely to matters concerning college, and will call on contributors who write plain, straightforward English, the paper will be in position to claim an average rank. The local department is already good; and with that as a nucleus, and as much energy put into English directness as was employed in glittering phrases this time, we hope to see the second number fairly successful. Another new exchange is the *Purdue*, which has reached No. 5 of its first volume. It is on the whole creditable, though seemingly a little crude in its make up, and not of even excellence throughout. Its contents are as a rule interesting, and its management displays a vigor which promises much for the future.

The *Adelphian*, from Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, has joined the increasing circle of illustrated papers. The March number contains two of the finest cuts we have seen in any college paper—both full-page pictures, well executed in every way, and having a finished look which is unusual in the illustrations of college papers. These, with the clear typography and neat arrangement of the *Adelphian*, make it the handsomest paper that has reached us this month. Its pleasing qualities are not, however, all in appearance. Its contents are of a high order. The only thing in which the present number is specially deficient is in editorials; those which it contains are sensible, but few and short. In poetry we find some lively jingling verses well worth the space they occupy. Among the longer articles, interesting letters from alumni form a noticeable feature. The strong point of the whole paper is its local department. The items seem to be discreet and timely, and so completely report the news that an outsider can obtain from them an idea of the workings of the Academy.

COLLEGE NEWS.

Colleges often live to be old, but they do not always retain their faculties.—*Ex.*

The Cornell Freshmen have determined to adopt the mortar board.

The funds of Boston University have been increased \$600,000 during the past year.

The attendance at Lehigh University is rapidly increasing; the students now number 187, of whom 80 are Freshmen.

At Vassar it has been found necessary to prohibit the students from kissing the professors' children.—*Miscellany.*

The Trinity *Tablet* is trying to effect a union of neighboring colleges into an Inter-collegiate Lawn Tennis Association.

At Cornell, students in astronomy are at great disadvantage, owing to the fact that the college does not possess an observatory.—*Ex.*

Rutgers was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars for having the best college songs by the American College Song Book publishers.—*Argus.*

A majority of the present Senior class at Harvard intend to study law; sixty-eight per cent. of last year's class are now studying for that profession.

At Harvard political economy is the elective chosen by the greatest number of students. At the University of Michigan, history is the most popular elective.

Since 1875, when the Pennsylvania University Boat Club rowed its first race, its members have competed in 35 races, of which they were first in 23, second in 8, and last in 4.—*Chaff.*

The Pennsylvania University *Magazine* is authority for the statement that the gymnasium at that institution is used for little else than a training place for the crew, and a lunch-room for Freshmen.

President Seelye, of Amherst, spends an interesting hour with the Seniors every Monday morning, answering such questions on literary, political and miscellaneous subjects as they may choose to hand in.—*Ex.*

Williamsburg, once the seat of the learning, wealth, fashion and social position of Virginia, seems to be fast going to decay. The college has entirely gone down. Last year there was only one student, this year none. The president has a splendid residence just out of town, and the buildings are quiet and lonely looking, and seem to hide within their walls much wisdom, but this is all that is left of that once proud seat of learning, William and Mary College.—*Ex.*

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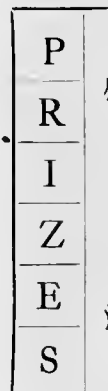
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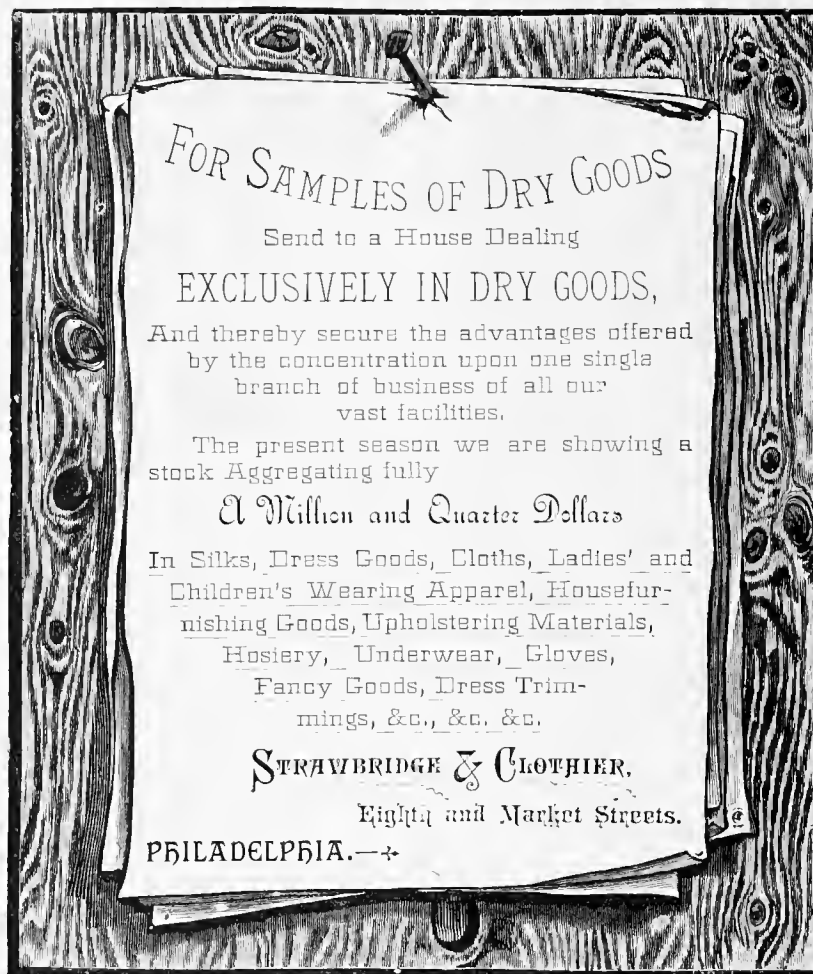
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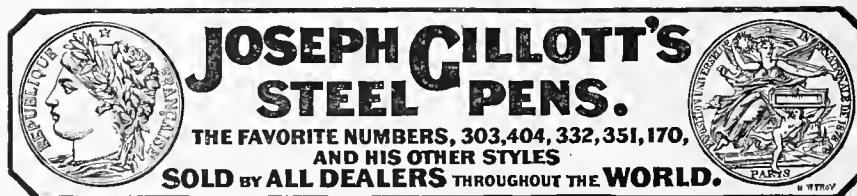
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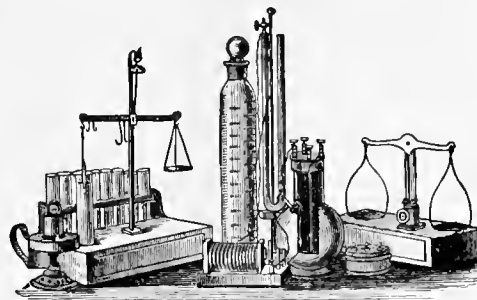
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., MAY, 1883.

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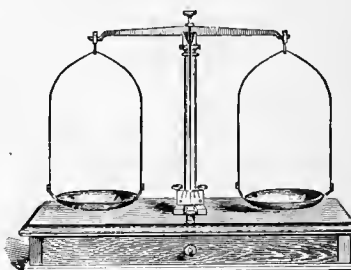
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Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., MAY, 1883.

No. 8.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year. Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

In a former number we called attention to the number of cricket prizes offered to the members of our club, and think it not out of place to do so again. The prizes are numerous and valuable to a cricketer, and should be striven for by all those who can. The new members are especially the ones who stand in best for some of the prizes; that is, the Improvement Bat and Fielding Belt. There is also a Sophomore-Freshman Bat for the highest batting average on afternoon scrub matches. The first eleven prizes also, although they are of no practical value, yet are something well worth striving for.

Again it becomes our duty to call the attention of the students to the near approach of the annual contest for the Alumni Prize. Heretofore there have been but few contestants; and is there not some danger of the prize being withdrawn, if, year after year, there are only three or four contestants? It is the only regular prize which is offered for excellence in oratory and composition, and the only one of any sort offered to the students

for excellence in literary work. We have many cricket prizes, which are well contested for, and why should not our literary prizes be as well contested for? If it is too late to try for the prize this year, let all who can contest for it next.

Since our last issue, a change of some importance has taken place in the marking system. After years of dissatisfaction, a plan has been adopted, which will, to a certain extent, remedy an evil for a long time felt by members of the two upper classes. Owing to the various systems of marking used by the professors, it has hitherto been difficult to judge correctly concerning a student's standing. By doing away with all grading, and simply giving the marks for the quarter, the Faculty have taken a step which seems to meet with much approval. While this method may, perhaps, cool the ardor of a few, who have hitherto studied for standing alone, we think it will be, on the whole, beneficial, and that those who study for the good to be derived from study will labor even harder, being assured that their work will be shown up in a fairer manner. It is to be hoped that the result will be favorable, and that students will meet the Faculty fairly in the matter.

The few days of practice which the cricketers have enjoyed, show that there need be very little fear of our not having a good team in the field this season. The batting, certainly, is a great improvement over that of last year—the first match showing almost as good cricket as the last one last year. In the field, the men are not quite up to the usual standard, which is probably due to tender hands and cold weather. This will, however, improve with time and warm weather. Indeed, we can speak nothing but words of praise and encouragement while our cricket interests seem as prosperous as they do now. Another encouraging feature of the times is the larger attendance at the practice matches in the afternoon. Now there seems to be very little difficulty in obtaining full teams on the field, while last year we considered ourselves fortunate if we had eight on a side. Again, we would say, that with the present outlook we can see no reason why Haverford should not regain all her old laurels in the cricket field, against the other

clubs. Our hopes *may be* too high, but we think we are justified in placing them as high as we do.

Sweet June is fast approaching, as may be seen by any one who reads one or more periodicals. For the poems on Spring thicken as this month nears us, the number being inversely proportional to the square of the distance. So leaving the calendar, the appearance of spring suits, and of Mary Jane's new bonnet, entirely out of the question, one could easily perceive that Commencement with its bouquets and "sheepskins" is upon us.

There is one thing which we are inclined to think would make this season even pleasanter. An institution has become popular in many other colleges, and even schools, which has not yet found favor at Haverford. We refer to the annual Class Day. The usual programme, consisting of an oration, history, poem, and prophecy, is carried out by members of the class previously elected for the purpose. In many colleges, Class Day is better attended than Commencement, and is almost universally of greater interest. All the jokes and pleasantries of a four years' course are served up, much to the enjoyment of visitors and students. It would, of course, involve some extra work. Those who take part on Class Day, need not, however, speak on Commencement. The plan is certainly worthy of consideration.

It is a misfortune of the modern systems of college education that it so often brings the student to lead two lives: one before his professors, a strained and slightly hypocritical one; and another among his fellows. As to whether the fault lies with the student or his professor, it is not our purpose to discuss here; though it might be well to remark, in passing, that too often the professor is made to bear the sins of the undergraduate. But, whatever the cause, the fact remains; and this it is that makes the duty of the college editor doubly hard. Should he write for the Faculty or for the students? Certainly for the students. But when these two are opposed—what then? He cannot take a stand against Managers and Faculty, still less can he turn against his own friends. Thus the poor editor is brought to a standstill,—on one side friendship and fellow-feeling; on the other, respect for his elders, mingled, perhaps, with a wholesome fear of suppression.

At many colleges the understanding between teachers and taught is perfect; and here at Haverford we are gradually beginning to know each other,—but not yet as thoroughly as we should. To aid in bringing about this better understanding between officers and students is

what a college paper should aim at, and what *The Haverfordian* does aim at. We all see the present need of it, and we know that the Faculty are ready to meet us halfway. For this purpose we have lately laid open more and more that other side of our college life which we have generally hidden from our professors, and have ventured to bring forward in the columns of *The Haverfordian* some of the questions we have so often discussed in the privacy of our studies. Having thus broken the ice between us, we hope that these questions may be fairly and candidly discussed on both sides, until Managers, Faculty, and students leave off tugging in different directions, and pull together again as they should.

THE FREE EXERCISE OF THOUGHT.

When a person allows himself to be guided in every act by the will of others, he forfeits that great endowment, freedom of choice and the power of regulating conduct,—a power which it was undoubtedly intended we should cultivate and develop to the highest degree and in the highest sense possible. Like every other quality, it may be greatly increased by proper use, and greatly impaired by improper use or lack of use.

When a person allows himself to be guided to *any* extent by the will of others, just to that extent his power of distinguishing between that which is elevating in its character and that which is degrading is weakened. Actions which, to his enlightened sense, would be loathsome and repulsive, he comes to look upon with a spirit of toleration. He that would be a man, in the original sense of that word, must nourish his aspirations for manliness, or at least allow them to exert their natural influence.

Inactivity is one of the most natural tendencies of the mind. While in one sense it is the nature of the body to move and of the mind to act, as long as the man continues to breathe, yet in another sense it is the nature of both to be idle. If some effort is not put forth to exercise the mind, it will act as in an endless circle—and that of small extent, the routine of which it will traverse over and over again, and outside of which it will never reach. In this way it will become a mere instinct, differing in its nature from that of the animal creation only in this, that it has latent within it a potential energy, which, by exertion, may be brought to light and used to accomplish great results. When this energy is put forth, the mind no longer acts in ceaseless round; at each successive revolution it traverses a new path farther removed from the central attractions, and becomes better fitted for development.

While we can entertain no doubt that our great manufacturing establishments are productive of much good to the country, there is at least one bad feature about them. The employees become, in a manner, the slaves of their employers. They lose that self-dependence which is necessary for self-culture and self-development. No responsibility is placed upon them, except to go through with the daily routine of their tasks, and hence they become mere machines.

The tendency of all association is assimilation. The influence exerted by every one is such that it tends to draw every other one with whom he mingles to a likeness with himself. If the mind of one person is active and energetic, he is likely to infuse a similar spirit into his fellows.

The prominent men whose names have come down to us from ancient times were yet groveling in the myths and superstitions of their age; but they were men who set themselves to thinking, and so, rising a little above the darkness, they caught a ray of light. Through their influence the minds of others were fired, and through their influence yet others. As each successive generation passed by, the thoughts of former generations were taken up and further developed. So the great wheel of progression has rolled on, impelled by thinking men; and so it will continue to roll, and its rapidity has been and will be in direct proportion to the mental energy applied.

One of the greatest essentials of a free government is that it offers no obstruction to the free course of thought among the people over whom it extends. The importance of this was early seen by the citizens of the United States, and hence we see it specified as one of their first rights in the first article of the amendments to the Constitution. In the history of past ages we see numberless attempts on the part of governments to control the thoughts of the people. The result has always been faction, persecution and bloodshed. Such attempts, instead of tending to uniformity among the people, only tend to stimulate hatred and enmity, and to make the breaches between them still broader. There again the gift of free will and free choice is forfeited by those who submit themselves to be so controlled, and with the same evil effects.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the intellectual depravity caused by war; it is well known to be one of the greatest evils of the system. The unconditional obedience to which the soldier binds himself, implies the total resignation of the use of his reasoning faculties. As the result, the mind falls into a state of listless inactivity.

We have spoken of mental independence. By this we do not mean that he should, in no way, be influenced by others, and that he should not be open to conviction. We mean that he should not be persuaded to a change of conduct or belief till his judgment, enlightened by a good amount of sound thinking, is convinced that the change will be a good one. Here we see the advantage of free discussion. When each party sets forth his ideas in the presence of the other, a new field of thought is presented to all, and all are benefited. If each gives the reasons for his opinions, and all are open to conviction, they may be convinced of the folly of notions which they have held, and of the superior claims of those of others. The effect, then, of such a discussion, is to awaken the mental activity of all concerned, and to bring them to a nearer recognition of the truth.

The best feature of a republican form of government is, not that it causes the choice of the best men to office, but that it throws the responsibility of government on to the people,—a responsibility which no honorable citizen will shirk. A wise monarch may be able to rule with great satisfaction for a time; but, should he be succeeded by a weak-minded man, the people, who have thrown the entire management of affairs upon their rulers, are in a position similar to that of a child deprived of its mother. A responsibility is thrown upon them which they are not fitted to meet.

So we see the necessity of a free exercise of thought among the people in national affairs as well as in those of less importance. On such a free exercise depends the happiness, prosperity and growth of the nation and the individual.

JUNIOR DAY.

The usual routine of Junior Day exercises was repeated at Haverford on the 13th ult. The morning trains, as in former years, brought their loads of visitors, who, in spite of the fact that the weather was on the fence between favorable and unfavorable aspects with a threatening leaning toward the unfavorable side, had turned out to show their interest in '84 and in the college. The visitors coming by rail were joined by others, who had driven to the grounds, and who helped to swell the audience in Alumni Hall to goodly proportions, though there were not as many as would have assembled under a more propitious sky. At eleven o'clock the Junior class, followed by the Faculty, marched into the hall to the slow music of the tolling bell. The faces of those who were to speak looked rather solemn as they came in; but as they took their places on the seats reserved for them near the stage, and were greeted by the gaze of

well-wishing friends and equally well-wishing fellow-students, their anxious brows relaxed a little, and they appeared to breathe more freely.

As soon as the Faculty was fairly established on the stage, President Chase inaugurated the exercises by calling out the first speaker. The low ripple of conversation over the hall was speedily stilled, and then for a little more than a hour the audience manifested their appreciation of the orations by marked attention. The speakers all acquitted themselves well, either in thought and originality put forth in composition, or in elegance of delivery, and some succeeded in effecting a happy combination of these two pleasing features. The exercises over, the audience filed out of the hall, voting that '84 had given great and general pleasure to those who were so fortunate as to be present. An opportunity was given to all to refresh themselves with a substantial lunch in the dining-room; and after being thus regaled, a large number of the visitors spent a pleasant hour in looking through the buildings and wandering over the college grounds before turning their faces homeward.

The following is the list of speakers: A. D. Hall, "Our National Character;" F. A. White, "John Colet;" C. R. Jacob, "The Reign of Anne;" A. P. Smith, "Independence of Character;" L. T. Hill, "Will the French Republic Last?" George Vaux, Jr., "America for Americans;" T. H. Chase, "De Litteris Romanis sub Imperatoribus;" J. H. Allen, "The Sublime and the Beautiful."

The orations prepared by the members of the class who resigned the privilege of speaking were: O. W. Bates, "Jefferson and Hamilton;" A. C. Craig, "The Future of the Democratic Party;" J. H. Bartlett, "America and Rome;" W. J. Haines, "The Political Influence of Invention;" J. K. List, "Romances of the Middle Ages;" W. L. Moore, "Biography, and its Relations to Daily Life."

COMMUNICATION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE HAVERFORDIAN.

GENTLEMEN:—The last number of *The Haverfordian* contained an editorial which might give a wrong impression to the outside readers if left unexplained. The general tone of the article would imply that Haverford was a place where the principles to serve God after the dictates of one's own conscience had never reached, that the Society of Friends go so far as to cram their doctrines down the throats of the unwilling students, and that Friends' meeting is considered by us as the "one thing not needful."

The Society of Friends has always been noted for advocating freedom to the oppressed, and it would hardly be supposed that a college under their care would be saddled with more rules than seemed necessary. No rule here is enforced with so much strictness as the attendance at morning chapel is in the larger colleges. Our catalogue says that the college inculcates faithfully the simple and immutable truths of pure religion, and the student knows before coming here that he is coming to a place where Friends' views are placed in the foreground. Why, then, need he complain when he finds that he must attend two meetings during the week? Medical students are the only collegians in the country entirely exempt from some such requirement.

If it were not imperative for each one to go to meeting on fifth-day or to collection on first-day afternoon, it is doubtless a fact that those who go because they enjoy it, would still continue to attend with the same promptness, and those who go because it is necessary, would not lose anything by the change. Compulsory attendance of meeting is not apt to awaken much love in students, but it is easy to see why it is still continued. Meeting in the middle of the week was started almost as early as the Society itself, and has always been an institution dear to its members, and a discontinuance of it would seem to them like taking a strong pillar from the church.

It is, to be sure, the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, and the influence of the college is becoming more powerful and widely felt each year, but may it never lose sight of the object for which it was founded, or wish to lay aside any time-honored custom as burdensome. It is related of a certain canton in Switzerland, that they were victorious so long as they wore the badges and carried the ensigns which had been handed down to them from their ancestors, but when they tired of these, and threw them away, they were utterly routed, and became lost as a distinct people; and so Friends, with their distinctive marks gone, would no longer retain their high standing as a society, and the influence which they have always exerted would be lost.

FRIEND.

THE NEW TELESCOPE

We are to have a new telescope. The order has been given to Alvan Clark and Sons, who have made almost all the large glasses of America, and just finished a 30-inch for the Russian National Observatory. The aperture of the telescope will be 10 inches. The mounting will embrace all the modern appliances of clock-work, slow motion and clamping arrangements. It is hoped

that there can be added to it spectroscopic and photographic attachments, though the money for these is not yet secured. The telescope will cost about \$4,000, which has been raised by contributions. It will be finished in about six months.

What will be done with the old one is not yet decided. If the funds can be raised to build it a house and pier, it would be convenient to have it for more free use of the students than has been possible hitherto.

A mean of 76 determinations of the latitude of the Observatory by the zenith instrument is $40^{\circ} 0' 40.08''$, with a probable error of $.19''$. The old value was $40^{\circ} 0' 36.5''$.

LOCALS.

"I *will* be obeyed!"

The sweet season of garlic returneth.

Third-floor rolling stock is still booming.

Dr. Ladd has begun his annual examination.

Now is the time to begin canvassing tickets for society elections.

Reviews are now in order, and we can see Commencement not very far off.

Cricket stock is now above par, and those who got stuck last week feel bad.

Lawn tennis is having quite a boom, much to the discomfiture of the cricketers.

The Bicycle Club has a new pin, which consists of a silver monogram, H. C.

The Engineering Corps is out in full force under the direction of Professor Sharpless.

Alumni and old students will be interested in hearing that "Snobb" intends to sell out.

The cherry-trees are in full bloom, and will be densely populated at Commencement time.

Counting in Jersey, Haverford has within her classic halls representatives from thirteen States.

Owing to their great proficiency in English history, the Seniors will lay Hallam aside for a few weeks.

To prevent any further fires from breaking in upon our studies, the roof of Founders' Hall has been covered with tin (Sn).

A French student produced quite a panic in class the other day, by translating "*J'entends tonner*," "I intend to thunder."

The Seniors are hard at work closing up their long-shirked duty, and putting in the last four weeks in good, honest study (?).

The new telescope promises to be quite an addition to the Observatory, and there will certainly be some good work done with it.

Haverford has joined the Inter-collegiate Cricket Association, comprising, besides itself, Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, and Columbia.

We are glad to say that the flagpole at last stands upright upon the cricket field; the club should feel congratulated that it has achieved its first victory.

As a result of vacation, the chairs in the recitation rooms have received a new coat of varnish, and the walls some whitewash, making the rooms look somewhat more cheerful.

Founders' Hall has received a new tin roof, which reflects the sunlight into some of the rooms of Barclay Hall, making it anything but pleasant for the occupants of such rooms.

Haverford College has been admitted into the Intercollegiate Cricket Association. Although we may not play all the teams, our team will come in contact with some other colleges this year.

The hardware department has raised the price of screws to one dollar per half-dozen, because "everything is so high now." We have heard of but one purchaser, and he says he wants no more at that price.

It gives us great delight to announce to our readers that the Faculty have at last granted us permission to play matches off our own grounds. It will bring our team out, and make our college a little more widely known.

Year by year the grass on the lawn is cut a little farther out from Barclay Hall. It will only require a little more time to get it all cut with a lawn-mower. We would soon have a fine heavy turf all over the place if the grass was only kept cut short.

A terrible sensation was produced throughout the College on the evening of the 4th, by the report that a serpent in the menagerie of Gem, Puzzle & Co., had escaped from his cage, and was executing a fandango in the apartments of these gentlemen. He was finally secured.

We regret to say that "Aphrodite," the Hibernian maid, who for such an extended period of time "clipped" (?) the lamps on the second floor, has left. Since her departure, it is stated that one lamp has so far recovered itself as to be able to be seen by the aid of the naked eye, even in a dark room.

Professor Corson, of Cornell, lectured here on the evening of the 27th and morning of the 28th ult. His subject was "Nineteenth Century Poetic Ideals," especially as exhibited by the poetry of Browning and Tennyson. The lectures were rendered extremely interesting and instructive, and were listened to by a large and appreciative audience.

We intended to publish an extract from the address delivered by Bond V. Thomas, before the Loganian Society, at the public meeting, April 12th, but his illness has prevented its being prepared for this number. It was very unfortunate that the weather was so bad, as it prevented quite a number from attending, and hearing one of the best addresses that the Society has listened to.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The howling watch-dog wags his tail,
And nightly near old Barclay Hall
The Thomas eat doth caterwaul,
What though no earthly voice nor sound
In Soph'more orchestra be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
A song that's called "My Clementine."

Our orchestra is rapidly improving, and will soon take a high rank among the college orchestras of this country. On the evening of the 27th ult., a musical *soirée* promenade was given that brought together the best talent of the College, and was highly

appreciated by officers and students alike. The comb, the broom-and-wash-boiler, and the big banjo, are worthy of special mention. Mr. S. is also deserving of great praise for the admirable and scientific manner in which he conducted the services.

'84 was astonished to learn through the daily papers on the morning after Junior, that it had graduated, and that to music. One sheet seemed to labor under the impression that Haverford was a sort of University of Pennsylvania annex, and made a sandwich by putting our Junior exercises into a long article relating to that institution. At first we were inclined to blame the reporter, but after weighing the matter candidly we came to the conclusion that it was a typographical error. A Philadelphia printing press is very much like a boarding-school hash machine,—whatever is put in becomes "quantum mutatus" by the process. Ben Franklin little thought how much misery would result when he set up his first press in the "City of Brotherly Love."

PERSONAL.

'70.—The location of Rev. Oliver G. Owen's school, accidentally omitted in our last issue, is Clifton, N. Y. The school is known as Kirkland Hall.

'80.—Charles E. Cox is completing his third successful year of teaching at Friends' Academy, Le Grand. He is becoming well known as an educator throughout Marshall and adjoining counties.

'82.—George A. Barton gave an address at the Sunday School Conference, on the 6th ult., at New Bedford, Mass.

'82.—William H. Robinson is exploring the State of Iowa, with a view to locating. His headquarters are at Le Grand.

William C. Chase is enjoying a pleasant visit in Rome.

Wilmot R. Jones delivered a lecture last month in the Friends' Meeting-house at Lynn, Mass., on the "Principles of Friends."

We extend our hearty congratulations to William C. Jay. Long may he enjoy that greatest of human blessings—a happy matrimonial life.

'83.—John Blanchard sails for Europe on the 9th inst.

'84.—Isaac G. Ladd expects to enter '86 at Brown, next fall.

J. H. Bartlett has gone to Westtown, where he will fill the office of bookkeeper and assistant disciplinarian. Though we are sorry he could not remain with us, we wish him all success in his new sphere.

J. Henly Morgan is completing his business training at Spalding's Commercial College, Kansas City. He will take charge of the cotton and woolen mills at Lowell, Kansas.

O. W. Bates has rejoined his class, perfectly restored in health.

MARRIED.

'59.—SAMPSON-THOMPSON.—In New York, Wednesday, 11th ult., by the Rev. G. W. Blagden, D. D., Edward C. Sampson to Miss Sally P. Thompson.

'82.—JAY-NEWBY.—In Dublin, Ind., on Wednesday, 2d inst., William C. Jay, of Marion, Ind., to Miss Anna F. Newby.

CRICKET.

From the number of fixtures, which have been made for the coming season, we anticipate that much time and pleasure will be indulged in by the Philadelphia clubs. The matches which have been arranged for Haverford are numerous, and will give our team a good chance to retrieve lost honors and gain new laurels. From present appearances, we would say that the team promises better results than that of the two preceding years, the bowling will be the same as last year's, while the batting and fielding will be much improved. With the young blood and good staying powers which is peculiar to our club, and the outcome to severe training, we would wish the Haverford College Cricket Club every success in the coming season. Following are the fixtures for the spring of '83.

FIXTURES.

May.—Saturday, 5th. University Barge Club *vs.* Haverford College, at Haverford College.

Saturday, 12th. Merion *vs.* Haverford College (1st eleven), at Ardmore.

Wednesday, 16th. Merion *vs.* Haverford College (2d eleven), at Haverford College.

Saturday, 19th. Belmont *vs.* Haverford College (2d eleven), at Haverford College.

Girard *vs.* Haverford College (1st eleven), at Harrowgate.

Saturday, 26th. Young America *vs.* Haverford College (1st eleven), at Stenton.

June.—Saturday, 2d. Haverford College *vs.* University of Pa. (2d eleven), at Haverford College.

Saturday, 9th. Germantown *vs.* Haverford College (2d eleven), at Nicetown.

Saturday, 16th. Girard *vs.* Haverford College (2d eleven), at Haverford College.

Wednesday and Thursday, 20th and 21st. University of Pa. *vs.* Haverford College (1st eleven), at Nicetown.

Saturday, 23d. Baltimore *vs.* Haverford College (1st eleven), at Baltimore.

[From Philadelphia Dispatch.]

HAVERFORD COLLEGE VS. UNIVERSITY BARGE CLUB.

An easterly wind and cloudy sky are not conditions favorable to the enjoyment of cricket; but despite the fact that the wind was blowing a half-gale from that obnoxious quarter of the compass, and the sky wore its most forbidding aspect, eleven members of the College Cricket Club, and nine of the University Barge Club met on the picturesque grounds at Haverford College, to play their second annual match.

Owing to sickness, neither Thomas nor Craig was able to play for the College, while the Barge Club was compelled to dispense with the services of some of its best men on account of the athletic sports at Stenton, so that neither side presented its strongest team.

Shoemaker, having won the toss on behalf of the College, decided to take the field, and precisely at twelve o'clock Dixon and Fisher took their positions at the wickets to face the deliveries of Baily and Bettie. Dixon, who appeared to be out of form, was clean bowled with the third ball of Baily's first over, and his place was occupied by Law, who quickly got to work, making plenty of work for the field. When the total was raised to 21, Fisher gave an easy chance, which was accepted by Bettie at mid-on. Worrell, the new comer, played on before he had scored, and Leaming, his successor, failed to stop his first ball, which was on the wicket. Carter came next, but Baily quickly got one past his bat, making 5 wickets for 24 runs.

James filled the vacancy, and shortly afterward Law (who had been playing faultlessly) gave an easy chance at mid-off, which Worthington declined. The partnership, however, was short-lived, as the last comer got too far under one of Baily's, and was caught by Stuart at long stop. H. Savage, who followed, made a single, and then returned a gentle one to Baily, which was accepted. His brother came to the assistance of Law, who was again let off by Chase at short-leg; but this error did not prove costly, as his partner fell a victim to Bettie before another run was scored. Messrs. Etting and Hoffman being absent, the innings closed for the insignificant total of 35, of which Law was credited with 24.

The easy task filled the hearts of the collegians with joy, and, confident of success, Shoemaker sent in Bettie and Reeve to resist the attack of Law and Dixon. Confidence was somewhat shaken, when the pair was dismissed without scoring, and, as the wickets fell with alarming frequency, the feeling gave way to dismay. No

stand was made until Price joined Hilles. By their combined efforts, the total was raised to 16, when the latter missed one of Dixon's slows and made room for Chase, who managed to secure 9 runs before he succumbed to Law. L. B. Whitney came in and saw Price caught at point by Dixon after another single had been recorded. Whitney then tied the score by cutting the slow bowler finely for 3; but, after a couple of singles had been registered, put his leg where his bat should have been, with the usual result. The remaining batsmen did little, the innings terminating for 39.

The Barge Club started its second venture with Etting and Worrell, the attack, as before, being intrusted to Baily and Bettie. Both were well on the spot, and runs were obtained with difficulty. After thirty minutes' play the total stood at 12, when Etting was beautifully caught by Baily off his own delivery. Bettie distinguished himself in the next over by a similar disposal of Worrell, and also by clean bowling both Leaming and Hoffman with the total unaltered. James joined Law, and played freely until 26 runs were registered, at which point he returned on to Bettie, which was accepted. Dixon, the new comer, was bowled off by his pad without scoring, making way for H. Savage, an adept with the oar, but evidently a novice at cricket. This gentleman caused considerable merriment by his unhandy method of handling the willow, which reached its height when he was dismissed for attempting to run before the bowler had delivered the ball. Fisher succeeded him, and assisted Law in keeping the ball rolling. Runs came so quickly during this partnership that Reeve took the ball from Bettie, while L. B. Whitney relieved Baily. This change proved effective, as the Merion "crack" was captured at mid-off in the latter's first over. Eight wickets for 57 runs. Carter the new comer, attempted a short run and paid the penalty, and Whitney then closed the innings by clean bowling C. Savage, the total standing at 61.

Wanting 58 runs to win, the College again sent in Reeve and Bettie to face the bowling of Law and Dixon. An appeal for a catch at the wicket was answered affirmatively, and the latter was compelled to retire. Baily signaled his arrival by driving Dixon to the off for 3, and both batsmen continued to play so well that the total stood at 33 at the fall of the second wicket. From that to the end the game was stubbornly contested, and it was not until after the fall of the ninth wicket that the winning run was obtained.

The collegians are entitled to great praise for their fine bowling and fielding throughout, and with a little

more steadiness at the bat the team will doubtless achieve many victories. Following is the score :

UNIVERSITY BARGE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
A. J. D. Dixon, b. Baily	0	b. Baily	0
W. W. Fisher, c. Hilles, b. Bettie	4	not out	13
S. Law, not out	24	c. C. H. Whitney, b. L. B. Whitney	21
H. J. Worrell, b. Baily	0	c. and b. Bettie	3
T. Leeming, b. Baily	0	b. Bettie	0
W. Carter, b. Baily	0	run out	0
C. James, c. Stuart, b. Baily	4	c. and b. Bettie	12
H. Savage, c. and b. Baily	1	run out	2
C. Savage, b. Bettie	2	b. Whitney	1
N. Etting, absent	0	c. and b. Baily	9
J. W. Hoffman, absent	0	b. Bettie	0
Total	35	Total	61

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
S. Bettie, b. Law	0	c. James, b. Dixon	2
W. Reeve, st. James, b. Dixon	0	c. Dixon, b. Law	10
W. L. Baily, b. Law	1	c. Hoffman, b. Dixon	16
W. Hilles, b. Dixon	7	c. and b. Dixon	0
S. B. Shoemaker, b. Dixon	2	b. Law	0
W. F. Price, c. Dixon, b. Law	9	c. Etting, b. Dixon	11
T. H. Chase, b. Law	9	b. Law	4
L. B. Whitney, l. b. w. b. Law	4	run out	0
F. B. Stuart, b. Law	1	not out	0
T. K. Worthington, b. Law	2	not out	3
C. H. Whitney, not out	0	b. Dixon	5
Byes, 2; leg-byes, 2	4	Byes, 7; no ball, 1	8
Total	39	Total	59

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

UNIVERSITY BARGE CLUB.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings	0	21	22	22	24	32	33	35	—	—
Second innings	12	12	12	12	26	28	33	57	57	61

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

First innings	0	0	2	7	16	31	32	37	38	39
Second innings	2	33	33	34	43	54	55	55	55	—

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

UNIVERSITY BARGE CLUB—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Baily	48	17	0	6
Bettie	16	18	1	2

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—FIRST INNINGS.

Law	73	16	5	7
Dixon	72	19	1	3

UNIVERSITY BARGE CLUB—SECOND INNINGS.

Baily	84	27	5	3
Bettie	73	22	4	4
Reeve	24	9	1	0
L. B. Whitney	16	3	1	2

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—SECOND INNINGS.

Law	96	25	6	3
Dixon	81	26	4	5

Law bowled one no-ball.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Changes in the editorial boards of college papers are necessarily of frequent occurrence; and though as a rule editors retain their places for a year, the practice of electing a new board with each half-year seems to be becoming more general. Probably a majority of our exchanges pass into new hands with either the March or April issue; consequently a surprisingly large number of the papers before us this month inform us, in that stereotyped phrase which a pious reverence for antiquity reserves for such occasions, that "with this issue the present editors step down and out;" and almost an equally large number are blatant, in their salutations, with plans and promises for future management. It is

probably a wise plan that the new editors should be elected and assume their duties two or three months before the close of the college year. In that case, editors who are members of the Senior Class are not hampered with the duty of conducting the paper during their last days at college, and the new management gets well under way before the summer vacation, and is thus better able to tide over that time of silence without loss of enthusiasm. If we may be allowed to make a suggestion here, would it not be an advantage if the officers of the HAVERFORDIAN were changed two months earlier than they are at present? There seems to be an opportunity for us to learn wisdom from the plan which is found preferable at other places.

But to turn from this digression to one of the numerous farewells, of which mention was made above,—the *Princetonian* presents an interesting bit of experience: "We can honestly say that the work which we have done, pleasant and irksome, easy and difficult, good and bad, enables us to recommend editorial labor on college papers as excellent training to the student, whatever his fortune and vocation." The benefits derived are stated to be a knowledge of journalism, skill in writing, and an improvement of style. This is all very good as far as it goes, but it seems remarkable that nothing is said about the advantages of editorial work as a developer of patience. Come, *Princetonian*, tell us truly, did not that virtue make wonderful progress under the benign influence of the student who, for three days after each issue, finds fault with your paper every time he meets you, is silent concerning it on the fourth, and on the fifth and each succeeding day till another issue makes its appearance, asks you when the next number will be out?

Notwithstanding the changes in the management of so many college papers, the exchange editor of the *Spectator* continues to fire his communications at the HAVERFORDIAN as before. This time he treats us, in a friendly way, to a column and a half of elaborate argument on the Irish question. This we shall not try to answer, partly because we have not space to do so, and partly because we wish to avoid anything as partisan as his view of the case seems to us to be. It is not probable that he will make us wish to join an Irish "Brotherhood" by any continuance of his argument; neither is it probable that we can say anything that would change his opinions. But setting aside the whole question of "Irish pluck," we wish to say that the *Spectator* has one pleasing feature which we have long desired to mention; its clear, pure prose has a graceful and sustained flow which suggests a careful study of Addison's polished style. This manner

of expression, unique in a college journal, gives to many of its articles a dignity which they would not have, were their contents alone considered.

When we pick up the *Dartmouth*, and see two, and sometimes nearly three, of its pages crowded full of interesting personal news, under the title of "Memoranda Alumnorum," and when we remember that our "personal editor seems to have a hard time in collecting material for his column," and that "many of our graduates seem entirely to forget the existence of our paper"—see editorial in last number of HAVERFORDIAN—we involuntarily turn "green with envy." A further look at the *Dartmouth* shows that the alumni not only help on with it by furnishing items of personal news in abundance, but they also contribute interesting reminiscences of old times at Dartmouth, telling what the boys did, and said, and sung in the days of long ago. This again makes us wish that we could vie with it in presenting an array of articles sent in by our alumni,—but alas! it seems that things are not so to be here. We notice that the *Dartmouth*, if not exactly old-fashioned in its tastes, at least clamors for few innovations; and we more than half imagine that in this fact lies the secret of the interest which the alumni take in it, and also the secret of the lack of interest for the HAVERFORDIAN on the part of our alumni. Haverford's graduates are for the most part conservative men, who feel a strong attachment for the college as it was when they were here; consequently they have little sympathy for the sometimes noisy and rebellious sheet which contains so many protests against those restraints which are still thrown around Haverford students. Perhaps it would be wise for us to adopt the policy of the *Dartmouth*, oldest of college journals, and one of the most popular,—its circulation is 1100,—and let some of our complaints find another medium of expression.

AT OTHER COLLEGES.

The first college literary society was organized at Yale in 1768.—*Er.*

More than \$50,000 has been raised to put the Harvard Annex on a firm basis.

Harvard is said to have the largest bicycle club of any college, there being about one hundred members.

At Wesleyan, the two upper classes are allowed to cut twenty per cent. of their recitations without being required to make them up.—*Er.*

A Chinese chart of the heavens, made about 600 B.C., giving correctly the position of about fourteen thousand

stars, is preserved in the great Paris Library.—*Hesperian Student.*

The *Beacon* states that two Harvard students were being shown around the Physical Laboratory, a few days since, and as they approached the place where three young ladies were experimenting, the assistant explained, "These are the meteorological instruments," at which the Harvard men stared blankly at the three young women.—*Er.*

"The young ladies at the Ohio Wesleyan University are required to report to the authorities all topics of conversation in which the young men engage with them when walking on the street."—*Er.* We are unable to decide whether this is intended to cultivate the young ladies' memories, or, as our informant thinks, "to promote the strictest veracity on the part of the young ladies."

Out of three hundred and three colleges in this country, one hundred and fifty-five now use the Roman, one hundred and fourteen the English, and thirty-four the Continental pronunciation. Among those using the Roman pronunciation are Harvard University, Boston University, Yale College, Columbia College, the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton College, Cornell University, Johns Hopkins University, and the University of Michigan.—*Ann Arbor Chronicle.*

At Columbia all students living on Manhattan Island are required to attend chapel at 9.30 A. M. Princeton requires its students to attend chapel at 8.15 A. M. on week-days, and 11 A. M. on Sunday. At Brown, chapel attendance is considered in the same way as other exercises, and attendance at 8.30 A. M. is compulsory. The Amherst student is expected to attend chapel every week-day at 8 A. M., and church twice on Sundays. Vassar has an evening chapel, with full church service on Sundays. Williams rejoices in two chapel exercises every day, and a regular church service on Sunday.—*Northwestern.*

PLUNDER.

Horace rode along the Sacred Way on a mule, but the modern Sophomore follows him on a pony.—*Er.*

Barber (to Junior, who is having his hair cut).—"Will you have it cut long or short, sir?"

Junior.—"Well, just cut it long enough to keep me from Calculus, and it will be entirely satisfactory."—*Er.*

A Sophomore, *mirabile dictu*, went to church last Sunday. He was dreaming of release from mathematics, when he suddenly started on hearing the minister say: "There is but one condition." "Thank goodness!" exclaimed the student; "I thought there were five."—*Er.*

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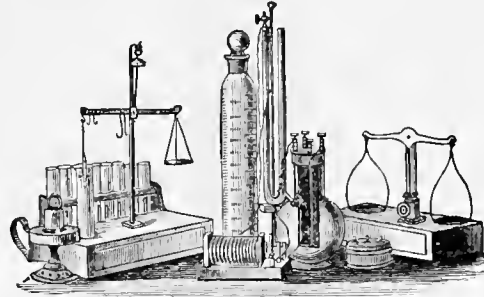
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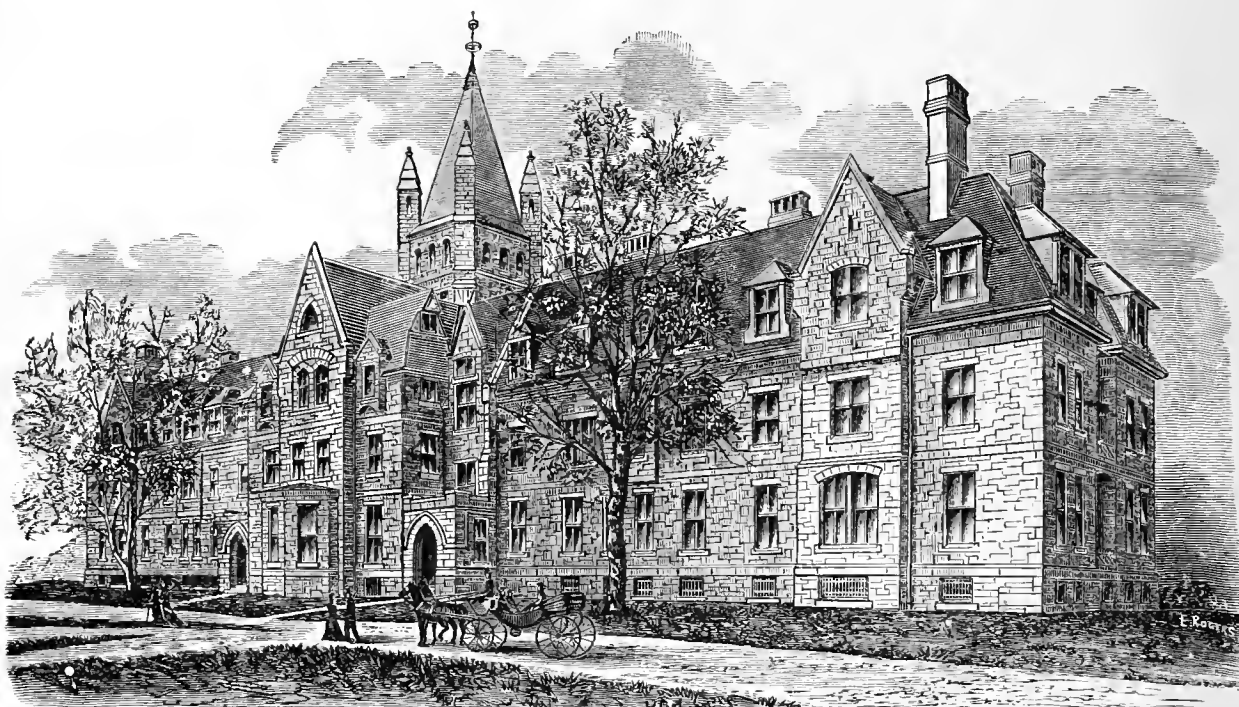
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Vol. 4.

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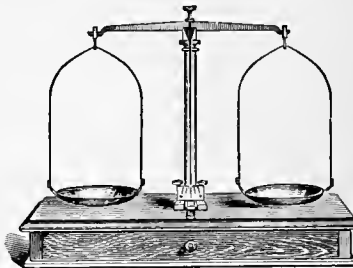
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Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., JUNE, 1883.

No. 9.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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Subscription Price, One Copy, One Year, . . . \$1.00

THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

We have endeavored to keep THE HAVERFORDIAN well up in the ranks of college papers, and so far as we know there has not been much complaint. There are no symptoms of disease which prophesy a speedy dissolution. Yet there is something which will wear away the axes upon which the wheels of this machine turn unless we have plenty of the lubricator with which to oil them. There are many who have received THE HAVERFORDIAN, as per their orders, for nearly four years, and have never paid a cent for it. They may say that they are friends of the college, and "THE HAVERFORDIAN always comes anyhow." To these we would say that money is the lubricator of this machine, and yours is as good as one who pays; so please send in your dollar if only one year's subscription is due, if more, send one dollar for each year. There is lots of water in a paper, and it takes plenty of oil to pour upon it.

We have long felt the need of a place where the editors of THE HAVERFORDIAN could meet at any time and be sure that they would be alone, to discuss the needs of

the paper, and also have a place where they could go to work with the assurance that somebody would not step into the room the next moment to ask a dozen questions, or "have a social chat." As it now is, the editors all room in different parts of the house, have no place where they can meet without driving some one out of his room when he wants to study, have no place to keep the exchanges except in the waste basket of the exchange editor, and, taking it all together, it makes it very hard for those upon whom the burden of publishing THE HAVERFORDIAN falls. As this is the last number for us, all that may be done for the editors of the future will not affect us; and as we have just gone through with one year's work we can speak from experience, being at the present time entirely disinterested, except as persons who desire the greatest ease and comfort for those who succeed us in this position.

There are several rooms, at the present time, in Barclay Hall which are unoccupied, and could be given to the editors as a place of meeting both to consult and to work. It has been our privilege to visit some of the colleges at which papers are published, and to see the rooms which the managers and faculties of those institutions have fitted up for the respective papers. When we thought of the ways in which we had to meet to prepare our papers, we could only wonder how it was that THE HAVERFORDIAN ever made its appearance at all, much less, how it happened to be out near the appointed times.

For a long time there has brooded over the door of our sanctum "a ghastly, grim, and ancient raven," who, whenever we have cried out in our despair for the Muse to appear, has invariably croaked, "Nevermore." When we have put to ourselves the question, "When will our editorial duties cease?" the dusky bird has always answered, "Nevermore." It has got to be an old story with us, this perpetual croaking. But to-night, as we look up from our ink-stained sheet, we see no raven. He has flown elsewhere. The duties of our editorial existence are over, and we proceed to write the inexorable "Finis" at the end of the fourth volume of THE HAVERFORDIAN. It only remains for us to make the usual editorial bow, and take our place among the readers and critics of the paper, whilst the raven broods over the

crestfallen visages of another board of editors. We perform this last act feeling that we have not given satisfaction to many, and have even offended some. But we hope that we have not wholly betrayed the charge entrusted to us a year ago, and that we have, to a certain extent at least, represented in our little sheet the sentiments and needs of the majority of students. We hope that even the alumni, if they have deemed us worthy of any attention, have seen beneath all our boyish vaporings manifestations of a spirit worthy even of the golden days when "they were undergraduates." We hope they have not expected from us all the forethought of graduates of ten or twenty years' standing. If so, they themselves were never boys, in the strict sense of the word.

As for ourselves, we feel that we have learned some hard lessons in the school of patience, and that our connection with the paper has been of the greatest practical benefit. We cannot leave without touching upon a favorite theme of ours, which will perhaps find a more ready hearing because we ourselves can have no selfish motives in speaking of the matter. For the good of the next board of editors and for the good of the paper, we would urge a heartier support from those outside the regular corps. Students take the greatest interest in cricket, in society work, and in everything else but the welfare of a paper, which speaks as much for the standing of a college as do any of these. We extend to our successors the best wishes and deepest sympathies as they take up the pens which we have dropped, and proceed to pilot THE HAVERFORDIAN through another volume. Their path will be beset by complaints from all sides, and their peace of mind destroyed many times by attacks from the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, and *Earlhamite*; but amidst it all they may rest assured that there are five persons in the world who sympathize with them in their efforts, and have been through the mill, and actually come out alive.

We think it may be safely said that the decay of class spirit in college is a matter for regret. When the members of a class are bound to the class as a whole in such a way as to feel a peculiar enthusiasm for anything which the class undertakes, and to feel it a special duty to stand up and defend the class on all occasions, affairs are generally in a better state than when there is an indifference on the part of each one as to what his fellows do. Every one ought to feel that he must do all in his power to make his class excel in studies, and in the part it takes in the society work and other side issues of a college course, at the same time not forgetting to do his part in athletic sports. These are some of the essentials

of class spirit; but it is all the better if it should not stop at this, but manifest some jovial characteristics in class songs, and, if you please, in an occasional good-natured exploit. We are not pleading for the activity which takes the form of mild hazing, tossing, masked visits, putting to bed, and kindred performances; nor for that which takes the form of petty enmities between classes; and we will admit that class spirit often seems to be a hindrance to "discipline," and that it is a hindrance so far as "discipline" means the detection of those who have transgressed some set rule. But its disadvantages are more than balanced by the healthy life which it fosters. For loyalty to college has so much in common with loyalty to one's class that it might almost be said to have its origin in proper class spirit; and even a disposition which shows itself in some excesses is to be preferred to the indifference which, perhaps, is prevailing more and more at Haverford.

The football field, which had been encroached on so as to be less than the proper size last year, has been enlarged so as to afford ample scope for laying out a full-sized ground. But enlargement of the field was not all that was needed; there are a number of bushes on the new part which should have been thoroughly grubbed as soon as it was determined that the ground on which they stand was to be given up to football. As it is, they ought to be removed at once, in order that the ground may be in as good condition as possible next fall, with no roots or stumps to cause bruises and perhaps broken bones.

It has been decided that we may play cricket matches this year off our own grounds, but that it will not be a precedent for next year. We are very glad that we have obtained this liberty, for which we have pleaded during the past four years, and consider this as one proof of the growing tendency among some of the managers to put us on an equality with other colleges. However, we would urge upon those in authority that, unless they wish to stop cricket at Haverford (and we are sure they do not, as we have often heard them say so), they must either make this permission to play off our ground permanent, or have the present cricket ground so repaired as to make it possible to give visiting teams a good wicket to play upon. Of late, some of the clubs have positively refused to play with us unless we could play on their own grounds. Probably the faults with our grounds have been exaggerated, and no doubt they have by some; yet there is at least good ground for complaint, and unless this matter is taken hold of by those who can push it

forward, we are afraid our cricket is doomed. No doubt all of the alumni would be very sorry to see or hear of Haverford playing base-ball or lacrosse instead of the "good old game;" but unless we can have liberty to play on other grounds, and a good cricket-field made certain, we are in danger of seeing base-ball or something else step into the place which cricket has so long held.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

An oration delivered by C. R. JACOB, in Alumni, 5th mo. 25th.

Almost a generation has passed away since the conclusion of a civil war which, in vastness and decisiveness, has rivalled any in modern history. When we enumerate the forces which combined to crush slavery and secession, we are inclined to speak only of those military heroes who fought at Gettysburg or the Wilderness, forgetting that for upwards of fifty years great moral agents had acted in a drama of which this was the closing and most tragic scene.

We see in the foreground the marching squadrons and waving banners, we hear the exultant cheers of ten thousand voices, and the rapturous strains of martial music, which announced that the cause of freedom had triumphed; but were we to look a little back of all this, we would see but one lone prophet advocating the doctrines which to-day are almost universally accepted by fifty million people.

Half a century ago our republic was the most inconsistent nation on the face of the globe. While professing to be the land of liberty, the home of the free, the refuge of the oppressed, she still maintained a system, which far more despotic nations had long since abandoned. Slavery had insinuated its poison into the whole body politic. No statesman dared raise his voice against it. The professors of the large colleges and universities throughout the land were entirely silent, or openly advocated its principles. And the clergy wrung from the pages of the Bible far-fetched arguments for its justification.

It is a well-known fact to those who watch the progress of modern warfare, that no weapon of destruction has been invented whose evil effects have not been mitigated by some other device. And thus it is, to a great extent, in the progress of mankind. Few evils exist for which there are not at least partial remedies. An over-seeing Providence, styled, by some, chance, seems to provide means or agents to counteract the results of man's voluntary or involuntary transgressions.

It remained for William Lloyd Garrison to drop into this sea of national apathy the pebble whose ripple should increase in size till it beat with resistless force against

the dark battlements of slavery. Few pioneers in any field have had greater difficulties against which to contend. Almost all reformers and agitators have had some adherents even from the first. O'Connell was supported by three million Irishmen. Cobden was cheered on by the manufacturing classes throughout the whole of England. But there was no one to uphold the hands of this impoverished youth of one and twenty, as he stepped into the arena, and defied alike the slaveholders of the South and the slumberers of the North to produce any valid argument founded upon Christianity or morality to justify such a system. He alone dared to answer Calhoun's assertion that slavery was right with a positive declaration that it was wrong. A storm of popular frenzy followed the first appearance of the antislavery paper of which he was the editor. "Such folly will bring about a civil war!" cried the North. "The spread of such heresy will destroy slavery!" echoed the South.

A mere stripling had hit upon the exact and only remedy for all national differences and evils. The doctrine of Garrison was universal and immediate emancipation. Others might talk of colonization; others might look to a distant and indefinite future for the settlement of existing wrongs; but while two million slaves toiled under the blows of cruel masters, while the nation preferred lucre to honor, and barbarism to Christianity, he preferred duty to popularity, principle to expediency.

When we consider that Church and State vied with each other in the perpetuation of this great national disgrace, and that the North was bound to keep peace with the South by every tie, commercial, political and social, we marvel all the more at the courage of one who dared undertake the overthrow of slavery in America. That fanaticism is not uncommon, which, Guiteau-like, will attempt anything for notoriety. That ambition is not infrequent, which will sacrifice the highest principles for party leadership. But neither fanaticism nor sordid ambition were the incentives of Garrison, as the unselfish labors of a life-time do most clearly indicate. Luther-like, he pressed on, assured, as Wendell Phillips said, "that one with God is a majority."

His statements, paradoxical in the extreme, continued to arouse the nation to the core. Threats of assassination poured in from all quarters. A Southern legislature offered large sums for his capture. And even in the North, in the city of Boston, the professed advocate of liberty of speech and the press, he was dragged by a hooting mob through the streets which had been stained with the blood of the first martyrs of liberty and independence.

But a voice so energetic, so sincere, could not fail to attract attention and demand respect. Wilberforce, Brougham and Clarkson, the triumphant advocates of the antislavery cause in England, welcomed them to their shore with open arms. The Society of Friends, so often in advance of the age in which it lives, extended to him the helping hand. And the youthful Whittier dedicated almost his first poem to the leader of a cause of which he himself was soon to be so able an advocate. In a few years antislavery societies had sprung up in all directions.

The passage of the fugitive-slave bill; the fall of Webster; the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the John Brown raid; the election of Abraham Lincoln,—passing over all these, we come to the moment when the South fired upon Fort Sumter, and compelled the North to settle, on the field of battle, questions which she had for years endeavored to elude in the halls of Congress.

The downfall of slavery was brought about in a different manner from that in which Garrison desired it to be accomplished, and could the war have been delayed, the moral sentiments of the country might have put it down without resort to arms. However that may be, the sentiments which fired the hearts of the Northern troops, and nerved them for all the hardships and horrors of that fearful contest, were the same for which Garrison, thirty years before, had been dragged through the streets of Boston; the same which, with him as their advocate, had been steadily gaining ground, from year to year; the same for which Washington had fought and Warren fell,—in short, that "all men are created free and equal." And whether the union remained whole, or should at some future time be divided into two or more parts, one thing was forever settled, that a slave should never again walk the free soil of America.

Garrison has been accused of harshness, of an earnestness amounting almost to madness. Perhaps he was harsh; but to use his own words, it was "the harshness of truth." Perhaps he was madly in earnest; but what reformer ever accomplished his purpose who did not follow the path he had started out upon in spite of every obstacle?

The great lesson to be learned from his life-work, is that it is always better to meet the living issues of to-day, than to resurrect the dead ones of yesterday.

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast with truth;
Lo, before us gleam her campfires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Not attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key."

In short, if the politician of to-day have the true prosperity of his country to heart, let him attack the

Mormon, the immigration, and the civil-service questions, rather than fight over the battles of the past, and endeavor to advance party interests by an appeal to the slavery and Ku-Kluxism of yesterday.

Let the Republican party, which claims for itself the abolition of slavery in America, cease to talk of that question, and, reforming itself, attack boldly present issues; otherwise it cannot much longer subsist on the good deeds of twenty years ago.

In glancing over the long list of self-made men, who have aided to such an extent in making our country what it is at present, we see the name of no man more worthy of that title than Garrison. To no American has it ever been given to rise to such a position with so little external aid. To no human being has it ever been granted to see the triumph of so great moral movement in so short a time. As has often been the case in history, so with him, the fanatic of the past becomes the martyr in the eyes of the present. And if he still be considered "the noble who advances freedom and the cause of man," posterity will, undoubtedly, pronounce William Lloyd Garrison "on Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed."

LOCALS.

For sale.

It must be so!

Examinations are now in order.

'86 mourns the loss of a companion.

The University Second Eleven failed to make its appearance on June 2d.

It is reported that the cherry crop will be a failure at Haverford this year.

The Base Ball Club intends to visit Westtown on the 16th, for the purpose of playing a match with them.

The Sophomore Cremation promises to be a grand affair. Their musical voices are daily heard practicing the songs for the occasion.

The programme of the Educational Conference which we publish in this issue came to hand just as the paper was going to press; and in order to make room for it, we had to cut our local column rather short.

A calf belonging to the farmer came to the college one evening to see the boys, and before he could be induced to leave he had succeeded in causing several Freshmen to be locked up, and the demerits to be scattered over the College in the greatest profusion.

Loganian Society to Haverfordian Editors, Dr.

To a dozen bottles of ink, and one Webster's unabridged slung at different poets on Spring, by *Haverfordian* editors, \$10.00.

To dynamite, bombs and other explosives used in intimidating dead-head subscribers, \$5.00.

To Freshmen hired to create items of news by murdering cats, etc., .50.

To sixteen quires of foolscap expended in warding off showers of solidified bombast, concocted by the "Notre Dame Scholastic," \$2.80.

To doctor's bills and dinner for one editor who was raised by a Soph's No. 10 boot, \$20.00.

To doctor's bills for an editor, who was trampled under-foot while endeavoring to get at the bottom facts concerning a calf which came near the building one night, \$1.00.

To surgical operations, Pond's Extract and hair restorer used to recuperate those among us who have fallen under the pugilistic clutches of infuriated subscribers, \$200.01.

To an ear-trumpet for an editor, made deaf by repeated inquiries as to when the next Haverfordian would be out, \$1.00.

PERSONAL.

Professor and Mrs. P. E. Chase, with two daughters, sail for Europe on the 13th inst. President Chase and his daughter follow on the 20th.

Professors A. C. Thomas and Isaac Sharpless will represent Haverford at the Friends' Educational Conference at Earlham, on the 28th inst. President Chase will also leave a paper to be read there.

'42.—Dr. James J. Levick recently read an interesting biographical paper before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania on Daniel B. Smith.

'54.—John B. Garrett has lately been appointed president of the Girard Life, Trust and Safe Deposit Company, of which he has for years been vice-president.

'61.—Edward Bettle and his family take Professor P. E. Chase's house, this summer, during the Professor's absence in Europe.

'62.—Theodore Starr, one of the most judicious and earnest of the philanthropists of Philadelphia, gave an interesting address before the Assembly of the Society for Organizing Charity lately, which is published in the Monthly Register of April 15th.

'64.—Dr. Morris Longstreth has received the great distinction of an invitation to give a course of Lowell Lectures in Boston next winter.

'70.—Stuart Wood entertained recently at dinner Professor Laughlin of Harvard, with a distinguished company.

'71.—William Penn Evans has sold his fine mills at Malvern.

'72.—Roland Estes is in a bank at Noblesville, Ind.

'76.—Seth K. Gifford sails for Europe immediately after Commencement.

'79.—John E. Sheppard is now resident physician at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital.

'80.—Joseph Rhoads, Jr., leaves Haverford at the end of this term, and shapes his course for the setting sun.

'80.—J. P. Edwards is in charge of a publishing house at Nashville, Tenn., for William Garretson & Co., of Philadelphia.

'81.—E. O. Kennard holds a similar situation at Columbus, Ohio.

'80.—Samuel Mason, Jr., is in the Provident Life & Trust Company, Philadelphia.

'81.—J. H. Cook visited us on the 1st inst.

'82.—L. M. Winston is engaged in engineering on the C. B. & Q. R. R. His headquarters are at Burlington, Iowa.

'83.—Bond V. Thomas, we are sorry to state, has been obliged again to return home on account of his health. He intends to come back for examinations this month, however.

'84.—William M. Ellicott spent a few hours at the college on the evening of the 23d ult.

'84.—George Vaux, Jr., goes to California this summer to build up his health. He intends to join his class again in September.

IN MEMORIAM.

'85. With deep sorrow we heard last month of the death of J. GURNEY HILL, who died of heart disease, at Western Springs, on the 14th of last month. He was in his twenty-first year, a young man of great promise, and a favorite of all who knew him. After leaving Haverford last June, at the end of his Freshman year, he went to Vicksburg, as financier of a bridge-building company; but his health being broken down by fever, he was obliged to return to his home at Western Springs, where he died.

The following notice we reprint from the *Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean*, of May 18th:

The funeral services of Joseph Gurney Hill were held yesterday at Western Springs. A large number of friends went out from the city, notwithstanding the threatened storm. The Rev. Benjamin Franklin, of the Bethel Home, and the Rev. Calvin W. Pritchard, the editor of the *Christian Worker*, conducted the services after the simple but impressive form of the Society of Friends. The Rev. Mr. Franklin read the last chapter of Revelation, and the Twenty-third psalm, both as appropriate for the occasion, and because among the last requests made by Gurney before his death was that this chapter in Revelation describing the beautiful city, should be read to him, and then he repeated from memory, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," through to its closing verse, then clasping his arms about his father and mother died without a struggle. Both speakers bore testimony to the grandeur of the faith that lifted the dying boy above fear, and gave him the courage of a David in meeting the grim messenger of Death. The choir present sung "Nearer, my God to Thee" and "The Far-away Home of the Soul," and the services were ended.

The floral tributes sent by absent friends were numerous, and many of them very beautiful.

SCORE BOOK.

MERION VS. HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

The Haverford College team visited Ardmore on Saturday, May 12th, and was sadly defeated. The college were only able to obtain 43 runs against the fine bowling of Lowry and Law, while the Merion batted well for 153, Law making 47 in fine form.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

S. Bettie, b. Lowry,	4
W. Reeve, b. Law,	8
W. Baily, st. Haines, b. Lowry,	5
B. V. Thomas, st. Haines, b. Lowry,	4
W. Price, b. Law,	1
W. Hilles, b. Law,	9
L. Whitney, b. Law,	0
S. R. Shoemaker, b. Law,	9
F. Stuart, b. Law,	0
A. Craig, c. Law, b. Lowry,	3
C. Whitney, not out,	0
Byes,	3
Total,	46

MERION.

C. Haines, b. W. L. Baily,	7
G. Philler, l. b. w., b. Baily,	1
S. Law, c. Hilles, b. Bettie,	47
G. Ashbridge, b. Baily,	0
L. Rutter, c. Shoemaker, b. Baily,	11
F. Baily, b. Baily,	19
A. Baily, c. Shoemaker, b. Whitney,	13
N. Etting, b. Thomas,	18
S. M. Waln, b. Thomas,	5
T. Robbins, not out,	5
W. Lowry, b. Baily,	5
Byes, 12; leg-byes, 9; no ball, 1,	22
Total,	152

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Baily,	126	32	8	6
Craig,	36	22	0	0
Bettie,	42	25	0	1
Whitney,	54	16	2	1
Thomas,	112	34	2	2

MERION.

Law,	112	20	8	6
Lowry,	109	13	7	4

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Haverford College,	13	19	23	24	24	36	36	36	43	46
Merion,	9	14	14	42	90	102	130	135	142	153

HAVERFORD COLLEGE VS. MERION (SECOND ELEVEN).

	1st inns.	2d inns.	Total.
May 16, Haverford College,	156	—	156
Haverford, Merion,	91 (8 w.)	—	91
Drawn.			

By some misunderstanding the Merion men did not arrive at the college grounds until 2 P.M. Haverford, winning the toss, took the bat, sending the Merion to the field with two men short. Chase hit hard for 40, while Starr, a promising young cricketer, played carefully for his 35, retiring with a lame hand. Blair and Collins did well. The innings closed at 4.45; the total being 156. With an hour and a quarter to play, the Merion took the bat. Bates soon succumbed to Baily; while Robbins, Ashbridge, and Fox played well for 11, 14, and 12, respectively. Sayres and Morris kept their ends up well until time was called and the game decided a draw.

Following is the score:—

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

T. H. Chase, c. and b. Thayer,	10
T. K. Worthington, c. Thayer, b. Ashbridge,	4
S. W. Collins, run out,	15
C. W. Baily, b. Thayer,	9
F. B. Stuart, b. Ashbridge,	1
I. T. Starr, retired,	35
L. B. Whitney, c. and b. Ashbridge,	11
J. J. Blair, run out,	18
G. Evans, c. Ashbridge, b. Robbins,	0
J. S. Kimber, c. Thayer, b. Robbins,	6
M. T. Wilson, not out,	3
Byes, 8; wides, 5; no ball, 1,	14
Total,	156

MERION.

T. Robbins, Jr., c. Wilson, b. Whitney,	11
W. E. Pates, b. Baily,	0
R. Ashbridge, Jr., c. and b. Whitney,	14
F. M. Fox, l. b. w., b. Baily,	12
W. W. Fisher, c. and b. Baily,	3
S. Thayer, b. Whitney,	12
L. Rutter, c. Starr, b. Whitney,	1
W. R. Philler, c. Worthington, b. Baily,	4
H. Sayres, not out,	17
P. H. Morris, not out,	7
Byes, 8; leg-byes, 1; wide, 1,	10
Total,	91

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Thayer,	150	53	5	2
Ashbridge,	102	30	7	3
Sayres,	72	33	2	0
Philler,	8	14	0	0
Robbins,	39	12	2	2

MERION SECOND ELEVEN.

Whitney,	78	34	3	4
Baily,	84	38	4	4
Blair,	18	9	1	0

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Haverford College,	12	67	70	77	77	90	132	133	152	156
Merion,	4	17	38	42	49	50	62	62	—	—

GIRARD VS. HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

The college team visited Harrowgate on Saturday the 19th, and suffered a defeat by 53 runs. Neither of the teams showed good form at the bat, the total number of runs, 192, being obtained for 36 wickets, or an average of $5\frac{1}{3}$ per wicket. The bowling was, however, excellent, and the fielding of the collegians deserves great praise, as well as the bowling of Baily, Craig and Bettie.

Following is the score:—

GIRARD.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
S. Vickers, b. Craig,	11	c. Scott, b. Bettie,	1
R. Hargrave, b. Craig,	25	not out,	16
H. Tyers, l. b. w., b. Baily,	0	b. Craig,	1
H. Hargrave, c. Craig, b. Baily,	6	c. Bettie, b. Craig,	10
T. Hargrave, b. Craig,	9	b. Craig,	6
R. L. Fitzgerald, b. Baily,	12	b. Bettie,	2
W. Jarvis, c. Whitney, b. Baily,	0	c. Baily, b. Craig,	0
G. Blood, c. Blair, b. Craig,	1	b. Bettie,	3
H. Jungkurth, not out,	13	c. Price, b. Bettie,	0
A. Barnett, b. Craig,	0	c. Craig, b. Bettie,	1
W. H. Rhodes, c. Reeve, b. Baily,	8	c. Baily, b. Craig,	16
Bye,	1	Byes, 5; wide, 1,	6
Total,	86	Total,	62

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
S. Bettie, b. Jarvis,	2	not out,	2
W. Reeve, c. Tyers, b. Hargrave,	7	b. Tyers,	0
W. Baily, b. R. Hargrave,	4	b. Tyers,	3
W. Price, run out,	10	b. Jarvis,	1
W. Hilles, run out,	3	b. Jarvis,	0
S. Shoemaker, b. Jarvis,	2	not out,	3
C. Whitney, b. Jarvis,	0		
A. C. Craig, c. Fitzgerald, b. Jarvis,	0	b. Jarvis,	2
J. W. Blair, not out,	0	b. Tyers,	0
G. Evans, b. Jarvis,	0		
A. Scott, b. Jarvis,	0		
Bye, 1; leg-byes, 3; wides, 1,	5		
Total,	33	Total,	11

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

GIRARD.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings,		11	14	32	40	63	63	63	66	72	86
Second innings,		1	9	9	11	11	19	25	33	58	62

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings,		7	12	23	28	32	32	32	32	32	33
Second innings,		1	1	6	6	6	7	—	—	—	—

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

GIRARD—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Baily,	96	55	2	6
Craig,	96	30	2	1

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—FIRST INNINGS.

Jarvis,	72	15	4	6
R. Hargrave,	66	13	5	2

GIRARD—SECOND INNINGS.

Craig,	72	36	1	4
Bettle,	72	20	4	6

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—SECOND INNINGS.

Tyers,	36	3	2	3
Jarvis,	30	8	2	3

BELMONT VS. HAVERFORD COLLEGE SECOND ELEVEN.

On Saturday, the 19th, the Belmont second eleven visited Haverford, and signalized its appearance by rolling up 114 runs, defeating the collegians by 43 runs. The West Philadelphians went first to the bat, and owing to the good batting of Barker, who played well for 59, succeeded in obtaining 114. Haverford failed to obtain more than 65, of which Star, Collins and Chase secured double figures.

Following is the score:

BELMONT.

B. F. Collins, b. Whitney,	8
W. L. Barker, l. b. w. Baily,	59
H. T. Pearce, c. Whitney, b. Baily,	5
C. Coates, b. Baily,	13
J. P. Green, c. Stuart, b. Tunis,	9
L. Graff, b. Tunis,	0
W. Scott, c. Wilson, b. Baily,	3
M. C. Work, b. Whitney,	2
M. S. Lynch, c. Whitney, b. Baily,	0
E. A. Ballard, c. and b. Whitney,	5
W. T. Wright, not out,	0
Byes, 7; leg-byes, 3,	10
Total,	114

HAVERFORD COLLEGE SECOND ELEVEN.

T. K. Worthington, c. Collins, b. Coates,	1
T. H. Chase, b. Coates,	10
S. W. Collins, b. Graff,	10
C. W. Baily, c. Barker, b. Graff,	4
I. T. Starr, l. b. w., b. Coates,	15
L. B. Whitney, run out,	6
E. R. Tunis, c. Wright, b. Barker,	6
J. S. Kimber, b. Wright,	6
F. B. Stuart, b. Barker,	0
J. E. Collin, not out,	2
M. T. Wilson, b. Barker,	1
Byes, 1; leg-byes, 3,	4
Total,	65

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

BELMONT.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Whitney,	102	32	5	3
Baily,	131	54	4	5
Tunis,	42	18	2	2

HAVERFORD COLLEGE SECOND ELEVEN.

Coates,	72	15	5	3
Graff,	66	26	2	2
Green,	18	6	1	0
Barker,	31	13	0	3
Wright,	12	1	1	1

HARVARD UNIVERSITY VS. HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

The first game of the inter-collegiate series was played at Ardmore, on Thursday, the 24th of May, between the Harvard and Haverford teams.

On account of the train being delayed, Harvard did not put in an appearance until 12.30, so that the game had to be decided by the first inning.

Clark, captain of the Cambridge team, winning the toss, took the bat, and, accompanied by Binney, defended the wicket against the bowling of Baily and Craig. Clark hit hard, and ran up the score quickly, while Binney, batting carefully, kept up the wicket. When the telegraph announced twenty-three, Clark was caught, with 18 to his credit. The next five wickets fell in rapid succession, until Mumford succeeded in making a stand for 16, which raised the score to 72. The fielding of the home team was not up to its average, and cost them many runs. With a comparatively small tally to overcome, S. Bettle and W. Baily took up the bat in behalf of Haverford, but were quickly separated, with the telegraph indicating 6. Price, taking Bettle's place, ran the score up to 58 before he was unfortunately run out. Chase batted well for 15, but up to the eighth wicket Haverford lacked 9 runs. L. B. Whitney, seconded by his brother, pulled the team out, and ran the score up to 90 before a separation was completed. Whitney II. deserved great credit for his score, which was obtained in good form. The inning closed for 104 runs.

Following is appended the score:—

HARVARD.

J. Clark, c. Baily, b. Craig,	18
H. Binney, b. Baily,	6
L. Biddle, l. b. w. Baily,	5
H. Taylor, c. Shoemaker, b. Baily,	3
E. Graham, b. Baily,	0
I. Wignore, b. Baily,	6
C. Parker, c. L. Whitney, b. Craig,	4
J. Mumford, c. L. Whitney, b. Craig,	16
A. Gardner, run out,	3
H. Haughton, b. Craig,	3
C. Beale, not out,	1
Byes, leg-byes,	7
Total,	72

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

S. Bettle, c. Haughton, b. Biddle,	0
W. Baily, b. Biddle,	6
W. Price, run out,	31
T. Chase, c. Clark, b. Biddle,	15
W. Hiles, c. Parker, b. Clark,	0
I. Starr, st. Mumford, b. Clark,	2
L. Whitney, b. Biddle,	31
S. Shoemaker, c. Graham, b. Biddle,	4
C. Whitney, c. and b. Clark,	8
A. Craig, not out,	6
J. Blair, b. Biddle,	1
Total,	104

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Baily,	88	29	6	5
Craig,	84	35	2	4
Bettle,	6	1	0	0

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

Biddle,	132	54	4	6
Clark,	138	40	5	3
Parker,	6	10	0	0

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Harvard University,	23	29	30	30	35	42	50	65	71	72
Haverford College,	6	11	44	48	54	58	63	82	100	104

YOUNG AMERICA '75. HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

The Haverford team was defeated by the Young America, on May 26th, at Stenton, in a one inning's game, by 153 runs. The merits of the game are shown in the following score:

YOUNG AMERICA.

E. W. Clark, Jr., c. Bettie, b. Baily,	60
J. O. Pease, Jr., b. Craig,	8
R. L. Baird, c. Baily, b. Bettie,	34
H. MacNutt, b. Bettie,	3
H. L. Brown, c. Price, b. Baily,	14
J. H. Dixon, c. Blair, b. Craig,	13
D. S. Newhall, not out,	30
W. W. Noble, c. Bettie, b. Baily,	9
C. A. Newhall, b. Bettie,	11
F. E. Brewster, l. b. w., b. Bettie,	2
J. S. Clark, run out,	13
Byes, 5; leg-byes, 3,	8
Total,	205

HAVERFORD.

W. Reeve, b. D. S. Newhall,	8
W. Price, b. C. A. Newhall,	4
H. Chase, st. Pease, b. Clark,	17
C. Whitney, c. Pease, b. MacNutt,	8
W. Baily run out,	1
S. Bettie, b. MacNutt,	6
L. Whitney, b. Noble,	4
A. C. Craig, run out,	1
W. Hilles, hit wicket, b. Brewster,	2
G. Blair, not out,	0
S. Shoemaker, c. D. S. b. C. A. Newhall,	0
No ball,	1
Total,	52

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Young America,	10	77	84	115	137	140	156	188	192	205
Haverford College,	8	18	36	38	40	46	50	52	52	—

THE QUAKERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We are always glad to see the work of an old Haverford student, and this* by R. P. Hallowell ('54) is specially welcome, for in no field is there a louder call for workers than in the history of the Society of Friends. The book is an earnest defense of the early Friends in Massachusetts; and the fact that within a month after publication it has passed into a second edition, shows that it commends itself to the public. To support his position, the author brings such a mass of testimony from state papers and contemporary public documents as seems difficult, if not impossible, to overcome. Unless equally strong evidence can be brought on the other side, many will have to change their views.

His aim is to show that the Friends had a perfect right to come to the Colony, and that the cruelties inflicted by the governors, magistrates, and others in authority, were strictly illegal, and were not approved of by the people at large; and that subsequent writers and historians, with the notable exception of Sidney Howard Gay in Bryant's History of the United States, have either through carelessness or ill-feeling greatly maligned the Friends. All interested in the Society should read this little volume.

The *Pennsylvania University Magazine* has been endeavoring to ascertain, through the medium of the Inter-collegiate Press Association, the position of the leading colleges in reference to the tariff. It arrives at the conclusion that the university from which it comes is the only institution strongly advocating protection.

* The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts. By Richard P. Hallowell. Second edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

"From Maine to California" our exchanges are discussing the advisability of abolishing the exchange column. It is a wide range of territory that we have included in the above statement, but it is true, nevertheless. For here is the *Bowdoin Orient* saying that this department of a paper is a means by which a "sort of mutual admiration society is kept up among collegiate wielders of the quill," and this, it intimates, is interesting only to those concerned. The *Berkeleyan*, from the University of California, is of much the same opinion, asking, with a sarcastic fling at a kind of comment frequently found, "Who cares to know that the *Kansas Review* has a green cover, or that the typography of the *Rambler* is unexcelled?" The *Princetonian* thinks that there "ought to be enough matter fitting to the department to make it full as well as readable, though it ought to be matter relevant to its readers." And so on around the circle opinions are expressed both for and against an exchange column. Perhaps the difficulty with the papers that find this department a drag is that they confine it too exclusively to criticism. It certainly can be made both of interest and value, if, in making comments, the editor selects noticeable features rather than attempting to criticise everything except the advertisements; and of still more worth, if he makes it the medium for presenting news gathered from other papers.

The subject of co-education is still receiving a good deal of attention from the press, though the excitement concerning it is less intense than it was last winter when the directors of Columbia and of Pennsylvania University had the question up. The papers, both at Columbia and the University, discussed the proposed innovation fully, and, as was natural, said all they could against it. But the strongest objection which they urged was the fact that the students did not want the change. This objection may seem to lack force at first, but a little reflection is all that is needed to see that it is the most reasonable one that students could give, and one which directors would be compelled to respect. A great impetus was given to the comment in the papers when Whittier wrote his letter advocating the admission of women to Brown University, and the agitation has continued to echo round from college to college. The noticeable feature of the whole affair is that every institution seems to be pleased with its present policy. From Cornell, Michigan University, Oberlin, Wesleyan, Swarthmore, come the story of continued satisfaction with co-education; but those places where women are not admitted seem inclined to adhere to their present course, and contemplate the harmonious picture of co-education from a distance.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix*, under a new board of editors, comes round neat and interesting as ever. One of the most striking of its editorials, is a vigorous protest against the policy which forbids the students there to play match games with other colleges, Haverford alone excepted,—and permission to play with us has sometimes been refused when the contest was not to take place at Swarthmore. The *Phoenix* says that they have “pleaded and petitioned” all to no purpose; that it seems “strange that such a privilege should have to be asked for,” and “utterly incomprehensible” that it should not be granted; and it encourages constant discussion of the matter, as the step most likely to bring about the liberty desired. Another editorial pleads for a revival of the cricketing interest, so that they may be able to put an eleven in the field next season. We hope the project will succeed. Haverford’s cricketers would heartily enjoy a chance to meet a team from Swarthmore.

The *Cornell Review*, which lies on our table for the first time, is decidedly of the solid order; but then we should expect to find solid articles in a “Monthly Magazine devoted to Literature and Science.” So we were not disappointed upon finding that it contained no “locals,” in the popular sense of that term, but contented itself with essays, poems, and downright sober news, in addition to its editorials. Its essays are very good—quite equal to those of the *Vassar Miscellany*. The only wit which it attempts to show, is a little mild sarcasm; for instance, the following: “Student advice! faculties long for it, professors cry for it, college professors pine away for want of it, exchange editors contract mental dyspepsia from getting too much of it. The world would probably come to an end in ten minutes, were it not for student advice! Moreover, it’s ‘fillin’.”

Programme of Conference of The Educational Association of Friends in America, to be held at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., Sixth Mo. 27, 28 and 29, 1883.

Devotional Exercises. Report of Officers. To what extent is uniformity in the arrangement of courses of study and the classification of pupils in the various educational institutions of Friends desirable, and by what means can such uniformity be best attained? Wm. B. Morgan, Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Discussion of above opened by Isaac Sharpless, Haverford College, Philadelphia, Penna. Endowments: Francis T. King, Baltimore, Md.; Charles Hutchinson, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Bryn Mawr: Dr. James E. Rhoades, Philadelphia, Penna. Conscience in Education: Dr. William Nicholson, Lawrence, Kan.; discussion on same opened by Thomas K. Brown, Westtown, Pa. Reference Books and Authorities: Allen C. Thomas, Haverford College, Pa.; Additional remarks, Eli Jay, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind. Are the methods now generally used in primary education in harmony with the order of mind development? Mattie C. Dennis,

Bloomington, Ind.; discussion of same opened by Sarah Marble, Woonsocket, R. I. Industrial Education of Women: Philip C. Garrett, Philadelphia, Pa.; discussion by Elizabeth T. King, Baltimore, Md. The most practical course of study for Friends’ high schools and academies: L. L. Hobbs, New Garden, N. C.; discussion by Israel P. Hole, Damascus, Ohio. The necessity of Friends maintaining their own denominational schools: Thomas Kimber, New Richmond, Long Island, N. Y.; discussion on same, by B. C. Hobbs, Bloomington, Ind. The Teacher of the Future: President Thomas Chase, Haverford College, Pa. School Hygiene: Dr. Henry Hartshorne, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dr. Erastus Test, Plainfield, Ind.

No paper to exceed twenty minutes in length. Conference to commence at 9 A.M., on Fourth Day, Sixth Mo. 27, with expectations of closing at noon on Sixth Day, the 29th.

The College Commencement Exercises will occur on Third day, Sixth Month 26, at 9 A. M.

Regular excursion rates may be secured at any station on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis R. R., and its leased lines by applying to Timothy Nicholson, Richmond, Ind., (enclosing a postage stamp,) for an order upon which the local agent will sell a round-trip ticket to Richmond, Ind. If reduced rates on other railroads can be secured, notice of same will be given in Friends’ Review and Christian Worker.

J. J. Mills, Indianapolis, Ind.; Timothy Nicholson, Richmond, Ind.; Philip C. Garrett, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jehu H. Stuart, Minneapolis, Minn.; Allen C. Thomas, Haverford College, Pa.; Charles E. Cox, Le Grand, Iowa; Mary W. Thomas, Baltimore, Md., Executive Committee.

AT OTHER COLLEGES.

The Williams papers are kicking against enforced attendance at chapel twice a day.

The Senior Class of Bates College have presented to that institution a bust of Charles Sumner.

At Wellesley, the students take no part in Commencement exercises, which consist mainly of an oration by some gentleman of ability.

Amherst and Dartmouth are to have daily papers. Harvard, Yale, and Cornell are the only institutions at which dailies have succeeded so far.

Over one hundred of those instructed in Johns Hopkins University, during the six years since its foundation, have become professors in colleges.—*E.r.*

Harvard is to have new athletic grounds, with a track a quarter of a mile in length, to be made equal, if not superior, to any track in the country. The plans also provide for a handsome grand stand, with dressing-rooms for contestants.—*Phoenix*.

Harvard is annoyed by an organization of students who cause disturbance in the vicinity of the halls by making bonfires, firing bombs and Roman candles, and giving vent to their feelings in various hideous noises, either late in the evening or very early in the morning.

The trustees of Cornell have recently authorized a course in electric engineering. This course will embrace studies in the theory of electricity, the construction and testing of telegraphic lines, the method of electrical measurements, electrical lighting and transmission of power.—*Review*.

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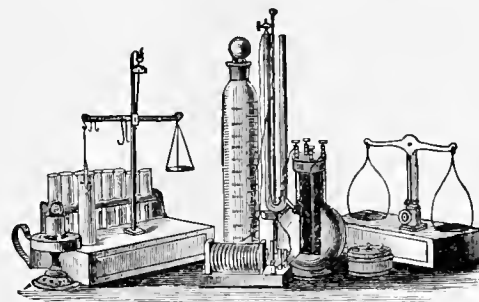
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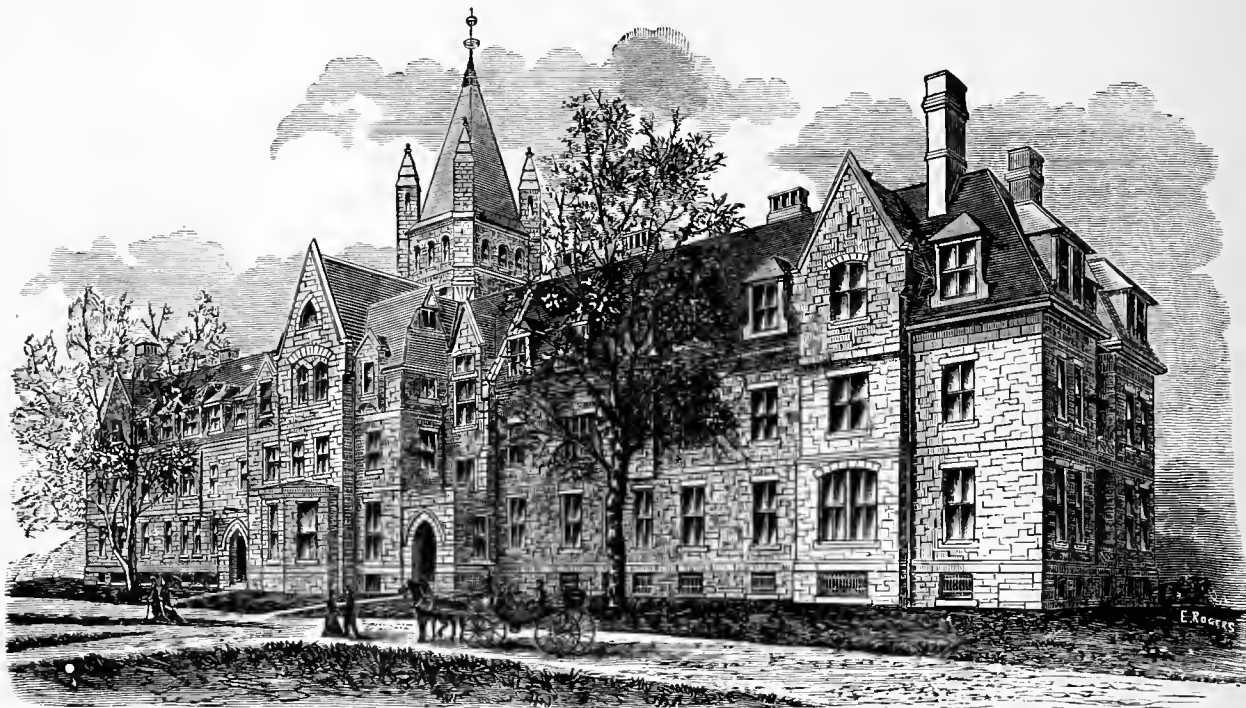
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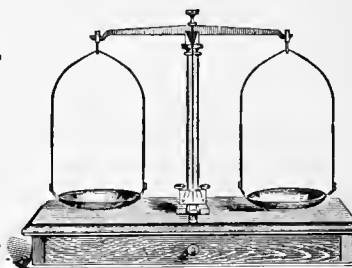
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
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The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

In looking over the work and progress of the college for this year, we are glad that we can count up so many changes made to improve Haverford, and to make our college life pleasant and agreeable. Now it seems that the results are with us. Students have a right to complain when all their wishes are disregarded, and they are treated like hired servants; but when, on the other hand, everything is done to improve their condition, it is their place to show a hearty appreciation of it. We have often heard it said by those interested in Haverford, that they hope to see it in the future equal in all respects to the highest American colleges. No doubt we all hope to see this realized, and we shall in a measure at least, if we, as students, do our part.

The fellows that make up a college decide as much by their conduct and work how the institution shall advance as the managers do by their generous efforts. We shall soon find ourselves advanced one year in our course, and so much nearer its end; and it is a fitting time in this

interim to think seriously how we can make use of these advantages which are offered but once in life.

College life and work are not child's play, but the four years which decide more than all others what material one is made of; and, as such, let us meet them with determination, "still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."

From an excess of anything we are apt to have its opposite suggested to us; and so, as we have been suffering from the intense heat of the past two weeks, we have been forcibly reminded of the times last winter when we used to shiver over the register, and could get no heat. It is earnestly to be hoped that some change will be made in the heating apparatus this summer. It is easy to let such repairs go, as the old peasant did, saying of his leaky house, that it was no use to shingle it as long as it didn't rain, and when it did it was impossible; but this kind of protection against the elements of nature is only suitable for summer and dry weather. We dislike to be all the time asking for changes, and we refrain from doing so unless they seem quite necessary; but a warm room is indispensable to good health, and health should be sacrificed for nothing,—for when this is lost, the student's last support is gone.

We have heard it remarked of late by several of the students, and it seems to be a fact, that when one gets fairly under way in his course at Haverford, his ambition begins to leave him, his expectations of future greatness slowly fade away, and his only desire is to get through and go out, as it were, into the dark, with no comfort except his diploma and A.B. attached to his name. This feeling, in a certain sense, is natural, and as it should be. The sooner one gets the unreal visions of boyish speculation erased from his mind the better for him. But such thoughts are quite different from worthy aspiration. There is a genuine ambition and an ennobling self-confidence which is almost indispensable to success. If mere desire to rank first in scholarship, for the sake of being first, with no higher aim, be lost, it is not to be much regretted. Bookworms in any college must sacrifice something else of as much,

if not of more, importance, to accomplish what soon lapses into almost nothingness. But the aspiration to be a man—not mere breathing clay, but a genuine man, both in college and wherever necessity calls for manhood—is an ambition that ought not to be suffered to grow cold, but should be fanned to glowing heat. "There is always room at the top," is as good a motto for us as for Webster, but the lower ranks of life are continually full. If Haverford in former years has been noted for one thing above another, it has been that the graduates she has sent out have been aspiring men, men of action, who were not satisfied with mediocrity.

A meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held on the 6th ult., and officers elected for the coming year. The reports for this year show the results of the work for the last nine months to be of a most encouraging nature. The regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting has had an average attendance of twenty-eight, being a considerable increase over that of last year. Sixteen new names have been added to the roll, now containing the signatures of upwards to forty-five students. The Bible-class formerly held under the auspices of the Association has been discontinued. In its place, each class in college has formed a separate class for the study of the Scriptures. The latter plan seems to be a better one than the former, and more personal interest is manifested. Several speakers have from time to time addressed the Association. The work of John Dorlon, a graduate of Pickering College, Canada, was especially successful. During the winter months short prayer meetings were held each evening.

Very little outside work has been done during the year. This is undoubtedly a mistake. Members should help along, to the best of their ability, the Sabbath schools and meetings in the neighborhood; for it is both a benefit to outsiders and to those engaged in it. The great interest taken by the Senior Class in our meetings and religious work has been manifest throughout the year, and we fear that their departure will be sorely felt in this, as in all other departments. We would urge upon all the necessity of stepping forward and filling the places which they have left vacant. Only by earnest personal effort can we hope to advance our own and the Association's welfare. Let us come back prepared to carry still farther the work which they have begun.

It is not without some forebodings that the new corps of editors launches the first number of *The Haverfordian*. Our predecessors, in their valedictory, made

certain dark allusions to a raven, which had been their constant companion during their editorial trials. He has not yet made himself known to us. "The place over the door" is still vacant. That grim despair has not yet seized us which they affirm is sure to come with experience. In short, we are mere novices in the matter of conducting a college paper. We are too inexperienced to tremble at the dangers which lie in our pathway. We even dare to hope that the good-will of many accompanies us, and that they will also render us practical assistance.

Could we discuss politics, election frauds, fires, panics, Ohio floods and Chicago divorces, our task would be an easier one; but our field is Haverford College, and not the world. We are to do our best to represent to outsiders the transactions which make up our life here at the college. We are to endeavor to make the paper entertaining and useful to collegians. By usefulness we mean the expression of the needs of the college and its students. The demands of *The Haverfordian* should be, and we think are, attended to by the professors and managers; and as long as they are couched in respectful sentences, and not reaching out after the unattainable, we have a right to ask this attention.

It is our firm desire and intention to be as fair and gentlemanly as possible in our treatment of the questions which we have occasion to discuss. We have adopted certain new plans for the management of *The Haverfordian*, which will, in a measure at least, further these ends. We only ask, in return, that we have the confidence and cash of Managers, alumni, and students, to aid us in our plans.

There are a certain class who have formed the habit of universally condemning every issue of *The Haverfordian*. These we cannot and shall not try to appease. Then there are the alumni and the students; the former asking for more solid matter, the latter clamoring for a paper more light and interesting. Between this Scylla and Charybdis we are now floating. We catch glimpses of the broad sea of success at a great distance before us. Many rocks and shoals lie in our way; but we are going to steer on, and do the best we can. Give us a helping hand.

We had such a full number this month, that we have not had room for the accounts of the Commencement, cricket matches, or the record of the matches played this season, and the averages of the members of the first and second elevens. These will appear, however, in our next number, on October 10.

THE IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

All human activity, when rightly directed, has reference to some ideal. This ideal is recognized alike in the moral, physical and intellectual worlds; it is, in effect, the enchanter's wand that fixes the attention of the true artisan, in a wide sense, upon his task wherever he is found. The poet, the artist, the philosopher, in fact, every one who is in any way occupied in the shaping of thought or matter for the purpose of accomplishing some definite and intelligent result, must have an ideal; *i. e.*, something that embodies within itself true unity of parts, and the most perfect adaptation to the desired end. The existence of this ideal does not necessarily imply its perfect realization in every instance, but rather shows it as a possibility. As the human race advances in accordance with those laws of development which are divinely bestowed upon it, there is a manifest acceptance of higher ideals; for though they who are thoroughly imbued with admiration for the Greek civilization, may be disposed to cavil at this, we feel confident that the philosophy of the Greeks fell far short of the needs of man, and though the chaste perfection of their architectural forms can never be effaced, we still may say that our ideals are more thoroughly adapted to our civilization than ever theirs can be. Sometimes our ideals prove to be false or inadequate; this is altogether natural when viewed in connection with the finite mind from which they proceed. But since it is only as we come to a thorough knowledge of an external object that we can perceive its blemishes, just so it is with our ideals: what we once thought perfect when viewed in the distance, we now pronounce inadequate, and accordingly it must give place to that which is higher and fuller, for

"The old order changeth,
Giving place to new."

Besides the instinct of self-preservation, there is nothing so important to man as his education,—a truth taught by the centuries, and yet but recently accepted. Coexistent with free institutions has been the development of educational theories, all of which have reference to the due preparation of man to fulfill those duties which are owing to God, the state, and to himself. The activities which modern civilization demands, are all the time becoming more varied in their nature, and calling for greater expenditure of thought and feeling. The methods to be pursued in education should be determined by the ideal which is before us; of this much we are satisfied, but beyond this point we are beset with difficulties. That upon which the skill of the educator is to be displayed is itself active; the child is no longer the passive clay in the hands of the potter, which may be shaped and

reshaped to suit his fancy. He who works upon dull, insensible matter, may err and yet retrace his steps, but he who imparts a wrong impression to the susceptible heart of a child has no redress.

If we do not let this important truth escape us, we may be led to see distinctly why it is that the educational problem is a thing so serious that, though it has occupied the attention of some of the wisest and best minds, we still must say that there is in every system heretofore tried much that is of doubtful utility. What we are, is within us. This is a grand truth and readily comprehended at the present day; and yet, if we go back a few generations, how different was the idea that prevailed! With the old pedagogue the question was: "How much can I put into this youth?" The modern instructor says: "How much can I *educer*,—lead out?" To Pestalozzi chiefly belongs the credit of enunciating this important principle, and rescuing the science of education from its gravest error.

Now what is the ideal which is sought in education? Ask the young mother on the morning that her little six-year-old is sent to school for the first time; she has her ideal as regards what her child should be, and so has every individual who has a heart so noble that it can throb in unison with the highest aspirations of the age in which he lives. Herein do we find the supreme ideal, the archetype of true humanity.

Now this higher ideal, as regards what man should be in the abstract, is subordinated by those widely differing views which refer to his more immediate education, or that which fits him to cope with the more special features of his individual life. Man must be taught two things: How to meet the world, and how to receive it. The former of these two necessities is implied in the organic relation in which he stands to the world; while the latter arises out of this same relation. Now, as a result of this twofold relation, there is accordingly developed in man a twofold nature, the one purely intellectual or moral, and the other physical or material. Now as to which of these natures is being developed at the expense of the other, is becoming more and more a ground of dispute among those who are zealous in educating from the human mind its utmost capacities. "We are becoming materialized!" cry the philosophers; and accordingly they form their educational systems with reference to the development of the æsthetic nature in man. The outlines of such a system Jean Paul has given us in his "*Levana*," a book possessing many excellencies and some valuable suggestions; and yet we can but feel that, after all, he imparts to his pupil too little of that stern mental discipline which fits him to cope with life and

maintain his individuality. It is a common remark among so-called practical men, that the higher education of the youth does, in many instances, disqualify them for business. They are abundantly furnished with ideas, but they lack that keen and original foresight that thorough acquaintance with the stores of one's own mind, which secures a man in his position before the world.

As regards the moral element in education, no one with honest judgment can deny that it is not only essential, but that it is absolutely necessary, to secure those benefits to the individual and society which are implied in the name.

Some time back we had occasion to speak of the twofold nature of man by which he is adapted to the sphere of his existence. We have regarded him as possessing a capacity for two kinds of activity: the one purely psychological, and placing him within reach of some of the choicest blessings that have been given to man to enjoy; the other physical, and having more intimate connection with the material world about him.

The ideal education would produce the perfect man, and accordingly looks to the symmetrical development of both kinds of activity. The results of a failure to recognize this important dogma have been, and will continue to be, highly prejudicial to the complete realization of the proudest hopes of the state, the parent and the child.

ALUMNI PRIZE CONTEST.

The original orations for the prize offered by the alumni were delivered in Alumni Hall, on 5th month 25th. There were three contestants.

The first oration, "Ramoth Gilead," was delivered by Thomas Kimber Worthington, '83. He alluded to the city of refuge of the Israelites, and showed how we of the present day need a city of refuge from Arnold's and Spencer's philosophy, from various religious dogmas, from transcendentalism,—a city of refuge, a Ramoth in Gilead, to which we can flee from the great diversities of belief, and find the "true and living way." He ably argued that this city of refuge was found in the Christian religion. He clearly presented his view that the underlying principles of Christianity are vastly of more importance than the minor points and mere outward distinctions of sect. He strongly expressed the sentiment, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

The second speaker was Alfred Percival Smith, '84. His subject was "The Illimitable." He said that there are certain things which the human mind is incapable of comprehending; that we have the power to investigate

only to certain fixed limits, beyond which all is vast, incomprehensible, infinite. He expressed his opinion that the present state of things is the best possible; that, if we were able to find out everything, all desire for seeking after knowledge would cease; but that, as it is, we are incited to strenuous exertions by the fact that we can advance only so far toward the unknowable.

The third oration, "William Lloyd Garrison," was delivered by Charles Richard Jacob, '84. He spoke of the condition of our country half a century ago, when the glaring evils of slavery existed almost without censure, and the clergy, with far-fetched arguments, endeavored to justify it. He said: "It remained for William Lloyd Garrison to drop into this sea of national apathy the pebble whose ripple should increase in size till it beat with resistless force against the dark battlements of slavery." He spoke of the many difficulties which this noble-hearted reformer had to encounter, and of his high principle and courage in the political strife. He closed his oration with the following words: "To no human being has it ever been granted to see the triumph of so great a moral movement in so short a time. As has often been the case in history, so with him, the fanatic of the past becomes the martyr in the eyes of the present. And if he still be considered 'the noble, who advances freedom and the cause of man,' posterity will undoubtedly pronounce William Lloyd Garrison 'on Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.'"

The prize was awarded to C. R. Jacob.

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE LOGANIAN.

A large number of people assembled in Alumni Hall, on the evening of the 18th instant, to listen to the annual orations of the Loganian Society. The exercises were of a high standard, representing well the character and labors of the Loganian for the past year. The address of the president, Professor Sharpless, was an able, instructive, and practical exposition of the aims and duties of college education, and particularly as applied to society work. While the farmer, the miner, the smith at his forge, were toiling and supporting the students in the colleges, we ought to consider what we owe them and the country, and endeavor to do all that is expected of us. He showed the true requisites of culture, and defined an earnest, plain and firm man as the real need of our American society.

An oration by Rufus M. Jones ('85) on "Pym, Hampden and Milton" was the first regular exercise. The orator showed that these three men were the great leaders of the Revolution of 1640, and he pointed out

their influence on subsequent affairs in America. Milton he termed the greatest of the three. The oration was an excellent eulogy on the character of the three great Englishmen, and was finely delivered.

Enos L. Doan ('85) followed with an oration on "The Future of Skepticism." The speaker dealt with skepticism in a liberal and forcible manner. He said: "As men of thought are learning that all life has its source in one creative Ruler, so they are beginning to learn that all truth is from God, whether it is found in the Vedas, the Koran, or the Bible. They are beginning to learn, too, that Christianity is a life, and not a history or a dogma. The nearer that these conceptions are realized, the nearer do faith and reason join hands. The present may belong to doubt and trouble, but the times to be belong to Christian faith. Skepticism, robbed of the very soil in which to sow its seed, will vanish away, and with intolerance and oppression lie down to its eternal doom, unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The oration showed a thorough knowledge of the subject, and added much to the interest of the meeting.

The oration of Augustus Murray ('85) on the subject, "The Age of Pericles," dealt with the power and influence of Athens. He showed that Athens lost her opportunity for development by not forming an alliance with all of Greece. Where now is the Athens of Pericles? In the museums of London, Florence, and Rome are remains of her art, but her intellectual empire is imperishable.

The last speaker of the evening, Alfred P. Smith, ('84) spoke on "The Land of the Pilgrims." The orator spoke of the sufferings of the Pilgrims, and pointed out their influence towards the formation of our present institutions. Our country, which we owe to them, is the heritage of noble men. The oration abounded in rhetorical figures and easy-flowing language.

After this followed the presentation of honorary certificates. The Society adjourned, and the audience proceeded to the scene of the cremation of Wheeler.

CREMATION.

The Class of '85 were favored with a most perfect evening for their cremation exercises. The sky, which had been overcast in the morning, cleared up finely about three in the afternoon, and the Sophomore Class were in the finest of spirits as they marched toward the fatal spot, their handsome Roman costumes flashing in the brilliant light which illuminated the way. The praetor ascended the judgment seat, and the trial commenced. A Latin oration was the first on the programme. This was delivered in clear and full tones.

One of the eight soldiers then stepped forward and accused the prisoner of being the author of one of the basest plots ever contrived for the misery of man. He related how he and his companions had toiled under the most harrowing circumstances. He called the attention of the praetor to the emaciated appearance of his companions, as proof of his statements. The gray-bearded Wheeler then made a most earnest appeal for his life. "Why," said he, "should I, who have taught all nations to prognosticate the parabolical gyrations of the heavenly bodies, be brought as a prisoner into this judgment hall?" With most touching earnestness he called upon the Class of '86 to rescue him from the Stygian waves, and closed with the following declaration: "I expect soon to teach my mathematical demonstrations to those philosophers who have died without hearing of the latest approximate value of π , and I shall make old Diogenes hide his diminished head for envy, and sink his wash-tub in the lowest depths of ocean. Euclid will mourn his fading glory, and Archimedes will no longer boast of his 'Eureka,' but as long as yon glistening dome [pointing to a kerosene lamp previously fixed in the cupola] shall be consecrated to knowledge-seekers, the name of Hezekiah Nehemiah Wheeler will live."

In spite of this slightly egotistical assertion, he was condemned by the praetor to be burned, and the lictors led him away to be prepared for his fate. In a short time he was brought forth from the place of preparation and burned upon a high scaffold, while the soothsayer muttered his imprecations.

The class then marched away singing, and closed the ceremonies by cheers for '83, '84, and '86. The large audience, which was present, went away well satisfied with the display. The singing was especially worthy of praise, and the order with which everything was carried out is commendable. The stage and ground were finely decorated, the former being draped with red and black, and lit up frequently by colored lights.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The Class of '83 had a pleasant day for their Commencement exercises. Although it was cloudy and foggy in the first part of the day, some time before the audience had assembled the clouds began to disperse, and soon the sun looked cheerfully down from a pleasant sky. Before the graduating class entered the hall, a large number of people had gathered together to witness their closing exercises.

The first speaker was T. K. Worthington, of Baltimore. His subject was "The Apathetic Position toward Reform." He spoke of the remarkable conser-

vatism of the Society of Friends in matters of reform; of the certainty a person should have, before he adopts any new creed, of the utility of that creed in the society in which he lives; of the advancement of the idea of no fear in religion, but also of its impracticability. He said that right thinking should be the aim of our life's education; that a creed should stand on a basis of common sense and expediency; and that we should be sure not to arrive at any impracticable or absurd conclusions.

The second oration was delivered by S. B. Shoemaker, of Germantown. It was entitled "Society and the Incurables." He considered that education has now attained its highest standard, and yet there is a doubtful, discontented class of incurables. A spirit of antagonism is manifested not only by the Nihilists in Russia, and the Communists in France, but throughout all Europe. As the reason for this discontent he alluded to the difference in classes,—the indifferent class and the lower class easily led by the upper.

The subject of the third oration, by F. B. Stuart, of Indiana, was "Political Duty." He spoke of the wrong motives to public life—fame and wealth, how seldom they were obtained, and mentioned the motives which should actuate the heart of every true patriot. At the same time that a desire for office may be a political vice, he represented that a contempt of office is a political sin; and that we need not look for reform in politics until we have in office men of ability, well qualified to deal with important questions. He said "that it is absolutely necessary for the Christian to take a part in politics; and that the true politician would sacrifice much for the good of the nation."

D. W. Edwards, of Indiana, next spoke upon "A National Obligation." The national obligation of to-day is an education for every one. There is a more doubtful war with ignorance than has been fought on the bloody field of battle. Ignorance is a powerful enemy against the welfare of our nation; and this is demonstrated nowhere more clearly than in the case of the freedmen, many of whom cast their ballot without the slightest idea of what they are voting for. To-day there are thousands of negro children who cannot obtain admission to the schools. Let the national government insure the good education of the people.

F. E. Briggs, of Maine, considered the question of "International Reform." He said that among all nations there is a tendency toward reform, and that this tendency is advanced by international law; that commerce should not stand in the way of righteousness, and that selfishness is the cause of commercial abuses; that the law of nations is the common guardian, and that the

one grand principle of reform is pushing itself everywhere. He spoke of the establishment of a just, uniform system of international law, upon which all Christian nations could agree. He said "we have little to fear, and everything to hope."

W. A. White, of North Carolina, delivered the Valedictory in an impressive manner.

President Chase next presented the diplomas to the graduates, and delivered a sound, practical farewell address.

The following members of the class took no part in speaking: J. Blanchard, Pa.; W. L. Baily, Philadelphia; S. W. Collins, N. Y.; G. H. Evans, Ind.; J. S. Spruance, Del.; B. V. Thomas, Md.; C. H. and L. B. Whitney, Pa.

The following degrees were conferred: Upon Henry Hoxie, *honoris causa*, A. M.; upon James Wood, *honoris causa*, A. M.; upon Dr. Thomas F. Cock, *honoris causa*, LL.D. Joseph Rhodes and Linden Hobbs, after a specified course of study and a severe examination received the degree of A. M.

The following cricket prizes were presented immediately after the Commencement exercises: The Cope Prize Bat to Walter F. Price, average 11 $\frac{7}{8}$. The Congdon Prize Ball to W. L. Baily, '83, average 8. The Haines Prize Belt to W. L. Baily, for first eleven fielding. Sophomore and Freshmen Scrub Match Bat to S. Bettie, '85: average 18 $\frac{3}{8}$. Sophomore Scrub Match Ball to S. Bettie; average 35-6. The College Scrub Match Ball to S. Bettie. The Freshman Prize Belt for fielding on Scrub Matches to Frank Trotter. The Improvement Bat for members not on the first eleven to I. T. Starr, '86.

After this, the Sophomore class spoon was presented by J. G. Blair, of '85, to White, of '86. Mr. Blair made a good speech, which was answered with appropriate remarks by Mr. White, of '86. A captured cane was also restored to its former owner, Johnson, '86.

CRICKET.

GERMANTOWN VS. HAVERFORD COLLEGE (SECOND ELEVENS).

The Germantown second brought a strong team to Haverford on the 9th ult., but owing to the fine bowling of C. Baily and Blair, and the strong batting of L. B. Whitney, the home team easily defeated them by six wickets. The game was called at 11.30, Captain Earle, of the Germantown, winning the toss and taking the bat. The Haverford men fielded in good form, and the wickets fell rapidly before Baily and Blair, the tenth falling at 12.40 with the Germantown total at 32, of which Duhring contributed 11.

Haverford, taking the bat, put runs together slowly, being bothered by Patterson's well-pitched bowling and Earle's slows, and retired at 2.19 with the total at 64. L. B. Whitney putting together 27 in fine style, while Hilles and C. Baily contributed respectively 12 and 9.

In their second innings the Germantown succeeded in obtaining 53, of which Earle scored 16 and Ralston 14. In this innings the fielding of the home team showed well, six of the visitors retiring on catches.

At 4.12 Haverford went to the bat with 27 to beat. Thanks to the hard hitting of Whitney, the score stood at tie with the loss of but one wicket; but unfortunately, before the winning run was scored, the visitors managed to dispose of three of their opponents, till finally C. Baily succeeded in scoring the winning run at 4.50 P. M., giving the victory to Haverford by six wickets.

Following is the score:

GERMANTOWN.			SECOND INNINGS.		
FIRST INNINGS.					
F. Ralston, ct. Stuart b. Blair	0		ct. Collins, b. Blair	11	
T. Earle, b. Baily	1		ct. Trotter b. Baily	16	
H. McKean, run out	5		ct. Trotter, b. Baily	0	
G. Patterson, b. Baily	0		b. Blair	2	
G. Pepper, b. Baily	6		ct. Evans b. Blair	5	
F. Gillingham, b. Blair	0		ct. Blair b. Baily	0	
W. Duhring, ct. Whitney, b. Blair	11		b. Baily	2	
C. Robinson, l. b. w. Baily	3		ct. Evans, b. Blair	2	
B. Robinson, b. Blair	3		b. Baily	1	
C. McDowell, not out	0		not out	6	
W. Hawley, b. Baily	5		b. Blair	2	
Byes	3		Byes, 1; no balls, 2	3	
Total	37		Total	53	

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.			SECOND INNINGS.		
FIRST INNINGS.					
T. H. Chase b. Patterson	1		ct. and b. Earle	4	
S. W. Collins b. Patterson	3		ct. Robinson b. Earle	0	
L. B. Whitney l. b. w. Earle	27		b. Patterson	20	
W. Hilles b. Patterson	12		not out	0	
I. T. Starr, c. C. Robinson, b. Patterson	0		not out	2	
C. Baily, run out	9				
J. J. Blair b. Patterson	0				
T. K. Worthington, ct., b. Patterson	0				
F. Trotter, b. Earle	0				
G. H. Evans, ct. Patterson, b. Earle	7				
F. R. Stuart, not out	0				
Byes, 4; no balls, 1	5		Byes, 2	2	
Total	64		Total	28	

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

GERMANTOWN.			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings			0	5	8	9	10	16	20	32	32	37
Second innings			8	14	20	26	10	43	43	45	48	53

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings			2	7	29	29	51	51	55	55	55	64
Second innings			12	26	26	26	—	—	—	—	—	—

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

GERMANTOWN—FIRST INNINGS.			Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
F. Gillingham			30	8	1	0
G. Patterson			108	26	5	6
W. Duhring			20	16	2	0
W. Hawley			21	6	1	0
T. Earle			27	4	2	3

GERMANTOWN—SECOND INNINGS.			Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
T. Earle			54	16	3	3
G. Patterson			53	10	2	1

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—FIRST INNINGS.			Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
J. J. Blair			66	11	4	4
C. Baily			65	18	3	5

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—SECOND INNINGS.			Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
J. J. Blair			72	36	1	5
C. Baily			66	14	2	5

C. Baily bowled two no balls.

GIRARD VS. HAVERFORD COLLEGE (SECOND ELEVENS).

On Saturday, the 16th ult., the Girard second played a close game with our second on the college grounds, resulting in a victory for Haverford by 13 runs. For the Haverford, Chase carried his bat through the innings for 66, and Tomlin of the Girard did the same for 40. The stumps were drawn at four o'clock, both captains agreeing not to play the second innings. We give the score below:

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.			GIRARD.		
T. H. Chase, not out	66		N. Tomlin, not out	40	
S. W. Collins, ct. and b. Wallis	2		W. H. Rhodes, run out	0	
W. Hilles, b. Wallis	0		S. Booth, ct. L. B. Whitney, b. Blair	3	
L. B. Whitney, ct. W. Hargrave, b. Wallis	0		W. Hargrave, b. C. Baily	2	
C. Baily, ct. Wallis, b. W. Hargrave	1		A. Barnett, ct. and b. Blair	10	
I. T. Starr, c. and b. W. Hargrave	4		H. Hawthorn, ct. and b. Blair	9	
J. J. Blair, b. West	5		S. Wallis, b. L. B. Whitney	21	
G. H. Evans, b. Tomlin	10		A. West, ct. L. B. Whitney, b. Hilles	0	
T. K. Worthington, b. W. Hargrave	4		A. Bowley, ct. Starr, b. Hilles	3	
Kimber, b. Wallis	3		G. Galbraith, run out	0	
F. L. Trotter, b. Wallis	0		Byes, 4; leg-byes, 2; wides, 1	7	
Byes, 8; leg-byes, 2; wides, 3	13		Total	95	
Total	108				

PERSONAL.

'76.—Seth K. Gifford and wife sailed for Europe on the 30th ult. We understand that he has leave of absence for one year.

'81.—J. L. Phillips graduated with honors from the Jefferson Medical College, on the 2d of 4th mo. He is going into the office of Dr. Pancoast ('53), as first assistant.

'81.—W. A. Blair has had a very successful year as principal of High Point High School. One hundred and seventy-five students have been in attendance. He has also received an appointment from the State as officer of the State Normal, to be held at Newton, N. C., beginning June 26th.

'81.—Walter C. Hadley, editor of the *Las Vegas Gazette*, New Mexico, and former business manager of *The Haverfordian*, has met with a grand success in the discovery of a rich silver mine. About three years ago he left Philadelphia to seek his fortune in Colorado. For some time he supported himself by writing letters to the Chicago newspapers. He finally became acquainted with an expert mining engineer, and in company with him went into New Mexico, where he became engaged in writing for the *Las Vegas Gazette*, for more than two years sharing his earnings with the prospecting

miner. A few weeks ago a rich mine—the richest yet found in New Mexico—was discovered by this prospector. He and Mr. Hadley own equal shares in the mine. Mr. Hadley says: "I have not determined what I shall do. I have just refused \$750,000 for my interest in the profit; but it is worth, and I can get, a much larger sum for it I may sell, for I am in love with my profession; and if I made a half-dozen millions, I would still want to be connected with a newspaper."

'82.—J. E. Coffin has returned to his home in Fairmount, Kansas.

'82.—The address delivered in Lynn by W. R. Jones was upon the "Gospel of Human Progress," instead of the "Principles of Friends," as stated in a late number of *The Haverfordian*.

'83.—W. A. White expects to teach.

'83.—W. L. Baily will spend the summer at Newport.

'83.—B. V. Thomas will take a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins.

'83.—S. W. Collins will enter upon a business life in New York City.

'83.—F. E. Briggs will pass the summer months at his home in Winthrop, Me.

'83.—C. H. and L. B. Whitney will probably engage in business in Philadelphia.

'83.—D. W. Edwards will engage in business, for the present, in Philadelphia.

'83.—G. H. Evans expects to go into business with his father in Indianapolis, Ind.

'83.—S. B. Shoemaker contemplates taking an M. D. from the Pennsylvania University.

'83.—J. S. Spruance has a situation on the Baltimore and Philadelphia Engineer Corps.

'83.—F. B. Stuart has returned to his home in Spiceland, Ind., where he will spend the summer.

'83.—W. E. Scull sailed for Europe on the 27th ult. After his return he intends to engage in the wool business.

'83.—T. K. Worthington will enter Johns Hopkins to take a post-graduate course in History and Political Economy.

'85.—J. C. Brick will not return next year. He intends to engage in business with his father.

'86.—C. C. Carmalt will enter Harvard next fall.

'86.—J. S. Kimber intends to pass the summer vacation at Newport, which will be his future home. He has some intention of entering Brown.

EXCHANGES.

The *Volante* is teeming with good matter which seems evidently to have been written for the purpose of being read, and not to fill up the space contained in the columns. There are so many articles in our college exchange papers which are written to kill space and time, and eventually the man who peruses them, that a really solid terse article ought to receive special notice from fellow exchanges. Such an article we find in the *Volante*, on the "The Study of the Constitution," which, though a finely written article, is on a subject that merits the attention of our American educational institutions. The political science that is taught in our universities ought to be on the course of our high and grammar schools, and a more extended one in the colleges. It seems to us that our Americans would better recognize their duty as citizens, and the standard of our party politics would be raised to a higher level, if the study of English Grammar were abolished from our public schools, and a simple manual of Constitutional Law substituted. The majority of scholars in our public schools who learn "Reading, Writing and Arithmetic," as the Yankee terms it, and not infrequently make some advance into the rudiments of English Grammar without understanding the rules or their applications, ought to receive some instruction in politics and government outside of that which they get by a rigid following of party leaders. The subject is receiving much attention among *litterati*, and we are glad to see the writer in the *Volante* advocating the good cause. One of the best works on the subject of the "Constitution in our Public Schools" is by Augustine, of the Friends' School, Providence, R. I.

We observe two papers from the University of Pennsylvania, *Chaff* and the *Magazine*, of which the former, though in its first series, is much more spicy and attractive. It appears to have less formality, or, rather, it seems to have something to say, while the *Magazine* carries the air of an old and exhausted sheet. The *Chaff* is rejoicing in its youth, and so is entertaining.

The exchange editor of the *Dartmouth* says: "The *Princetonian* thus far takes the lead as a college paper." Now we do really hesitate about being critical, but it cannot be that the editor took into consideration the *Harvard Advocate*, which in the estimation of almost every one is the foremost paper published in the American colleges. In fact, it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise. It wears a style, solidity and literary superiority which few can fail to observe who have read its pages with fairness.

A poem in the *Colby Echo*, "Reflections on the Past," is one worthy to be distinguished from the mass of trashy poems and love-sick rhymes which so often are put upon the market for poetry. It reminds one of the sweet rhythm and distant homeechoes of the poems of Alice Cary. The *Echo* is one of our most welcome exchanges.

The writer is again charmed with the finely arranged "Roll of Honor," and "List of Excellence" of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. We think this department indispensable to the success of the paper. There are times when it is pleasing to see one's name in print, and there are also times when others get wearied with seeing them. We are led to make this statement when we see the unlimited amount of conceit shown by the exchange editor, who attacks one of the first universities of the land because it does not abandon its literary course and put the students in rehearsal for a series of dramatic representations. We have had reports of almost every kind of a college, but this is the first one we have known that was a training school for the stage. Not that we would condemn the occasional production of one of Shakespeare's plays, or of a Greek drama, or because it matters anything to us how many dramas the students of Notre Dame reproduce, but we do consider it worthy of all condemnation when a writer endeavors to under-rate the standard of Princeton on the ground of her paucity of dramatic representations. What we most object to is the logic of such an argument as this: "Do you think, as some, that the Eastern Colleges are ahead of those in the West in point of scholarship? Most assuredly, every sane man not only thinks so, but knows it, and is ready to acknowledge the same." The writer is perhaps young, and, in fact, is somewhat too enthusiastic for the standard of his own college and section. It is a general law of condition among educational institutions that worth increases in age. We think we have a right to claim that the colleges of the East have a long lead of the younger Western colleges for just this reason, if for no other. We do not say that they will not be equal in time. Many of the so-called colleges in some of the Western States give to their graduates degrees of A. B., A. M., etc., for a course of study really two years below those of the ordinary Eastern colleges. We regret that any comparison is necessary; but the writer who ranks Notre Dame above Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Brown, etc., is very narrow in his opinions, and ought to cultivate a more liberal spirit.

The *Earlhamite* for June is an unexceptionably good issue, and replete with good articles. We rejoice at the

success of our sister paper, and feel that Earlham and Haverford have many common interests. We hope to see each issue of the next year up to the standard of the present number.

The *College Olio* contains a pointed article on the Bland Silver Bill. We heartily agree with the conclusion of the essay, wherein the writer says, "This bill is bound to defeat the resumption of specie payments, and being but a curse to all our commercial interests, demands its own repeal." The sentiments are true and the suggestions are timely; for it is a settled fact that if the next Congress does not repeal this odious law, all our surplus gold must be shipped to Europe.

LOCALS.

90°.

Good-bye, '83.

Twelve weeks' loaf!

There is a good prospect of our having a professional for cricket next year.

The number of "bucks" have been remarkably small in examinations this year.

The many and kind-hearted friends of Haverford cricket have subscribed a handsome fund towards improving our cricket grounds.

We advise coming Freshmen not to buy their carpets of the man down Eighth Street, who advertises "Finest ingrain carpets; can't be beat."

There is every prospect for a right large Freshman class next year. We hope that they will take as much interest in cricket as the last two classes have done.

We expect to see several changes in the Faculty next September. Professor Gifford goes to Germany for a year, to study the language, and Professor Rhoads has decided to turn his attention to the settling of the great West.

Would it not be a good plan to have a large calendar of the days of the week placed in a prominent position in the college halls? There have been so many cases amongst us of those who have mistaken Thursday for Wednesday, and got into trouble in consequence.

The following officers have been elected by the cricket club for next year:—President, T. H. Chase, '84; Vice-President, F. A. White, '84; Secretary, G. H. Reeve, '85; Treasurer, J. J. Blair, '85; Ground Committee, T. H. Chase, '84, S. Bettie, '85, W. F. Reeve, '85, W. Hilles, '85, and C. W. Baily, '85.

The following was the result of the Loganian elections for the college year 1883-1884:

President	Prof. Isaac Sharpless.
Vice-President	T. H. Chase, ('84.)
Secretary	A. T. Murray, ('85.)
Treasurer	J. H. Allen, ('84.)
President of the Council	E. L. Doan, ('85.)
Librarian	L. T. Hill, ('84.)
Curator	A. D. Hall, ('84.)
Business Manager of <i>The Haverfordian</i>	C. W. Baily, ('85.)
Editor of <i>The Haverfordian</i>	C. R. Jacob, ('84.)
Editors of the <i>Collegian</i> , {	H. P. Smith, ('84.)
	R. M. Jones, ('85.)

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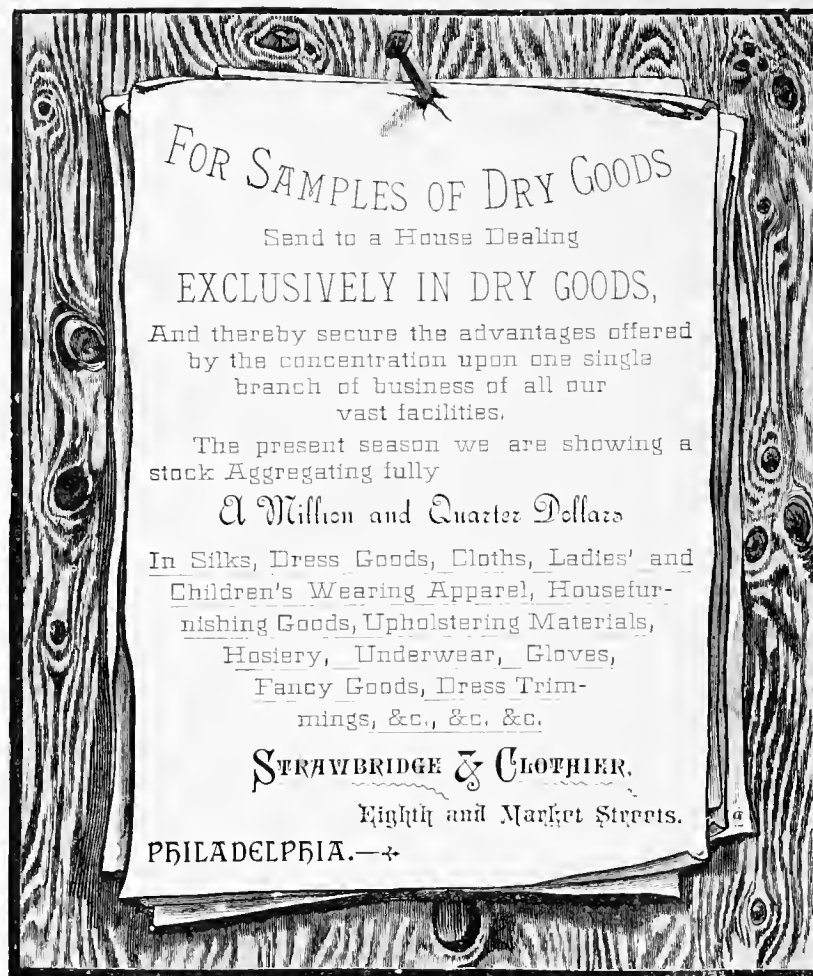
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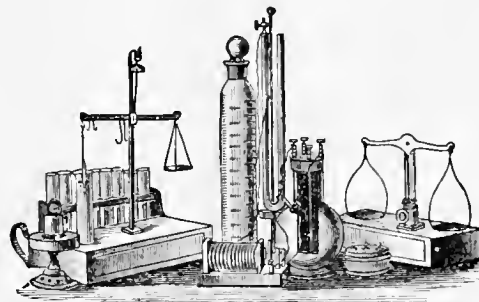
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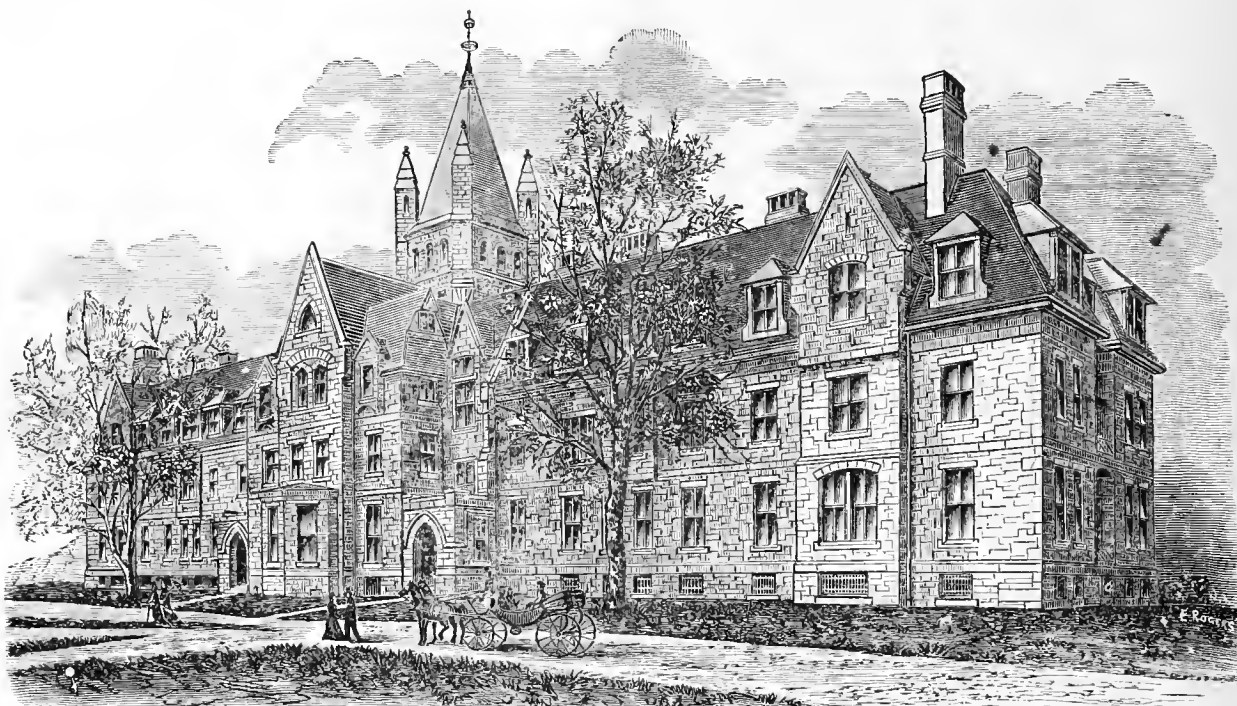
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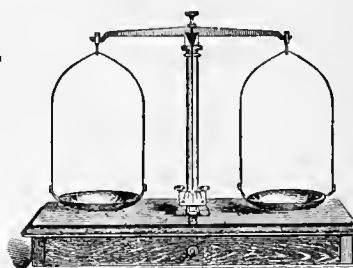
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 4.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 11.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year. Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The regular price of subscription to the Haverfordian is only \$1.00 per year. Old Haverfordians in particular, and friends of the College generally, should give us their hearty support in our endeavors to raise the standard of literary work in the College. Arrangements having been made with the publishers of the "Student," we are enabled to mail to any address the "Student" and "Haverfordian" together for \$1.50 per year.

We desire, at the opening of the year, to call the attention of all the students, and especially the new ones, to the Y. M. C. A. It is an inter-collegiate association, and is doing an important work in all our American colleges. It is extremely important that on entering college one should start right, as not only the four years of study, but all future success depends on it. And in no other place does a person stand more in need of a Christian character to build on, than while in college. Were we as ready to seize new fellows for this as we are for the private societies, the Y. M. C. A., would not want for members, and there would be a visible change manifested in this direction. It is a work worthy of our thought.

We notice with pleasure that Haverford is still advancing in the matter of improvements. The lawn has

been extended until it touches the peaceful shores of the skating pond. The grove in the rear of Founder's Hall has been deprived of the superfluous leaves of many generations. New and more stable seats have been placed in the collection-room, instead of the cane-bottomed chairs which, during dull seasons last year, were piled in high pyramids, or made to adorn the branches of the noble trees near by. Truly, we improve every year. Let Alumni, old and young, from east to west, north and south, come to Haverford, and see the improvements which have been made since their day, and help us celebrate the fiftieth birthday of our Alma Mater.

We wish to call the attention of the students to the advertising department of THE HAVERFORDIAN. The business firms represented in the paper are among the very first in the city, since it is our aim to deal only with leading and reliable houses. We guarantee to you that they will give you better terms than elsewhere. Indeed, it seems imperative on students of the college to give these men some return for the benefit the paper derives from their advertisements. We do not wish to interfere or dictate, but some complaints have been made against the paper because the firms are not sufficiently required for the cost of advertising. It will result in great benefit to THE HAVERFORDIAN and to students, as well, if they heed the counsel herein given.

Among the literary landmarks of this organ we again read the notice that the Haverfordian is the official organ of the students of Haverford College. This year it is the intention of the editorial staff to vary in some degree the course of former years. We wish to invite the co-operation of the other students in the compilation of the general literary matter. While we are your chosen servants in this line of duty, we would suggest that the columns of the paper are open to the individual contributions of all. By this we aim, not to lessen our own duties, but to obtain the true sentiment of all, in general college matters. To extend the invitation still further, we shall be pleased to receive articles of any description from any and all Alumni who have the disposition and the loyalty for the college paper.

The predictions of last spring are fulfilled, and Haverford opens the college year with the fairest prospects. On every hand we behold the spirit of renewed activity and deep interest in the manifold duties and occupations of college life. It is worthy of marked notice that the much discussed "Centre of Indifference" among many of the students of last year is superseded by universal life and effort. It is seen on the cricket ground, in the study-room, in the prayer-meeting, in society work, and in general demeanor. Now, shall this admirable condition continue, or shall we relapse into the sluggish, indifferent state of men who have no heart in their duties, and who devise means of filling time merely, or shall we maintain throughout the college year a standard of activity which the students owe to themselves and to the manifold advantages which Haverford offers? Let the grumbler and the persistent fault-finder learn that he has nothing in common here.

A twice-told tale sometimes has something new about it; and though the Logonian has been pretty well discussed during the past year, we wish to say a few words more before the subject is dropped. It is a current rumor that the Logonian is going to die out, from the fact that the time spent on it ought to be spent on the private societies, and that its mission is fulfilled. The question then comes to this, has its time come to die, or are there not some prescription that would restore it to health? It does, it is true, take two evenings each month, and with this extra time that we should gain, more work might be done in the Everett and Atheneum, but for every debit there is a corresponding credit.

If we spend two evenings a month in this way, are we to look upon it as time lost? Most college students support a Greek letter society besides their private society, and surely we think lightly of our faculty and of ourselves if we suppose that less is to be obtained from a society, regulated as the Logonian is, than from the T. Δ. Θ. or the Φ. B. K. We are aware that many students hold a different opinion from this.

Which is nearer right, as Cicero says, let some god decide. We surely do not wish to be found taking the wrong side in any matter or upholding a dead issue. If the time has come to bring down for the last time the gavel which has called so many meetings of the Logonian to order, and say "gone," far be it from us to question the move, but we have before our eyes a better and a far brighter vision. It is without doubt in our power to make this one of the most agreeable and most important part of our course. Let us then delay the funeral.

When the body is healthy and all the organs performing their proper functions, the mind of the individual is stronger, his courage is better, and he feels all animated with life and vigor. His enthusiasm pushes him to endeavors; and success comes with half the trouble when head and heart and hand can all work together without obstruction. And, if this is true of our bodily organism, it is equally true of our temporal conditions. If politics are in a healthy condition and on a sound basis, the public are ready to exert themselves without delay or fear. And so it is with us as we come back this year and find everything that we are interested in booming, and on the top wave we come up with it. With the present outlook of affairs, it appears that something extraordinary can, at least, be accomplished before another Commencement. There have probably been but few times, if any, in the history of Haverford when the students have had less chance for complaint, or the managers more reason to be satisfied with the situation of affairs than at the present time, and the present year closes a half century of work and service since its corner-stone was laid. We hail with joy every improvement that has been made, and we are glad to see so many new arrivals. As we have said, it is easier to study or to work; in any way when the college is full and all are interested. As we are here to learn something, of course that is our first business; but it ought not to be our only business. Cæsar did his literary work in connection with his field practice. And we hope to see every fellow who is bodily able, take an active part in cricket and foot-ball, when the season for it comes. Let a hearty appreciation be manifested for the improvements which have been made on the foot-ball ground.

"History repeats itself." Once more the Freshman and Sophomore meet on the battle-field. This time it is '86 versus '87. Last years Freshman has developed from a mere caterpillar—a worm under the feet of all—to a full-fledged butterflyish Soph. Who would believe that three months would make such a difference! Again we hear the old queries, "Must the Freshman be tossed?" "Is hazing justifiable?" etc., etc.

We do not wish in any way to justify hazing in its more brutal and cruel forms; but we think there is a species, which may be beneficial. Any open and fair cane rush between the two classes is not worse than a well contested foot-ball match. If any Freshman, disregarding all college precedent, walks forth, cane in hand, he deserves to be deprived of it. If Freshmen are fresh, as they certainly are, and ever will be, it is advantageous for them that they should be salted down a little. Few

men in the three upper classes at Haverford are sorry that they were tossed and mildly hazed by their fellow-students. It knocked some of the notions out of their heads, which were in their nature false and superfluous. But, the trouble is, the administrators of justice are often as fresh in their sphere as the poor Freshman is in his. They do not know where to stop. Justice verges into bullying; hazing is like wine; if a man never indulges in it he will never feel the evil effects which result from it. If it could be carried on upon philosophical principles it might prove an important factor in the training of the new student. If, for instance, hazing could be left to the faculty, or a committee of the older and more advanced students, it might prove a success. But as it is in the hands of that class which next to the Freshmen is least experienced, it is about time to drop it, as other colleges have done, and rank it amongst the lost arts.

THE ALIENATION OF THE EDUCATED CLASS FROM POLITICS.

Again the pessimist is abroad, and the political Cassandras of the day are loud in their declarations of the national peril. The small philosopher announces that our whole political system is contaminated; that the political parties are vitally poisoned; that the general tone of our government is tainted with corruption as never before in our history, and that in places of public trust the scholar is superseded by the pedant, the statesman by the demagogue. To our discredit, be it said, these charges are not made without a cause. The founders of our government supposed that the system of elections would result in the selection of the best officers and those most suited for the positions of national and municipal trust. In this respect the experiment, in a great measure, has signally failed. Even Ralph Waldo Emerson, a few years ago, said: "The country is governed in bar-rooms and in the mind of bar-rooms; the low can best win the low, and each aspirant for power vies with his rival which can stoop the lowest and depart the widest from himself." In the governments of the past political and religious duties have gone hand in hand, and oftentimes the men who were the expounders of morals became also the chief bulwarks of political power. The present English Premier, Gladstone, exercises a potent influence in government, in scholarship, and in morality. The American Republic stands alone, the first experiment of universal suffrage in the broad field of a healthy nationality. Factious Greece, Italian Mediæval cities, or Swiss cantons, form no precedent for us. We survive or fall in the single trial. In times of great national distress or political crises the best and ablest men have been

pushed forward into the arena. Washingtons, Hamiltons, Adamsses, Jeffersons, Lincolns, Sewards, and Sumners give place in times of passivity to the mediocrity of the present day. De Tocqueville, who visited this country in 1830, and made a study of our institutions and politics, said that he was surprised to find so much distinguished talent among the subjects and so little among the heads of the government. The great Frenchman could never fully grasp the mysteries of the inside working of this gigantic democracy. Many causes operate together to produce the effects just mentioned. Our forefathers looked on government as a necessary evil, of which we should avoid as much as was not absolutely indispensable to the national existence. This utilitarian view has found expression throughout the entire history of the Republic. Another cause of the alienation of the intellectual element from an active participation in political affairs is the utter disregard in our policy for precedents of political and social history.

Each new question is at present solved on its own merits. That higher law of social and political harmony so characteristic of culture does not here, as in England, attract the participation of the literary element.

We are, as a majority, exceedingly rough and practical in our ideas and in the execution of government, as well as of social affairs. From this fact has naturally arisen a spirit of self-interest. Our candidate for public favor extends this—shall we call it selfish theory—too far into their methods of conducting political nominations, and the execution of public trusts. Going still deeper, we may say in numerous instances that the officer is too little removed from the crowd, to which he panders for advancement. Leaders are few; party demagogues are many. In our political parties there are too many who are loud in their protestations of loyalty for the principles of a party, who proclaim eulogies on Jefferson or Lincoln, and whose real purpose is advancement at any cost. Party planks and resolutions, abstract formulas of government, are made the means of personal advancement. But while we see this mediocrity of statesmanship, the absence of the purest and most intellectual men in the affairs of state, and apparent sacrifice of public interest and national reputation to the caprices of party and individual advancement, is there a cause for anxiety? Not in a degree that a superficial glance would seem to indicate.

There is a power in the national sentiment which surpasses the comprehension of foreign critics. De Tocqueville said that the public officers in a democracy must necessarily conform to the level of the majority which they represent. At no period of our national history has this been true. If it were so, we might truly

despair. The influence of the scholar is felt otherwise than in exercising public duties. He is educating the national sentiment, and as an individual factor aids in elevating the standard of our inner life to a higher plane. It is this inner influence that has been manifested in all our vital issues, the most notable of which was the manumission of slaves and the overthrow of nullification and States rights principles. If we have no immediate cause of alarm in this present state of national affairs, there is yet reason that the standard of our statesman should be elevated, and that the scholar should, in conjunction with his influence on the national sentiment, assume an active participation in politics, and by personal influence and individual example, elevate, if slowly, the character of elections and of the execution of public trusts.

But it may be objected that the so-called educated class, from the disparity of numbers, would have little power in the direction of the crowd. To this we reply that such an active participation cannot taint the character of the noble, the literary man, but on the contrary, such action cannot fail to have a healthy influence on the character of our political system. In our country there is no place for non-participants. It is the political and moral duty of every qualified American citizen to cast his vote and influence in all questions of national interest.

Algernon Sydney said that political questions "so far concern all mankind that, besides the influence on our future life, they may be said to comprehend all that in this world deserve to be cared for." Among no class of people is less interest in government and political affairs manifested than among college students. This state of affairs is to be regretted, for these are the men that our politics so deeply need. There are many evils in democracy which must be met. The foregoing is one of them. May we all in our after life do our individual part in this special reform, remembering that government is not as Jefferson terms it, a necessary evil, but in the higher, the nobler terms of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "morality is the true object of government."

MAHOMET AND MAHOMETANISM.

At the opening of the seventh century of our era, Arabia was sunk in the depths of idolatry; men had no knowledge of the one true God, but bowed down before hideous idols. Morality there was none, but wherever you look, you see the same crowd of grotesque idols, the same licentious images and ceremonies, the same union of material comfort and luxury with a moral degradation almost bestial.

Mahomet had been born about thirty years when the century opened, and the period of his inspiration began about ten years later. Before we speak of this, let us look at the character of the

people among whom he was brought up. He was left an orphan at an early age, and was given into the charge of a wealthy uncle. But at this time there was an immense difference between the rich people of the towns and the uneducated shepherds of the desert.

What learning there was in Arabia was confined to the higher classes, and the shepherds among whom Mahomet was born lived in ignorance and base idolatry. All the help Mahomet received from his uncle was to be permitted to tend to his flocks on the desert.

He received no education, could neither read nor write, and, up to time of his inspiration, lived an idolator like the rest. But he saw the baseness of his religion and did what the others did not,—he thought.

And the more he thought, the more it came to him that this was not all there was for him, and he sought after the truth.

I like to think of him at this stage of his life; an earnest man longing for light, but seeing none; not knowing which way to turn, yet, although groping blindly, still seeking for it and praying for it. Yes! praying for it; but not to the idols. No! to the one true God whom he believed in, but could not understand. At the time of his inspiration he had retired into the desert to pray, and there, as he states in the Koran, the revelation was made to him. In a trance he learned all, and awoke to find the truths of the Koran and the Suras fixed indelibly upon his memory.

We may laugh at this and call it a mad vision, but the miracle remains the same, this ignorant shepherd, who had never read anything nor written a line, dictating the wonderful poetry of the Suras.

Was he an imposter or a prophet? An imposter can feign epileptic fits and compose poetry, but we never hear of an imposter turning gray in the process of revelation, and the words of an imposter are more often puerile, and the opposite of the sublime truths of Mahomet.

Was he not rather a prophet? And an inspired prophet? We do not hesitate to acknowledge the inspiration of the Galilean fishermen. Why should we deny that of the Arabian shepherd, who, as unlearned as they, and brought up in the midst of idolatry, yet preached to his idolatrous people the sublime truth of one living God, and rescued two continents from the grasp of paganism?

What *shall* we say of the man who, in the boundless desert, "haunted by tremendous shadows of fear, brought face to face with the dread problem of the universe, before which our leaders of science fall back, confessing their inability to account for that first cause of all, found the answer to that dread question, and proclaimed aloud the truth, 'There is no God but God.'"

And then came his trial, to convince men of what he himself knew. Ah, no imposter could have endured what he endured, deserted by all but a few companions, and with forty men from each tribe sworn to kill him, he found it no easy task. Yet he did not show the fearful timidity of Jonah, nor rebel against God as Balaam, but persevered, and when his enemies took up the sword against him he took it up against them.

Much has been said about his establishing his religion by the sword. I say a man *cannot* establish a religion by the sword. Give a man a sword and let him convince the world that he is right and it is wrong, and see if he succeeds.

For Mahomet had to fight against the whole world, Christians and heathens were alike arrayed against him.

No, it was not the sword that established it, but his religion triumphing over the idolatry of the Arabs, is an example of the truth that right will prosper against wrong. And he did not take up the sword until he was forced to do so by his enemies, and if he kept up its use longer than the occasion demanded, if he became aggressive instead of defensive, the excuse is his unquenchable zeal.

And now a few words about his religion as set forth in the Koran.

He preached the religion of the one true God to a nation of idolators, and in his book he taught them to look up to him as the one and only God, and to submit to his will. He does not tell them that it is better to do right than to do wrong, but that they must do right. To do right is life, to do wrong is death: the first is heaven, the second hell. There is no medium course.

It has been the custom among Christians to claim that the best parts of the Koran were stolen from the New Testament. But there is no evidence that he had ever seen a new Testament, and all he knew of Christ's history he learned from an Evernite monk, whom he met in the desert, and from some spurious writings. I do not claim for his book perfection; much of it, I admit, is full of human error and frailty, but coming, as it did, from an ignorant man, we must grant it a great claim to inspiration.

We must all acknowledge Mahomet to have been a sincere man, full of faults, it may be, yet sincere, and sincerity is at the root of all greatness. A false man can found a religion for no one, but the religion founded by Mahomet has been the relief of nearly 200,000,000 of men for twelve centuries.

One of the great faults attributed to Mahomet is sensuality, but the fault belongs to the age rather than to the man. I do not deny that his heaven is sensual, that his hell is sensual; but in his heaven he embodies a reward for the just, and in his hell a punishment for the wicked. And the sensuality of his religion is as nothing compared to that of the idolatry it deposed. There is no danger of any of us becoming Mahometans, but let us not pass him over as an imposter, and deny that there was any good in him, because Mahometanism has been arrayed against Christianity for so many centuries.

Mahometanism is a kind of Christianity, and a living kind. So long as Christian missionaries combat it as a false religion, they cannot convert its followers. They must acknowledge that they are in the right way, but far in the rear of Christianity. We are enlightened more than they, but as far as it goes, Mahometanism is, as I have said, a kind of Christianity.

We cannot call that religion entirely false, which teaches its followers to say, "Allah Akbar," God is great, and "Islam," we must submit to his will. Surely, these are Christian truths, whatever happens, it is good and wise. God is great.

To me there is something inexpressibly grand in the thought of this unlearned shepherd founding a religion which gave light to two continents groveling in darkness, and taught men to look up to the one true God.

Here my essay must close. I have not tried to represent Mahomet as a perfect man, for such I do not believe him to have been by any means. But I have tried to represent him as an earnest, though ignorant, "seeker after God," and a sincere reformer. And this, I believe, to be the right view of him.

CRICKET.

HAVERFORD VS. DELAWARE (FIRST ELEVENS).

The first match of this season was played on Wednesday the 19th, against the first Delaware. Our team was very much weakened by the loss of those who graduated in '83, and we had to draw largely on the second eleven to fill the vacant places. None of our men were in practice, and the scores were accordingly very small, but our bowling and fielding was fully up to our high standard. The game resulted in a victory for the Delaware by the first innings, though nothing but the tardiness of the visitors in coming up to time in the last innings prevented our winning the game on two innings with a dozen runs to spare.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
W. F. Reeve, ct. Lee b. Homewood,	0	run out,	0
W. Hilles, run out,	0	not out,	19
J. J. Blair, b. Austin,	3	ct. Vaughn b. Homewood,	16
S. Bettie, ct. Vaughn b. Austin,	0	b. Homewood,	10
A. C. Craig, b. Homewood,	1	b. Homewood,	0
C. Baily, ct. H. Tatnal b. Homewood,	1	ct. and b. Homewood,	2
T. H. Chase, not out,	11	ct. Downing b. Homewood,	2
I. T. Starr, l. b. w. Homewood,	0	b. Homewood,	1
Barr, l. b. w. Homewood,	0	ct. Tatnal,	3
A. H. Reeve, b. Austin,	0	b. Tatnal,	0
McFarland, run out,	2	ct. Homewood b. Tatnal,	4
Byes, 1; wides, 4,	5	Byes, 3; wides, 6,	9
Total,	23	Total,	66

DELAWARE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Austin ct. Craig b. Bettie,	19	ct. Blair b. Bettie,	8
Johnston b. Craig,	4	ct. A. Reeve b. W. Reeve,	10
W. Homewood b. Bettie,	1	ct. Bettie b. W. Reeve,	1
Richardson ct. Hilles b. Craig,	4	not out,	0
Tatnal b. Bettie,	1	ct. W. Reeve b. Bettie,	2
Smith l. b. w. Craig,	1		
Lee b. Craig,	0	b. Bettie,	0
L. Homewood b. Bettie,	3	b. Baily,	0
Vaughn b. Craig,	1	ct. W. Reeve b. Bettie,	10
Hayes ct. Barr b. Craig,	0	ct. Hilles b. Bettie,	5
Downing, not out,	1	l. b. w. Baily,	2
Leg byes, 2,	2	Byes, 1; wides, 1,	2
Total,	37	Total,	40

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

		HAVERFORD COLLEGE.									
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings,		0	1	3	3	4	7	8	10	11	23
Second innings		1	7	34	41	43	43	45	59	65	66

		DELAWARE.									
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings,		18	21	26	28	31	31	31	31	32	37
Second innings,		5	13	13	14	23	26	38	38	40	—

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

		HAVERFORD COLLEGE—FIRST INNINGS.				
		Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	
S. Bettie,		30	11	1	1	1
C. Baily,		12	13	0	0	0
G. C. Craig,		36	11	2	0	6

		HAVERFORD COLLEGE—SECOND INNINGS.				
		Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	
S. Bettie,		45	20	0	0	3
C. Baily,		48	6	0	0	2
G. C. Craig,		18	11	0	0	0
W. F. Reeve,		14	1	1	1	2

Wides, Bettie, 1.

		DELAWARE—FIRST INNINGS.				
		Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	
Austin,		49	8	2	0	3
W. Homewood,		42	10	2	0	5

Wides, Austin, 1; W. Homewood, 3.

		DELAWARE—SECOND INNINGS.				
		Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	
Austin,		42	9	2	0	0
W. Homewood,		78	12	3	0	6
Tatnal,		30	10	1	0	3
L. Homewood,		72	26	0	0	0

Wides, Austin, 2; W. Homewood, 6.

A match played between the Classical and Scientific Sections of the 1st and 2d inst., showed well the superior effect of Greek on the physical man. Following is the score :

SCIENTIFIC.				
J. J. Blair, l. b. w. b. W. F. Reeve,				0
Barr, b. Hilles,				4
C. W. Baily, b. W. F. Reeve,				6
I. T. Starr, ct. and b. W. F. Reeve,				5
F. L. Trotter, b. S. Bettie,				5
F. N. Trotter, b. W. F. Reeve,				2
W. S. McFarland, b. S. Bettie,				0
A. Chase, b. W. F. Reeve,				1
W. H. Gummere, ct. Tunis b. W. F. Reeve,				0
P. H. Morris, b. W. F. Reeve,				4
C. Lewis, not out,				0
Byes, 1; leg-byes, 4,				5
Total,				32
BOWLING AVERAGE.				
W. F. Reeve,	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	
W. Hilles,	82	13	7	
S. Bettie,	60	11	1	
	18	3	2	
CLASSICAL.				
T. H. Chase, ct. I. T. Starr, b. C. Baily,				2
W. Hilles, b. C. Baily,				19
W. F. Reeve, b. Barr,				10
S. Bettie, ct. F. L. Trotter, b. Barr,				14
A. H. Reeve, l. b. w. b. C. Baily,				2
A. H. Scott, ct. and b. C. Baily,				0
J. P. Tunis, st. Blair, b. C. Baily,				2
W. Ferris, ct. C. Baily, b. Barr,				1
A. C. Garrett, not out,				7
H. E. Yarnall, ct. F. N. Trotter, b. Blair,				0
G. B. Wood, b. Blair,				0
F. A. Strawbridge, b. C. Baily,				5
Byes, 8; leg-byes, 4; wides, 1; no ball, 1,				14
Total,				76
BOWLING AVERAGE.				
C. W. Baily,	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	
Barr,	126	28	6	
J. J. Blair,	96	31	3	
	24	6	2	

'85 vs. COLLEGE.

'85 won an easy victory over the College on the afternoons of 21st and 22d, the scores being 43 to 74 for 6 wickets. The College were very much weakened in the field by the absence of their two best bowlers.

COLLEGE ELEVEN.				
F. L. Trotter, b. Bettie,				1
Barr, ct. Blair, b. W. F. Reeve,				14
I. P. Tunis, b. Bettie,				0
T. H. Chase, b. Bettie,				11
W. S. McFarland, run out,				2
P. H. Morris, ct. Baily b. Bettie,				2
A. C. Garrett, not out,				2
N. Stokes, b. Bettie,				4
F. N. Trotter, b. Bettie,				0
A. H. Scott, b. Bettie,				4
G. B. Wood, b. Bettie,				0
Byes,				5
Total,				45
BOWLING AVERAGE.				
S. Bettie,	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	
C. Baily,	108	17	8	
W. F. Reeve,	36	9	0	
W. Hilles,	54	14	1	
	24	0	0	
'85 ELEVEN.				
J. J. Blair, run out,				33
W. Hilles, ct. Starr, b. McFarland,				6
A. H. Reeve, ct. and b. McFarland,				6
S. Bettie, not out,				18
W. F. Reeve, b. McFarland,				0
C. W. Baily, b. McFarland,				0
E. White, ct. T. H. Chase b. Garrett,				6
W. Ferris, not out,				1
G. T. Murray, not in.				
R. T. Richards, not in.				
W. Morris, not in.				
Wides 2, byes 2,				4
Total,				74
BOWLING AVERAGE.				
W. S. McFarland,	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	
T. H. Chase,	96	31	44	
A. C. Garrett,	78	26	0	
	18	9	1	

'86 vs. '87.

The Class of '87 gained a victory over '86 on the 27th and 28th ult. The scores were very small on both sides. The game was decided on the result of the first innings, the Sophomores, being one man short, scoring but 10 to the Freshmen's 35. Following is the score :

FIRST INNINGS.		'86.	SECOND INNINGS.	
A. H. Scott, b. Barr,		0	b. Barr,	0
W. S. McFarland, b. Barr,		0	b. Barr,	4
J. P. Tunis, run out,		0	b. Barr,	0
J. T. Starr, not out,		2	b. Barr,	1
H. J. Brooke, ct. F. N. Trotter,			not out,	2
b. Garrett,		1	b. Barr,	8
F. L. Trotter, run out,		5	not out,	3
S. P. Lippencott, b. Barr,		0		
F. Underhill, b. Barr,		0		
J. Underhill, b. Barr,		0		
W. W. White, b. Garrett,		0		
Byes, 3,		3	Byes,	3
Total,		11	Total,	21

'87.

FIRST INNINGS.	
H. E. Yarnall, ct. Star, b. McFarlane,	8
P. H. Morris, b. McFarlane,	1
Barr, not out,	19
A. C. Garrett, b. Lippencott,	1
A. Chase, ct. Scott, b. McFarlane,	1
F. N. Trotter, b. Lippencott,	3
Strawbridge, l. b. w. McFarlane,	0
Stokes, b. McFarlane,	1
G. B. Wood, b. Lippencott,	0
Adams, b. McFarlane,	1
Lewis, ct. and b. McFarlane,	0
Total,	35

BOWLING AVERAGE.

'86—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Maidens.
W. S. McFarland,	42	8	7	1
S. P. Lippencott,	36	27	2	0

'87—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Maidens.
Barr,			5	
Garrett,			2	

SECOND INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Maidens.
Barr,	48	3	5	6
Garrett,	42	15	0	1

MARRIED.

'76.—GIFFORD-COLLINS.—In Alumni Hall, Friends' School, Providence, R. I., June 28, 1883, Seth K. Gifford ('76) to Mary A. Collins. The happy couple sailed immediately for Europe, where they expect to remain one year.

'70.—WOOD-MORRIS.—On the British isle of Heligoland, September 6, 1883, Rev. Charles Wood ('70) to Mary H. Morris, daughter of Wistar and Mary Morris, of Overbrook.

'82.—JONES-JONES.—At China Maine, July 31, 1883, Wilmot R. Jones ('82) to Julia A. Jones, daughter of Alfred H. and Mary R. Jones.

PERSONAL.

'78.—E. T. Comfort spent the summer at Newport.

'78.—L. M. H. Reynolds remained at his home in Bush Hill, N. C., during the summer.

'80.—W. R. Updegraph has a fine farm at Grenell, Iowa.

'80.—J. P. Edwards conducts a branch office of the C. W. at Nashville, Tenn.

'80.—Joseph Rhodes, Jr., is the happy progenitor of a little son—Joseph II.

'81.—W. A. Blair has been elected Vice-President of the N. C. State Teachers' Association.

'81.—W. F. Price is taking a course at Harvard. He has our best wishes.

'81.—J. C. Winston, we understand, is married.

'81.—J. H. Cook is employed on the engineering corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

'82.—G. L. Crossman is in the electric light business.

'82.—G. A. Barton visited his home in Canada to recuperate for a short time, but has returned to his business in Boston.

'82.—Corbet runs a farm in Delaware—his melon crop this year was a success.

'82.—"Plug" Jones is the occupant of a good business position in Fort Wayne, Ind.

'82.—W. C. Chase is enjoying himself in the world's metropolis.

'82.—J. H. Morgan is keeping books at Levenworth, Kas.

'82.—E. Gamble is traveling abroad.

'82.—J. E. Coffin is principal of Friends' Academy at Vermillion, Ill.

'83.—S. B. Shoemaker is taking a course at the University, where he is to become initiated into the mysteries of the healing art.

'83.—Scull has just returned from Europe. He contemplates studying law.

'83.—W. L. Bailey paid us a short visit a few days ago. He is devoting his attention to architecture in Philadelphia.

'83.—C. H. and L. B. Whitney fill positions in Baldwin's Locomotive Works.

'83.—B. V. Thomas has just returned from Europe. He is taking a post graduate course at Johns Hopkins.

'83.—F. B. Stuart assists Coffin in the Friends' Academy at Vermillion, Ill.

'83.—D. W. Edwards is still in business in the city.

'83.—John Blanchard is traveling abroad.

'83.—W. A. White has returned to North Carolina, after spending the summer in the city.

'83.—T. K. Worthington spent a delightful summer abroad. He is now at Johns Hopkins.

'84.—Craig renders a good account of himself on the Merion 1st. He visits us occasionally.

'84.—I. G. Ladd goes to Brown this year.

'84.—J. H. Bartlett is book-keeper and assistant governor at Westtown.

'84.—W. M. Ellicott is studying architecture in Philadelphia.

'85.—J. C. Brick paid us a visit at the beginning of the year.

'86.—C. C. Carmalt enters the Freshman class at Harvard.

'86.—J. Shober Kimber goes to Brown this year.

EXCHANGES.

Seated around the walnut board away off in the secluded "sanctum," removed from every thing but the noisy Freshmen and studious Sophomore, are seated the editors, with the chief at the head and exchanger diagonally opposite, not as his partners but assistants, attempting the common game of editors.

Piled in a promiscuous heap are a few scattering leaves from the "tree of knowledge," not at all frost bitten, but pure and fresh from the sunshine of a summer's vacation; some replete with stale jokes of hotel origin or nuts from the campers' sack. Others recount visits to classical countries, and to the home of Romola, the maid of Florence.

The few exchanges that have arrived generally bear the stamp of new corps of editors, with various remarks to that effect.

"*Illini*" imagines the hopes and ambitions of her brethern and fails to give her own, only that she may "shoot," but adds hopes of recovery.

There also comes to our heap of leaves a messenger from the "Golden Gate," which savors of its surroundings and is filled with golden fruit. The "*Berkeleyan*" is heading the "western course of empires." The *University* (Penna.) *Magazine* has its place as pre-eminently a sporting "leaf." It records cricket, boat races, athletics in general, and then ends with a warning that "fall is the time for foot-ball." The general tenor of the paper would lead us to judge that sport was its principal ambition, and not as our venerable "Scholastic" "high literary merit" and "Greek. If a student is to be captured by games it is to be done while he is "fresh." But this long drawn out subject of sports in colleges has been devoured the past year, so we will not try and throw any light upon it.

Res Academicæ comes to us with four on its staff and three pages as a representation of their work; yet the academy never started off with brighter prospects. These editors salute us "with this number the new boards," etc. We certainly return the fire from a similar balloon in the entangled labyrinths of editorial atmosphere.

The Scholastic congratulates her Alma Mater on her past record and bright prospects for the future, duly appreciating how she grew from the humbler walks of the primeval forest, and now occupies a high place among the educational lights of the country. Did any one ever hear of Old Abe; or the Irishman that started West with an ax?

Evidently from the remarks of the *Scholastic*, "Notre Dame" has its horoscope set for the future, and announces the fact that students should appreciate the advantages which college life affords, and continues its remarks with a lecture on the foolishness of neglected opportunities, and foretells with fatherly skill the awful effects in the future if we dissipate. We thank him very much for his advice, old, old.

The *Kansas University Courier* comes to us in a new, neat Sunday dress. It is convenient and good size. The world-wide famed grasshopper is conspicuously represented. Good news comes through its columns: "The following warrants upon the Treasury were issued yesterday by State-Auditor: For conveying Frank Foster to the penitentiary, \$36.00; for building and material at State University, \$1,595.20,"—capital we heartily join the editor and say: "Let the good work go on,"—this is a magnificent advance in eradicating national evil and a generous expression in favor of advancement in educational work. May her work continue and be a beacon-light to the more conservative Eastern States.

GENERAL NEWS.

Oberlin is fifty years of age.

Haverford ditto this fall.

Olivet will celebrate twenty-five next spring.

Prof. Bryce, of England, is traveling in America. We hope to hear a lecture from him.

Thomas Hughes, Q. C., LL. D., is visiting his Rugby and contemplates some important changes.

Edwin Arnold, author of "Light of Asia," is about to bring before the public two more similar poems. Mathew Arnold will travel in America this winter.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, while in Boston, met the Hon. Ben and struck a bargain in canes. Later, in giv-

ing an after-dinner speech, spoke of the trade, and added, that it would be a source of great pleasure to him while sailing again across the Atlantic, to muse over the circumstance, and congratulated himself that he was the only man that ever got ahead of Ben. If he did get ahead of B. B. in the cane rush, it does not logically follow that Hon. G. W. Robinson will eclipse in the rope pull. But we hope it will eventually follow.

LOCALS.

Turn the crank!

Charlemagne-he.

"Reedy" is with us again.

That coat makes me tired.

Bag-pipes are very popular this month.

No more noise in the evening collections.

Isaac has entered the holy bonds of matrimony.

The Sketching Club has apparently kicked the bucket.

The canvas jacket has taken the place of the cricket bat.

Strike for four days' holiday, boys, on our semi-centennial.

'87 won a victory over '86 in the cricket match two weeks ago.

What a pity you can't wear those toney cricket coats in football!

Nearly all the members of our Bicycle Club have joined the League.

And immediately the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly.

Photographs of the First Eleven for sale. Apply to Business Manager.

The Dorian have changed their name to the Haverford College Cricket Club.

The heating system in Barclay Hall has been greatly improved since last year.

Dr. Ladd has gone out West to teach the Sioux the scientific way of wielding the war club.

There has not been a word of complaint spoken against the culinary department so far this term.

First Freshie: "Are you in '86?" Second do.: "No, sir; I'm in '56." (Surprise on part of First Freshie.)

That was a heavy hit of Puck's on you last summer,—*Acta Columbiana*. Now, let us hear what you can say for yourself.

Unfortunately, we have not been able to obtain the scores of the two Commencement matches. We will try to have them for next issue.

Professor Davenport, from Tivoli, N. Y., takes Professor Gifford's place in Latin, Greek, and German during the latter's absence in Europe.

Wanted.—The scores of the Haverford vs. University of Pennsylvania and Haverford vs. Baltimore matches on the 20th and 23d of last June.

The Freshmen all embraced the gymnasium ceiling in good order on the 13th ult., and proved that none of them were over the regulation size by crawling through a barrel.

'86 and '87 engaged in a grand cane rush on the 28th. After half an hour's hard fighting, the upper classes put a stop to the fray, and voted it a draw, with the advantage slightly in favor of '86.

It is too bad that we forgot to head our local column with "Welcome, '87." *The Haverfordian* of this month is the only college paper in the country which has neglected to insert this important item.

On the 19th, an eleven from the class of '85 played an eleven from the college. The college went to the bat first, and scored 43 runs; while '85 made 72, with seven wickets down. The junior team had greatly the advantage in bowling.

At last *The Haverfordian* editors have seen their dearest wish granted; for we now possess the finest room in Barclay Hall for a sanctum. Come up, some time, when we are not busy, and pay us a call. Also, pay us your last year's subscriptions. (Last clause added by our B. M.)

The total number of students now at Havorford is eighty-two, who support three active literary societies, two meeting weekly and one by-weekly, a monthly paper, a cricket club playing two matches a week, and scrub-matches every day throughout the season; also foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, and Y. M. C. A. Associations.

And now the learned Senior putteth on his overcoat and goeth out even unto the observatory to take ye transits of ye Heavenly Bodies, and he reclineth upon ye couch and observeth, yea, from the nineteenth even unto the twenty-third hour, he gazeth through ye instrument, and though the night be clear, behold he seeth nothing. Then doth the assistant observer approach and giggleth mightily, and pointeth out to ye Senior that, behold! he hath neglected to remove ye cap from off ye instrument. Then ye Senior waxeth wroth and teareth his side-whiskers and maketh ye air blue about him, yea, sulphur and brimstone doth he emit from his mouth!

O'er Barclay, when the sun was high,
Deep azure beamed the autumn sky,
And loud and merry rang the cry
Of Freshmen cheering lustily.
But Barclay heard another sound
When '86 came on the ground,
And black as night each Freshman frowned,
Whilst autumn's wind blew gustily

Oh how the Soph'mores bristled and flung their coats away
When they beheld the Freshman class drawn up in bold array!
There stood the mighty Kerosene, and high above the throng
Towered the stalwart forms of Hood and Mokes and Storris strong;
And, grand as Julius Caesar, in the centre of the band
There stood the younger Prancer,—and the CANE was in his hand;
And as the Soph'mores gazed on him they raised a mighty noise,—
"Charge for the class of '86! Now give it to them, boys!"
And on they rush, and in they come with shouts that rang to heaven.
The Seniors backed up '86, the Juniors '87.

Now right, now left, and back and forth, surges the bloody fray,
And eyes were closed and noses bled, and shirts were torn away;
But still the Freshmen's battle-cry rang out around the cane,
And still the fiery Soph'mores came charging down amain,
And still from parched and burning throats came hoarse the rallying yell,
Till, loud above battle roar, rang out the dinner-bell.

Then out spake William Bumeré, of the class of '84,—
"Now stay your hands, my merry men; brave warriors, strive no more.
Behold, within, the festal boards do groan with meat and wine;
Nay, rest to-day, and fight it out again some other time."
And thus the combat ended; and so I end my strain
Of how the Sophs and Freshymen contended round the cane.

The authorities have presented *The Haverfordian* with a very fine French *pâle-de-fois-gras* double-woven Bessemer-process carpet to be placed in the sanctum. The carpet occupies the centre of the room, and is surrounded by a *charmant* trestle-work border of hard-polished, fine-grained North Carolina pine, surmounted by a *dado*, frieze and architrave. The groundwork of the carpet is pure undriven snow, crossed by a double-barreled orange-peel vermicular stripe, while the whole is cross-worked with designs in sepia representing—according the experts consulted—centipedes rampant on seaweed sinister. The *tout ensemble* gives a very *recherché*, visitors-please-not-handle appearance to the apartment.

PLUNDER.

They were in the woods. Said he, looking things unutterable, "I wish I were a fern, Gussie." "Why?" she asked. "Why—p'raps you—might—press me, too." She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud; so she replied, "I'm afraid you're too green, Charley." The poor boy almost blubbered.—*Ex.*

Last summer, as he lay in the hammock, dreamily gazing at the smooth, flower-sprinkled lawn, his darling approached and said: "There is a difference between you, dear, and this grass plot." "Communicate the variation." "This is a daisy level, while you are a lazy —." I could not hear the rest of it.—*Dartmouth.*

"You are as full of air as a music-box," is what a young man said to a girl who had refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply; "but I don't go with a crank."

Greek Professor (to Sophomore Class).—"Now, I want to read this Greek as if you had never seen it before." And when they had finished the translation, he said he thought they never had.—*Ex.*

Daniel Webster was one of the principal supporters of the college paper while in college, and Garfield was a contributor to his college paper. Doubtless many other distinguished men owe their greatness to the journalistic advantages of their college.—*Ex.*

Enthusiastic professor of physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms. "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?" Voice from the rear: "A clod-hopper?"

"Beastly weather, ain't it?" as the farmer remarked to his summer boarder, who was being chased by the village bull.

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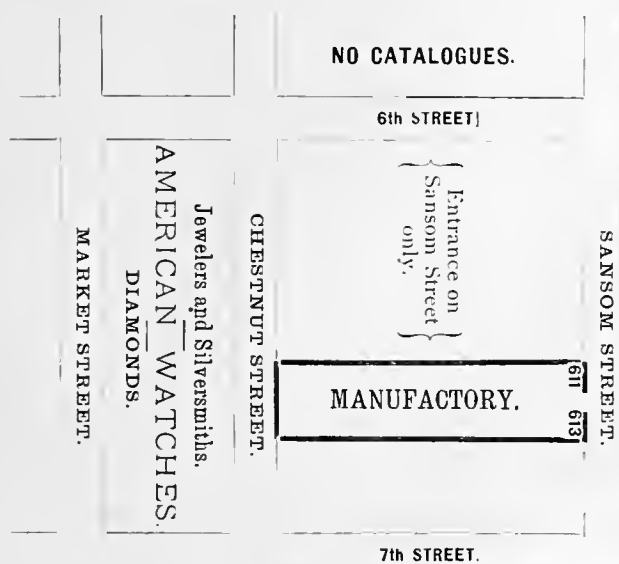
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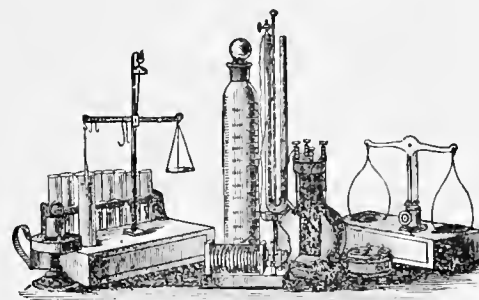
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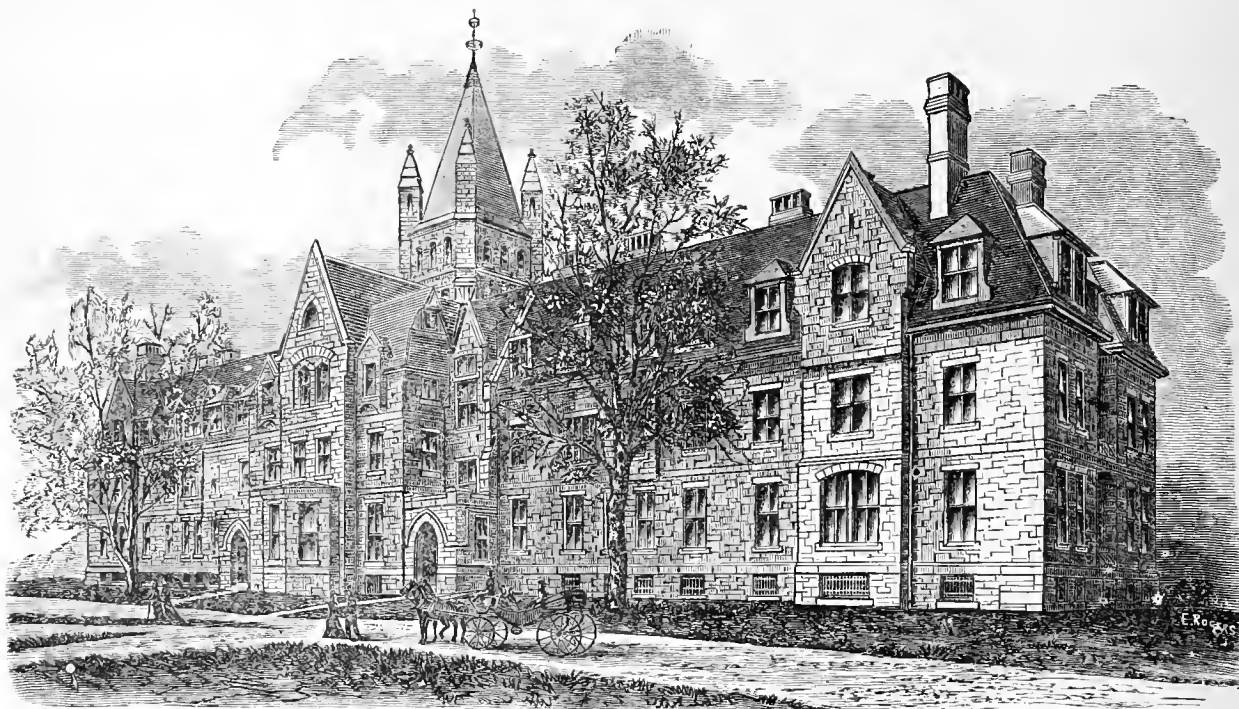
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., NOVEMBER, 1883.

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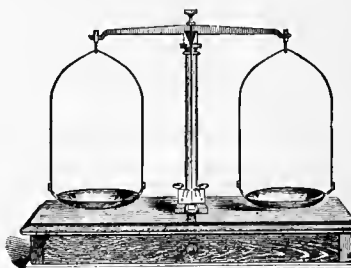
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., NOVEMBER, 1883.

No. 2.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

With this issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN, the editors have decided to make some departure from the usual arrangements and contents of the paper. Hereafter one of the staff will conduct a "Literary Department," in which it will be the intention to take some slight notice of the most prominent publications of the year, and also to add, with or without criticism, any essay, poem, or single quotation of any author whatsoever. In introducing this innovation, we would ask the sympathy or, if there is the disposition, the co-operation of the interested readers of our paper. Beyond this important change, we desire to introduce as much variety as may be consistent with the established gravity and respected precedents of the paper and the college. Later on, there will be a department devoted to scientific criticism.

We venture to assert that among small colleges, few are blessed with such beneficent friends as Haverford. In addition to the numerous improvements made during the summer vacation, we now behold other changes being made on the college grounds. Neat and spacious carriage sheds will soon offer a protection for the teams of visitors, while our observatory, itself one of the best, will be replaced by a new building with complete astronomical outfit. Now all of these gifts to Haverford ought not to be considered as commonplace affairs, which must follow in their natural order, but it is our

duty to recognize the source of these endowments and the spirit of the givers.

As far as it can be ascertained, we think the vast majority of students appreciate the favors and opportunities of the college, and regard it with a deeper feeling of love than the students of almost any other institution. When Haverford is more widely known, then we think that her real worth will be more fully recognized.

THE HAVERFORDIAN is supposed to be the index of the college sentiment in matters of all kinds. Especially so in questions of a moral nature. Now we wish to make no promises, and to lay down only such rules as we can consistently fulfill. The present board of editors is placed in a position of extreme delicacy in regard to the coming issues of the paper. We feel that the Alumni do not at present have that loyal feeling for THE HAVERFORDIAN which was displayed in its younger days, owing, perhaps, to some unfortunate things which may have occurred, and also to a certain sameness which, it may be, is too clearly manifested. This we all regret, and once again in the name of the old paper, we would crave the indulgence and consideration of those whose allegiance has been alienated. Being but students, boys as we call ourselves, our judgments may often err in regard to certain things in connection with our writing, and so we would be only too glad to have suggestions at all times from those most deeply interested in Haverford, and her welfare. We think that the paper and the Alumni are too far removed from each other, and we want to draw more closely the bonds of connection. While the local column contains jokes and general college sayings, the aim of which is to furnish some sport and recreation for students, and it may be to some outside readers, the firmly established policy of adhering to a strictly moral basis will be observed at all times. We are conscious that THE HAVERFORDIAN exists for a purpose, and with us, that purpose is that it shall not only be a correct index of the inner working of the college, but that it shall subserve the best interests of all, at the same time conducted in accordance with the moral and religious principles of the founders of our society.

The college papers of this country, as a rule, show a very creditable literary talent and appreciation. Many articles have been written that no professional magazine need be ashamed of; but in wit—in our paragraphic columns—it must be confessed we all fail. There is too much sickish sentimentality,—too much that is unrefined and vulgar; in short, too much *trash*. In this, it must be confessed, the professional papers of America set us a very bad example. Foreigners are disgusted; and many of our own countrymen, whose finer feelings have not been blunted, turn to the purer papers of England for relief. The college papers have but copied the style of our professional contemporaries. We laugh at the wit of England, and call it heavy and pompous, but better be pompous and heavy than indecent or sacrilegious.

Everything is carried too far. There is no wit in mere exaggeration. That is worthless wit which makes fun of everything that should be revered; that wit is *worse* than worthless whose only point is blasphemy; and of such our newspapers are full. *Truth* is sacrificed to *effect*. The reputation and honor of public men are sacrificed for party purposes; the reader does not know what to believe, and what to cast aside.

The American taste seems to demand cheap wit. Take, for example, two professedly comic papers published weekly, one in the centre of the oldest, the other in the newest civilization of America, whose circulations are *enormous*, and whose humor is *anything but* refined. But it is useless to dwell longer on the faults of the professional papers; they are too well known; but in this matter of rank, strained humor, there is no need for our college periodicals to follow the fashion.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The 27th of 10th month was a bright day in the annals of Haverford. The utmost expectations of the managers were fully realized, and during the entire day Alumni and friends continued to gain the happy company until the number was swelled to 800. Representatives of nearly every class were present, and gray haired men joined with those of sturdy manhood, or even beardless youths, in making glad the hearts of its friends of their Alma Mater.

Every one of all the numerous company seemed to be filled with the spirit of old days, and the games of base ball and cricket showed clearly that the Alumni have been men of great bodily activity. The first great feature of the day was the raising of the new cricket flag at 1 P. M. The undergraduates marched in a body

to the field, and in the presence of the assembled company the banner of the old "Dorian" was replaced by a new scarlet and black one, on which was inscribed the new name of the club "Haverford." Under the new standard, may the club take the old position of the Dorian, the first among American colleges.

There was served an excellent luncheon. At 3.30, Alumni Hall was crowded and many were unable to gain admittance. On the platform were assembled the following men: Dr. Henry Hartshorne, President of the Alumni, C. L. Smith, Dean of Harvard College, President McGill, of Swathmore, Francis B. Gummere, Professor Russell, of Cornell, Superintendent McAllister, of the Philadelphia Public Schools, Philip C. and John B. Garrett, of the class of '54, orator of the day. President Chase made a brief speech of welcome, after which a poem was read by Francis B. Gummere, son of the late President Samuel J. Gummere. The orator of the day then made a long and excellent speech. The following are extracts from the oration: "So commonplace have anniversary celebrations become of late, that we might well shrink from the observance of this occasion, did it not impress our minds and stir within us a deep feeling, reviving pleasant memories, and evoking glorious hopes that we dare not deny ourselves its pleasures nor withhold from thee, our Alma Mater, the tribute that is thy due. . . . What part is Haverford now playing in the march of human progress? Organized by one branch of the Christian Church and its management confined within its limits, none will question it had in part a denominational purpose, namely, the education of those of the founder's faith, and the circulation throughout the community of those views of divine truth. Those aspects Christian life, which they embraced and practiced, yet it had no proselyting purpose, calling into our presence to-day the memories of the past, measuring character not by boyish whims and prejudices, but with a juster estimate of the imperfections of human character which comes with more intimate acquaintance with the more perfect humanity,—that of our divine exemplar,—may we not rejoice with reverent thankfulness and honest pride that Haverford, in every stage of her history, has presented such guides and such examples? Behold, on her escutcheon in letters of gold, the honored names of Gummere, the elder and younger, Smith, Yarnall, Harlan, and I leave to successive epochs the pleasant task of completing the list as reverent memories of their sweet instructors may prompt. Bitter and sweet, light and shade, so mingle in the living present that, like new wine, it often lacks piquancy and flavor of the old. With of more or less intimate acquaintance with Haverford for

over thirty years, and with opportunities for closer observation than most during the recent few years, I here state my conviction that the Faculty of 1884 is not the peer only, but the superior of any of its predecessors within my knowledge. . . . Our present curriculum provides for less instruction in certain branches of natural history, notably geology, botany, zoology, than the times demand. The endowments of chairs for these sciences is one of the demands of the day. Each of these professorships call for endowments of at least \$30,000. . . . Amid our joy to-day, our thoughts will naturally turn to those faces once familiar here, that we see not now. Many of these, engrossed in cares legitimate in distant fields of labor, are toiling on regardless of the pause we make to lighten cares. Bearing aloft the banner of the cross, sowing in youthful minds the seeds of virtue and of love, pleading just causes, or ministering the healing art at sufferers' sides,—for these we feel no sadness. Heaven's richest blessing rest upon them, and may the message of our thoughts and love cheer and encourage them!" A letter was read from John G. Whittier, regretting his inability to write a poem for the occasion. He said: "I would gladly comply with the request if I felt able. . . . I hope thee will say a good, clear, strong word for the old Quakerism—that central doctrine of ours—the divine inwardness and universal light. . . . I think Haverford has in a great measure kept the good old way. Long may she live and prosper." After the meeting, Dr. Francis G. Allison, of Baltimore, presented to the college, on behalf of the Class of '76, an oil portrait of Professor Pliny E. Chase. President Chase responded in a short speech of thanks. The Alumni manifested much good will towards the class for this mark of affection for our beloved professor, and for the recognition of his rank in the scientific world.

At 6.30 a hesperian repast was served, which augmented the good cheer of the friends. The undergraduates participated in this exercise with great vigor and felicity, notably among these the editorial staff of THE HAVERFORDIAN. At eight the post-prandial speeches occurred, participated in by Philip C. Garrett, President McGill, of Swarthmore, Henry Bettie, Joseph Parrish, Professor Smith, of Harvard, James Tyson, of University of Pennsylvania, Augustus Reeve, '85, on behalf of the undergraduates, etc. Letters of regret were then read from various Alumni. Then the assembly dispersed, bearing many pleasant reminiscences of the day, and feeling in their breasts that Haverford still lived in reality as well as in the hearts of her devoted Alumni. She enters on her second half century with ever-increasing hopes and nobler aspiration for her part in the onward march of human progress.

LORD COLERIDGE.

The students and many friends of Haverford have had the pleasure and honor of an instructive address from the Lord Chief Justice of England. He was heard with deep interest by all, and we value his remarks for the advice in regard to the master works of literature and for the maxims of general conduct. The address, on the authority of the *Philadelphia Press*, is by far the ablest that he has delivered on American soil. For the deep interest he manifested in our college we are partially indebted to Mr. Ellis Yarnall. President Chase, in introducing Lord Coleridge, made the following remarks:

PRESIDENT CHASE'S REMARKS.

It is my pleasing duty to express, in the first place, in behalf of the government of Haverford College and its students, graduates and friends here assembled, our grateful sense of the very great kindness with which our distinguished visitor has consented to give us his company on this occasion. We thank him for the aid he gives us by his presence and encouragement in our efforts to advance and diffuse such studies in our land. And as we are not only members or friends of a collegiate corporation, but also members of a much greater political body, as citizens of this great republic we desire to thank him both for the compliment he has paid us by visiting our land while holding the highest political judicial position in England, and also for his intelligent and generous recognition of whatever is noblest in our aspirations and best in our achievement.

Our distinguished guest has received elsewhere, and in various places, the cordial and respectful greeting due him for the great office and the great name he bears—a name which is music in the ears of all cultivated Americans, as associated with poems of the most vivid imagination, the sweetest fancy, and the most exquisite melody, and with prose writings highly stimulating to thought, writings both in prose and verse which had a great influence in this country a generation ago in moulding the minds of some of the foremost of the leaders of thought in America to-day, and an office which must always command the reverence of all English-speaking men, and of which we may say, as Webster said when speaking of our first chief justice, John Jay, that when its pure ermine fell upon the shoulders of its present incumbent it touched nothing less unsullied than itself.

LORD COLERIDGE'S ADDRESS.

Lord Coleridge, being introduced, proceeded to deliver a most interesting and valuable address. He spoke extemporaneously from a few heads on a bit of note paper before him. He first referred to his father's

friend, whom he had himself known, although not his pupil, the greatest schoolmaster of our time—Dr. Arnold—who said that he never received a new boy from his parents without trembling.

So when one looks on an assembly like the present, he cannot but feel the deepest interest as he thinks of their future as still depending. In my own land we have old and venerable institutions for the education of our youth: Oxford, which, if not founded by Alfred, is at least eight or nine hundred years old, and Eton, and Cambridge, with its great and ancient school of Winchester. But if you have not yet schools so old, do you cultivate such associations as you have? This college is not young; cherish it. In this land you are making history. Build up what eight hundred years hence shall be honorable traditions and great renown for Haverford.

In your studies, my first counsel is that you attend carefully and faithfully to your prescribed course. I remember in my own school and college days that the tasks given me were sometimes irksome, in studies which seemed, in my inexperience, foreign from the interests of actual life; but, take the word of an old man for it, who has no motive whatever for misleading you, they were the best preparation for the work I have had to do. And then, outside of your studies, let me earnestly recommend to you that you learn by heart such passages as strike you as great or beautiful in the best poetry or prose. It has been to me a source of constant pleasure and advantage that my memory has been stored with such passages, learned at school and college, when my memory was quick and retentive. Learn anything that pleases you; but I will tell you the authors whom I myself should prefer.

First, first always, Shakspeare, an inexhaustible storehouse of wisdom, instruction and exquisite diction. Then Milton, one of the best masters for an orator. Mr. Bright—I do not say the greatest orator of our generation, but if there be a greater orator I never heard him—told me that he had built himself up upon Milton; and if you watch his words and the structure of his sentences as he speaks, you will see how they are pervaded by the spirit of this great poet, and how, though he does not imitate Milton, he speaks after Milton. Then Wordsworth—and if I have any fault to find with America it is that I fear you do not do Wordsworth quite the honor which he deserves—the poet of nature and of lofty spiritual thought, of the first effect of whose song the man of the greatest literary distinction of any Englishman of our day. I knew an eminent barrister, of whom it was said that, though he knew little law, he did know Shakspeare thoroughly; and a great judge said that, although at

least some knowledge of the law was desirable in a lawyer, if that could not be had, the next best thing was a knowledge of Shakspeare.

Matthew Arnold says:

"Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
Our youth returned, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead—
Spirits dried up and closely furled—
The freshness of the early world."

A TRIBUTE TO BRYANT.

And then there is one who wrote too little, but every word he did write is precious, whose poetry I want you to get by heart, and that is Gray. There is in him the perfection of diction and melody. Then a poet whom I admired very much in college, and have always admired as a poet, though there was much in the life of the man, and some things in his writings, which are by no means to be commended—Shelley. Then the poet on whom the best subsequent poetry has been built, the true master of Tennyson, a man of the richest fancy and most exquisite diction—John Keats. I beg you learn by heart his "Hyperion," his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and "Ode to a Nightingale." You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet and noble and delightful poet, he is not American—I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England, or Italy, or Germany, or France as in America, but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural and invigorating.

And now for the prose writers; I shall show my own idiosyncrasy when I name at the head of my list Lord Bolingbroke, as a writer of the most perfect English, rising at times to a nervous and sinewy eloquence and falling with his subject, but never below the tone of the conversation of a high-bred gentleman. Next, I place the greatest advocate since Cicero—and I say this even remembering your own Webster—Lord Erskine. You will find nowhere better English than in some of his sentences. Then Burke, of whom Erskine himself spoke so highly. Then Hooker, whom I should not recommend to be read as a whole, except by theological students; but he has written some passages which cannot be surpassed. Then that great man, Lord Bacon, with words of exactest choice and profoundest wisdom, whom I cannot forbear quoting, although he will make my own words poor and worthless in the comparison.

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man," etc.

WEBSTER AND HAWTHORNE EULOGIZED.

And next I shall name a man who had great influence

upon me at Oxford, and who, in spite of his change of religion, remains to be one of the greatest masters of English, Cardinal Newman. You do not know the full extent of the resources of our language if you have not read some of the best works of Newman. And now I will take two of your own writers. First, Daniel Webster, a man the majesty of whose presence I well remember, for he visited my father, and I had the honor of having him take me by the hand, and of speaking to him, or rather of being spoken to by him as a boy. I learned many passages from him in my boyhood, which I remember still, from an old two-volume edition of his speeches, for the larger collection, edited by Mr. Everett, had not yet been published. Study Webster. And next I will mention your greatest writer, the master of an exquisite and an absolutely perfect style, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Then to name the great Greek and Latin masters. I do not know how far you study them here, but I was brought up upon them, and a great part of the literature which I committed to memory in my youth was from their writings. There was a time, doubtless, when they were too exclusively studied. Doubtless, too, there were second-rate, third-rate and fourth-rate authors who wrote in those languages, and whose works have been collected and commented upon by able editors. But as masters of literature, the great classic writers are simply perfect. And of those of whom you should study and learn by heart, I will name five: first, certainly, Homer; second, as certainly, Virgil; then Euripides; then Catullus; then Horace.

I cannot too earnestly recommend your acquainting yourselves with good books. They are the best of companions. In sickness, in misfortune, in sorrow, in sleepless nights and days of pain, you will find your memories of great and wholesome literature a constant solace and refreshment. And, as a man is known by the company he keeps, still more truly is he known by the books he reads and loves. Read only the best books, and never read bad books. Good books will nerve you for the work—the serious and earnest work—which is the lot of all good and true men. For, to quote a great writer, Dr. Young—not from his "Night Thoughts," but from his "Satires," a work much less known—

"This is the scene of combat, not of rest;
Man's is laborious happiness, at best.
On this side Death—his labors never cease
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace."

And one word more, as I counsel you to earnest and faithful lives. See to it that you preserve your moral purity. Do not believe those who tell you that such an achievement is impossible in this world. It is perfectly possible, as many have proved. And nothing will so

help you to it, nothing will tend more to keep you from evil, than the company of good books and the thoughts and counsels of good men.

WHY IS IT SO?

Upon comparing the record of the Dorian for the last four or five years, with its previous record, and noticing the great contrast, the question naturally arises, Why is it so? Why is our eleven which was then without an equal, now ranked among the last in American association? Either the other clubs have improved very greatly, or we have been losing ground, or both of these have happened. The last, I think, is the correct reason. The other clubs have the advantage of professional bowlers, better grounds, greater numbers from which to choose, the elevens not being compelled to change their teams so often, and many other aids and conveniences, all of which we are denied.

But could they, with all this, teach the old Dorian the same bitter lessons that the present team is compelled to submit to? No; Haverford has a poorer team to-day than ever before. The question again arises, why is it so? Is it not because cricket is going hand-in-hand with its worst enemies? If we should take a look over the campus after recitations, we would see scarcely a man on either of the elevens practicing cricket. Some of them are playing at tennis, some working in the gymnasium, some walking. Fellow cricketers, you know well that we have not time for these things; let walking and work in the gymnasium go until winter, when we shall have to lay aside our bats and balls. It may be claimed that these are all excellent forms of exercise, and so they are, but could you not get more real exercise from spending the time in practicing cricket?

It may be that you do your share of work in the afternoon practice matches, and do it creditably to yourself, but could you not do it in a far more creditable manner if you spent some time at outside practice. You owe something to your college, and something to yourself, and if it is within your power to be among the first players of your eleven, you should use all fair and honorable means to become so. Don't go at it in a half-hearted way; for cricket, like every thing else that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

It may be said that the number of students who play cricket has diminished greatly of late. But who is to blame for this but yourselves? Every time a fellow-student sees you with a tennis racket or base ball bat in your hand when you ought to be practicing cricket, you detract from his interest in the game, and in this way do the club an irremediable harm.

It may seem to you that I take an extreme view of this matter, but I see, as you all must, that something will have to be done. And what is this something that must be done, and who is to do it? In the first place, we *must* have better grounds. Then who is to do this? If the Managers of Haverford could see, as some of our Faculty do, that the success of Haverford is linked in a great degree with that of her cricket, the question would be promptly and satisfactorily settled.

That college students must have some sport in which to try their skill with outsiders, is an established and necessary custom, and it should be so. Most of us are at an age when it will soon be necessary for us to take our part in social and business life; and what could be better training than the open, generous rivalry created by manly sports?

This question then narrows to this, shall we play cricket or base ball? There are objectionable features to both games, but on which side do the objections preponderate? In playing cricket matches we are thrown with a gentlemanly class of fellows (for cricket in this country is necessarily a gentleman's game), among whom the graduates of Haverford are by no means few. Thus we are associated with very little that is necessarily harmful. If we played base ball, we should be thrown with a far different class, for it is a common saying that anybody can play base ball, and the result is that *anybody* does play. Before professional clubs were in vogue, base ball was a very different game from what it is to-day, and the class of fellows that play it now is, as a rule, far below what it then was. I always except college and school nines; but we are so far removed from most of the other colleges that we should be compelled to play our matches with the local nines.

It is my opinion that it is within the power of the Managers and Faculty of Haverford to establish either of these games. An apathetic position may result in the establishment of both, an event which is certainly to be dreaded. Haverford is too small for the creditable support of both games.

Would you, members of the old Dorian, be glad or sorry to see cricket die out at Haverford? When you look back over your college days, does not cricket stand prominent among your college pleasures? Do you not remember that thrill which passed through you when your first half-century was scored? Have you not often felt that you owed at least part of your success in life to the systematic training afforded by your cricket? If so, you must see that cricket is to be encouraged by every

means in your power rather than to be trampled upon as if it were a serpent.

A CRICKETER.

LITERARY.

The beautiful volume of E. A. Poe's "Raven," which has just been brought before the public by Harper & Bros., supplies a long felt need. Though the price (\$10.) will not permit a general introduction into libraries, the demand will be great. To most readers this poem is obscure, owing to its depth of feeling and poetic expression, but by the vivid imagination of Doré and the able pen of E. C. Stidman, it is made doubly beautiful. The book will be cherished as being the last and probably the best, but truly the most original of the artist's imaginative works. These, combined with notes by the above writer, will make the once obscure, but now lucid American poem, a gem in any library. "The illustrations in this superb volume rank among the most original and imaginative fruits of the great artist's genius. They form a wonderful pictorial paraphrase of intense thought, personal feeling, and fantastic imaginings of the weird American poem, the burden of which Mr. Doré conceived to be the enigma of death, and the hallucination of an inconsolable soul."

DANIEL WEBSTER. By Henry Cabot Lodge. American Statesmen Series.

As an orator Mr. Webster has been, perhaps, without an equal in our own history, and certainly without a superior in modern times, and his great talents were spent unsparingly in the service of his country. It is indeed true that "so long as English oratory is read or studied, so long will his speeches stand high in literature. So long as the Union of these States endures, or holds a place in history, will the name of Daniel Webster be honored and remembered." It has been largely the aim of the present biography to trace the development of the orator, which was possible without infringing on the aim of the series in following the current of national life, as Mr. Webster's whole public career is exhibited in the study of his speeches. The author, following Mr. Webster from his earliest attempts at speech-making, and quick to detect every slight improvement and its causes, marks the progressive stages and exhibits fully the distinguishing features of his oratory. In his praises Mr. Lodge is always just, and fearless in his comparisons.

The times in which Mr. Webster lived were pregnant with questions of the deepest interest, some of them still agitating the public mind; and the discussions which they precipitated with such men as Calhoun, and Clay in the arena form one of the brightest chapters in

our political history. With great tact Mr. Lodge has presented the salient points of this period. Appropriately might it be said of him, as he himself said of Webster, that he has a "wonderful instinct for extracting the essential points from the midst of confused details."—*University Quarterly*.

Below we copy a few remarks from the Hartford Times on McMaster's "People."

It has been well said that this book is the "counterpart of Greene's Short History of the English People;" of course this is only judging from the interesting volume that is out. This great work is a series of pictures. There is none of the dry or heavy character of a history about it. Even Motley's charming work on the Dutch Republic is not more satisfactory or enjoyable reading. John Bach McMaster is said to be a young man still. If so, he has a great future. He has displayed an intelligent discernment, in picking out from the thrashing-floor of our country's history so much of wheat that, it appears, still remained—and remained for *him*, and rejecting all the chaff. Unlike the merely political historian, who deals with civil development and political events, Mr. McMaster goes directly into the heart and life of the people themselves. It is, what its title says, a "history of the *people* of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War." It shows us, in picture after picture, the scene as it was, in this country, in the days of the Revolution, and presents the growth and the changes, decade by decade, in habits, inventions, manners, as in a series of dissolving views. The warp of real history is there, but these political events are as a frame for the fresh and brilliant woof of a narrative that is entirely original, and presented with an individuality and strength quite in keeping with its novelty. Mr. McMaster's great work, the publication of which is to be finished by the Appletons in five substantial volumes, must have cost him a world of careful hunting, among old official and unofficial documents, old newspapers, and pretty much every other available source of information. The result is, that even the necessarily historical part of his work, which is deftly woven in with pictures of popular life, may be said to be practically new. Certain it is, you will find little or nothing of all the most interesting part of it in other histories, Bancroft's or Lossing's. It gives us subjects that nobody else has ever thought to touch upon, and it makes them very interesting. Looking over the thick volume already printed, one finds, very quickly, that here is reading for pleasure and profit; and he feels, too, that such a book will be as necessary

to the library as Macaulay's or Motley's, which standard works it rivals in interest and good taste, without seeking to reach any other point of resemblance.

MARRIED

'80.—BISHOP-HOLLOWAY.—At Flushing, Ohio, on May 25th, '83, William Bishop to Emma Holloway. They now live in Tioga, Pa.

'78.—THOMAS-NICHOLSON.—At Friends' meeting house, on Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, on October 24, '83, J. H. Thomas, of Baltimore, to Mary *M.W.* Nicholson, of Germantown.

PERSONAL.

'76.—T. H. Taylor is superintending a large iron manufactory in West Philadelphia.

'76.—H. G. Taylor has a fine farm in New Jersey.

'77.—Isaac Forsythe is engineer on the Aqueduct between Philadelphia and the Water Gap.

'77.—W. F. Smith is practicing law at McConnellsville, Morgan county, Ohio.

'78.—F. K. Carey, LL. B., is one of the promising lawyer of Baltimore.

'78.—George White has charge of a school in Indiana.

'78.—Edward Forsythe, alternately farming in Dakota and conducting a normal school at Morris, Ill.

'78.—H. M. Stokes is still at Johns Hopkins.

'79.—J. H. Gifford, we understand, is studying medicine.

'79.—J. E. Sheppard, M. D., has a large practice at Atlantic City.

'79.—W. C. Lowery is alternately playing cricket and selling sugar.

'80.—C. F. Brede has charge of a Hicksite school in Baltimore.

'80.—E. M. Jouse is with W. M. Lloyd & Co., a lumber firm in Philadelphia.

'80.—C. F. Cox is principal of LeGrand academy, Iowa.

'80.—W. F. Perry is associate principal of New Paltz Academy, N. Y.

'80.—A. M. Cary assists his brother in his store.

'81.—E. O. Kennard has charge of a branch office of W. Garritson & Co., at Columbus, Ohio.

'81.—W. L. Brinton, a former editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN, is assistant in the general surveyor's office of Frankford, Pa.

'81.—D. H. Forsythe is Professor of Chemistry at Friends' school, Germantown.

'81.—W. H. Collins, sporting at home.

'81.—A. L. Smith gave us a call on the 25th.

'81.—J. T. Johnson is teaching at Wilmington, Del.

'82.—Palmer is taking a special course of chemistry at Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

'82.—Hazard is teaching Indians in Dakota.

'83.—W. E. Scull has given up the idea of law since our last issue, and has decided to go into his father's office.

'84.—J. W. Tyson, Jr., gave us a call on the 20th.

'84.—S. R. Jones keeps the accounts of the Dayton Loan Association.

'84.—J. K. List has control of the pay roll at Wheeling iron mills, W. Va.



Doubtless it is the aim of all college papers to represent the standard of the college from which they emanate. It is at least to be supposed that the editors strive to give as high a tone as possible to their Alma Mater. In no case can we conceive of an editor sending out into the world publications which in his judgment would prejudice in any way the public mind against his institution. We know that there is an element in every college that demands light reading, but the standard of a paper is not to be regulated to suit this element. When it becomes necessary to do this, we think it best to confine the paper strictly within the limits of the college students. As there is no more powerful advertisement for a college than a good literary paper conducted on a sound common-sense basis, which, like the seed sown on good ground, takes effect wherever it strikes, so a poor paper has decidedly the opposite effect. It is a lamentable fact that in looking over the pile of exchanges on our table we find so few that really merit praise, while some seem almost like husks from which no nutriment can be extracted, for the words of Bacon apply equally well to college papers as to books: "Some are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested." As Alumni invariably judge college work not on the standard which was in vogue when they were students, but by a more exalted one which they take from experience and contact in the world, it is almost useless to call on them for support in this line, unless there is a foundation which they think worthy of labor and attention. But we must specify. Among

others in the huge pile before us, the *Colby Echo* attracts our attention. Its exchange editor, in his opening number, declines to discuss the merits of first-class papers such as the *Vassar Miscellany*, *Berkeleyan*, etc., etc., but decides to begin with ninth-class material, where he can touch bottom, and so he launches a boomerang at the inoffensive *Bowdoin Orient*. The battle of words is on the subject of base-ball, a question which is just now agitating our country "this side the Alleghany Mountains," and it seems to be well maintained on both sides. Of course we are not going to give our opinion on a subject thus foreign to our sphere, but we will look for a moment at the literary claims of these two Eastern visitors, who seem to be striving each to take for itself the motto of their State, "Dirigo." They both come to us with a pleasing exterior appearance, and the more important part of the papers, the interior, correspond very favorably with the majority. We seldom find a paper which we wish to read from beginning to end, but there are points of attraction in nearly all we see here.

One article especially we wish to notice in the *Orient*, "The Quakers in the Seventeenth Century." The author recounts this dark era in the history of Quakerism, and the harsh persecutions which those bold worshipers endured, but he seems to see nothing in all this except a band of fanatics suffering to establish an error. "These persecuted Quakers were sincere but terribly mistaken," is the way he words it. Let him read Charles Lamb's essay and then love the Quakers, as he recommends. Let him see the difference between George Fox and Cotton Mather, and decide who was "terribly mistaken" and who was not. Let him turn from the scholarship "that hung Mary Dyer and pressed Giles Corey to death, to the scholarship that argued with George Fox and founded a political commonwealth upon soul-liberty."

Whitby, Ontario, sends its *Sunbeam* to gladden us as we toil, assuming as its motto, "*Forsan et hacc olim meminisse juvabit*," but we are not disposed to believe that it has ever had any very severe trials to recall with joy, as it always has the same pleasant strain. We noticed the announcement that it will be sent to ministers of all denominations for twenty-five cents per year, and we doubt not that these reduced rates are embraced by despondent clergy who wish to let a ray of light into their wearied life. We enjoyed the song of the "Five Old Maids," but should shrink from agreeing with the conclusion drawn from it.

Yes, *College Argus*, we are glad to see you with us again, decked out with your new covers, with the bird of wisdom holding the scroll in his beak.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,"

is the way the *exchange* column begins; and an examination justifies us in saying that it is among the most entertaining of our exchanges. We sympathize with them in their appeal to the Alumni to hear the "Macedonian cry" for help; and we think that such a desire, coming from two hundred students, should receive attention. In fact, we think that we see the *Argus* in about the same light as it appears to the editors themselves,—a paper with the best interests of its institution at heart, free from vulgar wit, and presenting to the reader a high moral tone.

In conducting the exchange column of THE HAVERFORDIAN, we desire to be just in all we may have to say, "with charity towards all and malice towards none;" and though it may be the part of a paper seldom read by any except exchange editors, yet it is an undoubted fact that this interchange of papers, with comment and criticism, tends to bind the colleges of our country closer together, while the good present a model for the poor to imitate.



I'm Janney!

Cricket is defunct.

Chestnuts are scarce.

The eclipse on the 15th was too altogether partial.

What a pity the electric lights of the 27th are not to be permanent.

A new association has just been formed, called the H. C. H. C. Brigade.

We are glad to note that the bushes have been removed from the skating pond.

A member of '81 has lately given lucid proof that a part is greater than the whole.

A new shed for horses and carriages is being built in the edge of the grove back of the Gym.

And while we are on the subject of improvements, why not have an elevator to hoist the editors up to the lofty sanctum.

We would call attention to the fact that the "sidees" of a certain Junior are now plainly visible—*i. e.*, at a reasonable distance.

The foot-ball match between the Sophomores and Freshmen which was to have been played on Tuesday afternoon was postponed on account of rain.

It is stated on good authority that one of the members of '85 carries a tomahawk. It makes no difference, however, as the gentleman is as quiet as a lamb.

We enter on our fifty-first year with more collegiate students than we have ever had before.

Why wouldn't Barclay Hall look well lighted with the Edison lamp? It would save a great deal of trouble, too; they could be all turned off at once in the office at the proper time.

Excelsior! *Altiora petamus!* Our sanctum has gone up thirty feet since last issue! There is not a living being between us and the canopy (save the wasps on the roof).

A scrub game of foot-ba'll between the Juniors and Sophomores resulted in a victory for the former, the score being seven goals and one touch down to three safety touches.

Ornithological Notes.—October 15th, C.R.P., 8¼, 7½. October 17th, Harry shot a bay wing. October 18, saw Dude bird in oak tree near stable; aimed, but missed connections. Bird turned bill 54° 5' 13½" (?) N. N. W. by N. Got away. October 19th, saw bow-legged ostrich (*Osirichibus Bowleggedorum*) in Founders' Hall. Shot it with No. 12. Badly torn. Threw away.

G. PUZZLE,

President of Station '84, Haverford College.

U. S. Ornithological Department.

For the benefit of Freshmen classes intending to choose mottoes, we suggest the following thoughts, culled from the master minds of antiquity:

Non ut vivam edo sed ut edam vivo.

Ego sum Rex Romanorum, et supra gramatica.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.

Altius bibamus.

Equo ne credite.

Favete linguis.

Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.

Vidi lignum.

Prior to the 27th, numerous reports were circulating around with regard to the programme of the proceedings at our Semi-centennial. The general understanding among the Freshmen was that in the morning the students and Alumni, to the number of about 800, were to march, in single file, down to Snob's, along Maple Avenue, which was to be decorated with scarlet and black bunting. Upon returning, a quadruple wicket cricket match would be played, with twenty-two on a side. While this was going on, a tennis tournament would be played on the Freshmen court, immediately adjoining the cricket grounds. Wooden paddles were to be used, instead of the modern strung racquet. After these exercises a strictly temperance lunch was to be served, the tables set in the recitation rooms, along the porches, and around the circle in front of Founders' Hall. In the afternoon a foot-ball match was to be played between the Freshmen and a team selected from the college and Alumni, followed by a hurdle race for bicycles, a one-legged race, a consolation race, a mill race and a human race. In the evening supper was to be served in Alumni Hall, one tier of tables on the floor, and another tier above them, suspended from the ceiling. In the evening a grand display of fireworks, comprising many historical pieces, such as "Penn and the Rebellious Barons," "King John and the Indians," "The Maid of New Orleans," and many other entertaining and instructive pieces, too numerous to mention. The whole ceremony was to be wound up by students and alumni joining hands and dancing 'round the college grounds, to the tune of "Old Lang Syne," led by Thompson's and the Germania Orchestra, stationed on the top of Barclay Hall. There was no disappointment expressed, however, when it was learned that this programme would not be carried out.

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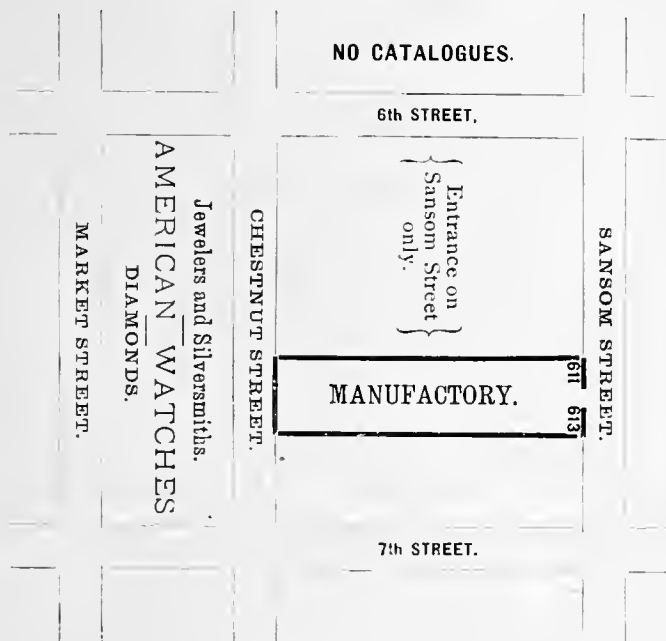
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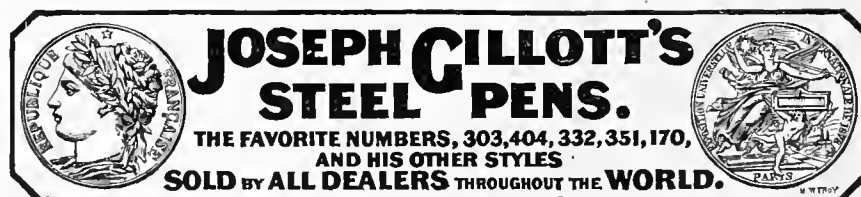
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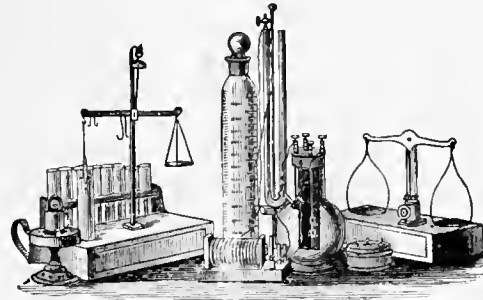
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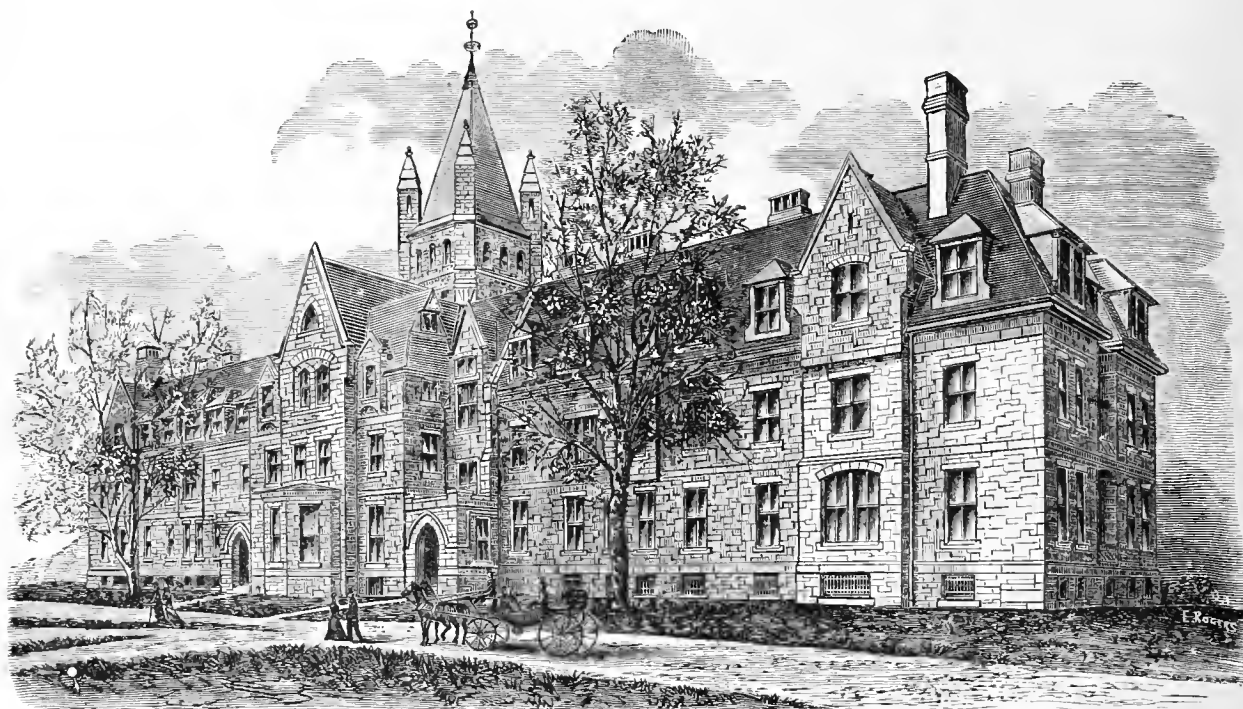
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., DECEMBER, 1883.

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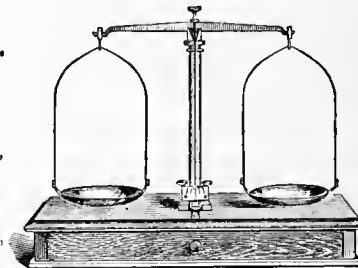
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HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., DECEMBER, 1883.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

During the past few weeks an unwonted interest has been shown in our library. The private societies have both rearranged and classified their libraries, so that it is no longer necessary to search among a promiscuous mass of volumes, but any book can now readily be found. Owing to good selections made by recent librarians, the Athenæum and Everett have got a choice collection of books. It might fairly be said that the two united far surpass that of the Logonian. In all respects, the entire library is one of the greatest delights of our college life, and the student who leaves Haverford with a scanty acquaintance with its treasures, has lost one of the greatest benefits of college pursuits.

Again I hear that creaking step,
He's rapping at the door;
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore;
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the man
Who comes, but never goes.

J. G. Saxe.

The editors, after repeated requests from injured students, have decided to devote a short space to the discussion of the habitual bore. Complaint is made that a certain class of fellows—we are glad to say the number is not large—pass an undue proportion of their time in making too friendly calls. The people who claim they are injured, protest that they do not wish to be

inhospitable, but that there is a limit beyond which calls cease to be welcome. The bore is characterized by his total want of important facts to communicate, by an inexhaustible supply of antiquated and wretched jokes, puns, cavils, etc., and by a general air of disagreeableness. Moreover, he always selects a time when you most desire a little quiet, an opportunity of study, or to take repose for the night. Doubtless the affair would never have been exposed to public comment if the company of bores had wended their ways alone, but becoming gregarious, the charm of their individual presence is lost, and the forlorn bored have appealed to the HAVERFORDIAN for sympathy. In the words of *Portia*, "If I could, bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach." We apprehend no immediate danger from any who may consider this warning as applicable to themselves, knowing the proneness of mortals to see in their neighbors the men to whom advice applies.

As autumn slowly glides into the dark period of winter, and the verdure of our lawn and the foliage of the elms give place to the seared mantle of deserted nature, a spirit of gloom settles on many a student. The universal feeling of gayety and cheerfulness displayed at the opening of the college, is superseded by a sluggish indifference and the dread phantom, melancholy. Some show by their frowning countenances, a morbid fear of association with any one. The gloomy man arises in the morning, goes over to breakfast wearing a surly look, mechanically pores over his daily lessons, recites and then goes into his room to brood over the sad events of the day. Now, we do not charge this of all, nor do we say that this spirit is more prevalent at Haverford than in other colleges, but it is indeed sad that there should be any manifestation of it here. It has not been very much displayed this year, but, seeing it developing as in former winters, we want to speak before the thing reaches the climax. Now, if we will only stop for a moment and think what we really have to complain of, it must appear absurd for us to imagine our condition a painful one. Says Emerson, "The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that

has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens." There is little in Haverford which ought to inspire melancholy and gloom. On the contrary, it is a place calculated to afford the greatest delight to a student who sees his true relations towards knowledge and mankind. It is not the proper period of life for the manifestation of the sober reserve of a philosopher or even of a cynical aversion to our fellows. Let us weigh carefully the effects on our future life if we grow morose and gloomy in our youth. Constant melancholy will at length recoil on our disposition, and after dwelling on the imagined evils of the present, will gnaw the very heart itself. The most dangerous mental proceeding is the solitary pondering on our gloom. What then must we do to avoid the malady to which we are all so prone? Take it to our individual consideration and see what we have to find fault with. Ah, the systematic fault-finder, the pessimist! Avoid him, for he is the most destructive factor in human society. Throw out the ghoul from your own breast and meet your friend, your classmate with a smile. Let us have fun, innocent fun, yet fun that shall let light into that dark corner of the soul and which shall show that the gay and buoyant spirit of youth still dwells with us. We extend our heartiest sympathy to the company who recently organized a society called the "Gloom Committee," the purpose of which is to give occasional entertainments to the entire college and furnish material for an hour of solid mirth. A hearty laugh is the index of health, and a genial smile the stamp of a noble heart. Let the cynic be compelled to laugh at his own folly, and the long, loud laugh blot out the growl of the discontented.

For various reasons we are led to conclude that it would be almost impossible to find any college in the country where the body of the student are more thoroughly impressed with the object to which they are aiming, or where they approach nearer the ideal of what knowledge-seeker should be than at Haverford. Every one who has ever been connected with the college in any capacity knows how faithfully the Freshman enters upon his work, and pursues it until the end of the Senior year. It is evident that all appreciate the fact that they are not here to see how much they can shirk and still graduate, but that they are expected to climb up, not on the shoulders of others, but by their own efforts, which are the only means an honest man needs to resort to. Nor can we be charged with a fault which too many college men lay themselves open to, that is, loose morality. This is, without doubt, a fault which greatly prejudices many against a college education, and the

statement is often made that it is impossible to complete a course of college work, and still have a good character left. We do not profess that we are so innocent that we can justly throw the first stone at the guilty, but we do say that Haverford would stand well up on the list, if it were compared with any other institution in this respect. But we wish to speak of higher and more sacred things. It is a cause for regret that in a college founded by zealous men with the wish that it might point out the way of life more perfectly, so few trouble themselves with the question, How shall I live, to live rightly? It is not a question beneath the dignity of the wisest student; on the contrary, it is the one most worthy of his thought, nor should it be met with a sneer. It is becoming a popular notion that the best kind of a joke is that which ridicules religion and throws scorn upon some saintly head. It is surely more fitting for us, if we do not wish to imitate the man who walks uprightly in this present world of wickedness, at least to venerate and respect him and his cause. *We* especially are blameworthy if we neglect so great a duty. The very atmosphere we breathe is charged with all that would inspire us to ponder these things. Let us then who feel the daily influence of our Christian Society, who are members of that vast body of noble workers, the Y. M. C. A., and who by nature know light from darkness, cease to think that it is not the part of a college man to know his maker and to consider the ways of God to man.

"Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

The advocates of universal peace sent delegates to an arbitration convention held in Philadelphia on 11 mo. 28. The Society of Friends, always foremost in humanitarian enterprises, was largely represented. Various propositions concerning international arbitration were considered by the convention. One of the suggestions of the delegates seems to us to have been especially applicable and worthy of serious consideration. He condemned the current histories, which he styled as accounts of battles, sieges and intrigues of princes. The idea is not entirely new, but yet it is something which cannot be too forcibly brought to the people's notice. Edward Everett said forty years ago that the average history was but the "field book of conquerors." Later historians have begun the reform, and in a few decades we shall undoubtedly have histories which shall show the development of the national character, the manners and customs of the people, and omit the bloody scenes of carnage. Sismondi expresses the true principle when he says that "history

is valuable only for the moral lesson it contains." The arbitration society is doing a noble work, and future generations will recognize its services as we now appreciate more fully than ever before the conduct of Whittier, Garrison and Wilberforce.

XAVIER, THE JESUIT MISSIONARY, AND THE EARLY JESUITS.

After school education, the second field of Jesuit labor, chosen by Loyola, was missionary work. And here, indeed, prosperity was almost miraculous for many years. China, Japan, and large parts of the East Indies, were all but converted to Christianity. Nations were born in a day; the emperor of China built a church in his palace; a single priest established three hundred churches in Japan, and the communicants were numbered in both empires by hundreds of thousands. True, this whole work has been completely undone. One of the most savage persecutions that ever raged, stamped out in blood and fire, the Christian religion in Japan. It was in 1615 that the Emperor of Japan issued an edict of extirpation. It was enforced with circumstances of unparalleled ferocity, and innumerable multitudes, of all ages and both sexes, expired under frightful torments. The Jesuit priests endured their share of the martyrdom without shrinking; and by their fortitude, their heroism, their triumphant deaths, made glorious a name, which in Europe has been sadly tarnished. In China, a similar persecution annihilated the Christian name; and these two vast empires, relapsing into paganism, have been lost to the faith, until a new revival in the coming ages—a revival which we are bound to expect—shall reintroduce the abjured doctrines.

The apostle of this magnificent, though not lasting success, was Francis Xavier, one of the greatest men that the world has ever seen. I use the word *greatest* deliberately; for greatness consists, without doubt, in indomitable will; in a genius that, discerning great ends, discovers or makes for itself efficient means, that seizes opportunities, that understands men, and knows how to select amongst them, the right tools. This true greatness is neither appalled by defeat and obloquy, nor elated by triumph and its hosannas; is not paralyzed amidst howling gales and seeming shipwreck; but, though incumbered by torn rigging and shattered spars, with every shroud fluttering in the wind, with battered hull and lost pennon, sails at last into harbor, with the object of the voyage accomplished.

Such elements of greatness, comprehending, too, the final dearly bought triumph, were Xavier's. If Nelson was great, who, amid the thunders of Trafalgar, led his

squadron between the blazing broadsides of the hostile fleets, with the motto, "England expects every man to do his duty," flying at the mast-head, and laid down his own life as a part of that duty; if Gustavus Adolphus was great, hacked to death by swords on the victorious field of Lutzen, or Wolfe at Quebec, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, then more truly was Xavier great in fulfilling a more lofty duty, in displaying a purer, self-sacrificing heroism, and embarked in a cause which embraced human interests for time and for eternity.

Xavier was one of the five associates of Loyola in establishing the company of the Jesuits, and the two men were devoted and affectionate friends through life. It was Loyola, who, charmed by the graces and accomplishments of Xavier, sought him out, and solicited his intimacy. At first, the advances were not well received; but Loyola, already burning with his great projects, had detected the enthusiasm, which, as yet, slumbered in the breast of Xavier, and he needed him. After a struggle he succeeded; and the gay young philosopher, the handsome, rich and talented student, the luxurious courtier, was inflamed with an ardor which grew more intense as his life wore on. He did not remain, however, in Europe, to share the renown of his inspirer. Whilst Loyola had the instincts of a soldier, with the dexterity of a diplomatist, Xavier manifested more conspicuously than any other trait, the missionary spirit. His panting soul longed to effect the conversion of mankind. When Loyola appointed him, in 1540, at the age of thirty-five, missionary to India, passionate sobs attested the rapture that he felt. Sailing from Lisbon for India, in company with a thousand Portuguese troops, who were going to re-enforce the garrison at Goa, he was the happiest man, if not the only happy man, amongst all those exiles. Without wasting a moment, he commenced his work with the profligate and reckless soldiers, and soon transformed them into loving friends and at least decorous believers. Arrived in Hindostan, he was shocked at first by the universal depravity. But, thenceforward, he was never confounded by woe or wickedness. In eleven years he traversed India, Malacca, the Spice Islands and Japan; preaching, consoling, rebuking. No cry of human misery reached him in vain; he lived in hospitals; he cared for lepers; he frequented the huts of the outcast tribes. No beggar was so abject in appearance as he; and yet while the crowds that thronged around him, drawn by the fame of his sanctity, listened to his glowing eloquence, he seemed transformed into an angel of light. Tears fell from their dusky faces, as he narrated the life of Jesus and painted the rewards of Heaven. Yet it was not mere oratory, which he deemed the best

agent in conversion, or to which he oftenest had recourse. He catechised his hearers; he commented upon the creed; he explained the fundamental articles of belief and of conduct; he illustrated, with elaborate preciseness, the Ten Commandments; he exhorted to penitence and better life; and, after repeating the Lord's prayer, he baptized his converts. He is said to have made seven hundred thousand adherents to Christ during his mission.

At length, worn out by his arduous labors, the end came. He was about to enter the dominions of China, and had taken ship. At his own request, he was removed to the shore. There, stretched on the bare beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his agonies, the great Apostle of the Indies awaited the awful change. Awful it was not to him, for, as sometimes happens with the dying, he was vouchsafed unimagined visions of the coming Paradise. His pale features were irradiated with a more than mortal joy; he saw, floating above and around him, angels of welcome and of consolation; his ears, growing faint to human accents, were startled by the strains of the Seraphim. He leaped up in rapture, but the faint body refused its service, and exclaiming, "In thee, Lord, have I trusted," he bowed his head and died. After death, he was revered as a Saint. Seventy years thereafter, in 1621, he, together with Loyola, received the ceremonial honors of canonization at Rome. His body lies interred at the Cathedral of Goa, in Hindostan, where it is, to this day, worshiped with the highest marks of devotion. Three hundred and thirty years have not effaced from Indian gratitude the image of the fervent Jesuit missionary, who stormed the bulwarks of Brahmanism and Buddhism, and inflamed with a short-lived zeal, derived from his own quenchless fires, the stolid natives of South-eastern Asia.

The founder of the Jesuits, Ignatius Loyola, died in 1552. No one of his twenty-two successors in office has ever equalled him in force or talent. Even the Popes quailed in his presence, and the Roman populace speedily discovered that a power had arisen equal to that of the Vatican. They spoke of the White Pope and of the Black Pope, distinguishing them from the color of the garments usually worn. The General of the Jesuits is clad in black, while the vestments of the successor of St. Peter are white.

Loyola was a phenomenon in a deeply interesting epoch of the world. He was uninspired. He was unaided by either the military or the civil power. He made no appeal to the passions of the multitude. He was constantly opposed, and sometimes misrepresented. Yet he was not thwarted, and he shook the world. He had the genius to conceive, the courage to attempt, and the success to

establish a vast scheme, which has teemed with tremendous results. He rolled back the Reformation. Protestantism in Europe now hugs the shores of the Baltic, though it was likely at one time to envelop the Mediterranean. The Asiatic world, under his auspices, began also to surge in a mighty mass towards the religion of Jesus. Such rapid conquests remind us of the early spread of Mahometanism. In Asia, in truth, the effect has not been permanent; but in Europe, it has been strikingly so. A few days ago, M. Capel, the Papal Delegate, now in America, reminded us that Protestantism has made no advance for three hundred years; that its prodigious increase in Luther's days was soon over; that Catholic communities have since that time become Infidel, and again become Catholic, but not one has become Protestant. It is a Catholic partisan who says this, but the utterance has too much of truth. We must leave it as one of the mysteries of God's government; for no satisfactory solution, compatible with any notion of the *steadiness*, at least, of human progress, is discoverable. Of the ultimate result, after, it may be, decades of perplexed centuries, we may be sure.

The third great instrumentality of Jesuitism was Preaching, combining therewith the Confession. Preaching, in the more recent days of Catholicism, had been scandalously neglected. But now it was raised into an important feature, and impressive discourses collected multitudes into the churches, throughout Europe. It was through the confessional, that the artfulness, which has made the name of Jesuit proverbial, secured valuable prizes. On the one hand, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, the confessors of former times, were often coarse and vulgar men. But the Jesuits, having been drilled in a thorough education, continued to cultivate many of the accomplishments, and were adroit in the arts of persuasion. The former were quickly supplanted as confessors to kings and emperors. The age of the Renaissance had arrived, and made distasteful the uncouthness of shabby friars. Moreover, princes, like other men, dislike to have around them uncompromising devotees of duty; they do not like to be unpleasantly reminded of disagreeable truths, or be forced too often to recognize that rulers are, equally with subjects, bound before God to piety and good morals. The Jesuits by gracious behavior and by an accommodating system of Ethics, won the favor of Courts. Very soon, every royal personage had his father confessor chosen from this body. Their influence upon the measures of government, and upon some of the great transactions of history, was decisive, and generally disastrous to the welfare of civilization, however mistakenly intended in

the interests of the church. For instance, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the expulsion of the Huguenots from France, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Gunpowder plot, the Assassinations of Henry III, Henry IV, and William of Orange, the attacks upon Queen Elizabeth, the precipitation of the Thirty Years' War, have all been attributed to the wiles of Father Jesuits. It has also been charged that the recent Franco-German War, of 1870, owed its outbreak to the machinations of such confessors near the person of the Empress Eugenie. The object, in this last case, was the ruin, or at least the humiliation of the foremost Protestant power of the continent; one that had been particularly prompt in repelling the encroachments of the Ecclesiastical hierarchy upon civil authority. Mischief, and nothing but mischief, has resulted from the counsels of Jesuitism in the Confessional, as if to enforce more irresistibly the lesson that men need to enlighten their own consciences, and are to act in obedience to dictates so formed, and are not to surrender their own responsible jurisdiction to fanatic religionists.

NEWSPAPER PHILISTINISM.

All the changes in the "mother-in-law" have been rung so often in our newspapers that the Philistines of the press have been forced to seek a new subject for their sparkling and exuberant wit. "G. Washington" and his "hatchet" is one of the stock subjects always ready to fill a vacuum (it is very witty to use the initial "G." when speaking of the father of his country); but our journalistic jokers have finally settled upon the young man paying attentions to a young lady as the theme best suited to call out their powers. Every conceivable jest, tolerable or intolerable, is poured out on this subject of the day, and no limit of good taste or propriety restrain our audacious scribblers.

The most obvious criticism upon the average funny column is that there is too much of it. So great quantity can only be purchased at the expense of quality. But was there ever before so much enduring a race as the American? Our patience with the short-comings of railways, caterers for public amusements, etc., has been wondered at; but will it compare with our patience with some of our newspapers?

The inaccuracy of reporters; the want of knowledge on subjects which are still boldly treated of; the wishy-washy flood of unmeaning verbiage even in the editorials of some of our great city dailies; the dearth of high learning or literary accomplishment in the writers; the trivial, unimportant character of a large part of the material; such are faults urged, with more or less justice, against many American newspapers.

In consequence of these faults, many of our most cultivated people pride themselves on reading only *The Spectator* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review* and the *London Times*, and never giving more than two or three minutes a day to the press of their own country. This, we think, is a great mistake. If our press has its conspicuous faults, it has also its conspicuous merits. Its *best* are as good as the best of any country. We might mention American journals which, on the whole, are models of excellence. If we speak of faults, it is only in the hope that they will be amended.

LITERARY.

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that.—*Carlyle*.

Through a private, but a reliable channel, your correspondent learns that the author of "The Bread Winners," now running through the *Century Magazine*, and whose mysterious identity has been the subject of so much discussion in literary circles, is Mr. William Curtis, the editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. The price paid Mr. Curtis is \$7,000.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The five volumes of English Verse, edited by Mr. R. H. Stoddard and W. J. Linton for Charles Scribner's Sons, have just been published. We are not in the least surprised or disappointed. While we have always had a high appreciation of Mr. Stoddard, he is not at all lowered in our estimation by the production of his admirable introductions to these volumes. While many of his selections are usually known, yet his order and arrangement, bringing so many roses from so many different bushes and binding them in one bouquet, with the silver cord of his spicy and entertaining prefaces, makes the whole almost new. Surely, under the light of his pen we are forced to see many charming passages and ideas which had not even occurred to us before, and bringing the best of the different classes, whether dramatic, lyric, or the poetry of Chaucer's age, into close connection. One goes from beginning to end with the same idea without a jar or break.

Mr. Stoddard can make the tamest subject pleasant and entertaining, but with a subject so lively as English verse in every form, he delights every one with his vivid expression and imagination, and we only wish after reading his prefaces to literary books, that he was more far-reaching in his talents and wrote about music, etc. In one of his volumes, "Dramatic Scenes and Characters," he touches more or less on the drama. He goes back

to the twelfth century and gives us a few ideas on the origin of the drama in English verse, which must be sought in the miracle plays, by which, as he says, "the learned clerks who wrote them endeavored to entertain and instruct their unlearned countrymen, through the scenic representations of Bible histories, and legends of saints and martyrs; these were succeeded by a race of allegorical shadows in the moralities which begin to appear in the reign of Henry the Sixth; but the golden age of this primitive drama was in the reign of Henry the Eighth." After discussing some of the earliest dramatists, bestowing praises where praise is due and leaving the much caviled question of the order of Shakespeare's plays, he devotes a few pages to Shakespeare's works, and says, "what was obviously great in Shakespeare was obviously understood by his audiences, or they would not have listened as they did to the luxuriant poetry which was entwined with it and which sometimes threatened to crush it; but what was reconditely great in him, and what differentiated his work from the work of others was not guessed at. That he had an instinctive, infallible knowledge of life; that he divined all the springs of human action; that the heart of man was as a book wherein he read strange matters, that nature shared her secrets with him as with no man before or since; that he was the greatest poet and wisest man of his time, the great poet and the wise man of all time, the discovery of this truth was reserved for a more reverential age than that of Elizabeth or James."

"Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness."

In connection with the poetry of the present time, we would mention the book of W. W. Story, entitled "He and She." "He" was in the habit of going alone to the forest along the mountain side, through picturesque glens and into rural retreats where he would sit "alone for hours with nature lost in vague contemplation. Here, scribbling in his portfolio, "She" finds him, and they converse pleasantly, and out of his portfolio he reads some sketch which is *apropos* to the topic of conversation, and as we have been quoting about Shakespeare we will quote his sonnet on the same person:

Whose those forms august that in the press
And busy blames and praises of to-day
Stand so serene above life's fierce affray
With ever youthful strength and loveliness?
Those are the mighty makers whom no stress
Of time can shame, no fashion sweep away,
Whom art begot on nature in the play
Of wealthy passion, scorning base excess,
Rising perchance in mist, and half obscure
When up the horizon of their age they came,
Brighter with years they shine in steadier light,
Great constellations that will aye endure
Though myriad meteors of ephemeral fame
Across them flash to vanish into night.

It is only for want of time and space we do not say more about this book, full of gems from nature, for he pictures to us in his poetry nothing but nature in its most attractive phases. In his retreat with nature alone, we are reminded of the "Walk of Wordsworth" and Bryant's "Nook of Nature."

FOOT BALL.

The annual foot ball match between Swarthmore and Haverford was played on the grounds of the latter, November 17th. At ten minutes past two both teams were on the field with the positions of the Haverford men as follows: Rushers, Murray, Chase, Hussey, E. White, Baily, Brook and Tunis. Quarter back, Bettie. Half-backs, Hilles, Wilson. Full back, Garrett. Swarthmore had the kick off, and opened by dribbling the ball. For several minutes the ball was kept near the middle of the field. At half-past two Swarthmore succeeded in getting a touch down from which a goal was kicked. By good playing on the part of Haverford, the ball was then kept near Swarthmore's goal line, until Baily succeeded in getting a touch down at a quarter of three, but failed to get a goal as the ball was missed when punted out. Haverford then made a safety, so at the end of the first half the score stood 7 to 2 in favor of Swarthmore. Soon after the beginning of the second half Swarthmore kicked a goal from the field, the score at this juncture being 12 points to 2 in favor of Swarthmore. Haverford now began to play in her usual style, and in a short time a goal was kicked from a touchdown made by Bettie. From this time on the ball was kept near Swarthmore's goal, and they were compelled to make a safety. Bettie attempted a goal from the field, but the ball passed just under the cross-bar. In a few minutes Wilson also tried for a goal from the field, but was unsuccessful, the ball going above and a little to one side the goal post. Had either one of these attempts succeeded, the result of the match would have been otherwise. Haverford was having everything her own way, but it was too late, as time was now called, the result being 12 points to 9 in favor of Swarthmore. Referee, W. F. Reeve. Umpires, Swarthmore, Posey; Haverford, A. C. Craig. Too much cannot be said in praise of the fine playing of Hilles (captain). He did all he could from the very beginning, and distinguished himself especially by his fine running. Wilson's kicking was one of the features of the game. Bettie filled the position of quarter-back in a praiseworthy manner, rarely making a blunder.

On the afternoon of the 15th, '86 of the University of Pennsylvania played '86 of Haverford. Haverford's eleven was as follows: Rushers, Tunis, I. Morris, A.

Underhill, Macfarland, Goddard, F. Underhill, Johnson; quarter-back, Slocum; half-backs, Brook, White; full-back, Morris. One of the weak points of the Haverford team was their kicking. They seemed a little nervous throughout the game, and proved to be no match for their opponents, one of whom has attained some distinction as half-back on the University team. The result was a victory for the University, the score being 29 points to nothing. Umpires: University, M. C. Work; Haverford, W. S. Hilles. Referee: M. T. Wilson.

On November 21st, Haverford '85 team played the Camden eleven, at Camden, on the Merritt Base Ball grounds. The '85 team was as follows: Rushers, Doan, E. White, Murray, Markley, Hussey, Baily, Hilles, L. L. Smith; quarter-back, Bettie; halfbacks, Wilson, Blair (1st sub., W. T. Ferris). Camden had the kick-off, Haverford taking the end next the grand stand. In less than five minutes a touch-down was made by our men, and the first goal kicked by Bettie. The ball was kept near Camden's goal the remainder of the time, and goal after goal was obtained, Wilson kicking two or three from the field. The result was 74 points to 0 in favor of Haverford. Hussey did some fine tackling, and Wilson distinguished himself by his kicking.

The juniors look back with pleasure on their visit to Camden, as their new friends did all in their power to make it pleasant for them. The umpires were: Camden, T. H. Chase; Haverford, W. F. Reeve. Referee: A. H. Reeve. After the match the class was invited to spend the evening with their worthy member, S. Bettie, at his beautiful home in Haddonfield, N. J. The means of conveyance thither was a four-horse coach, which seated easily the company, consisting of eighteen persons. They received a hearty welcome, and were given a supper such as seldom falls to the lot of a Haverford man. The home trip was enjoyed by every one—the songs, the cheers, the rattling of the big coach over the cobble-stones, the Virginia reel on the ferry-boat, and the amusing scene in the car, will long be remembered by every one.

On Saturday, November 24th, '87 of Haverford played a match with Rugby Academy. '87 did some fine playing. The score was 35 points to nothing in favor of Haverford. Garrett, Yarnell, Barr, Adams and Morris especially distinguished themselves. Referee: M. T. Wilson. Umpires: Rugby, E. L. Doan; '87, W. S. Hilles.

MARRIED.

'81.—WINSTON-RICKS.—John C. Winston to Miss E. T. Ricks, at Campbell, Va., on July 19, 1883. Their home is now in Germantown, Pa.

PERSONALS.

'40.—A. M. Kimber has built a fine house in Newport, R. I., which will hereafter be his home.

'52.—Dougan Clark, M. D., resides in Cleveland, Ohio, and edits *The Gospel Expositor*.

'56.—David Street is a Presbyterian minister in Vanwert, Ohio.

'58.—T. H. Burgess is a nurseryman of Highland, New York.

'60.—George Wood has extensive cotton manufacturing in Philadelphia, Pa.

'66.—B. E. Valentine, L. L. B., who constituted one-half of the class of '66, is now a prominent lawyer of Brooklyn, New York.

'69.—Henry Wood, Ph. D., is Assistant Professor in Literature at Johns Hopkins University.

'72.—Richard Ashbridge, M. D., is surgeon in the U. S. Navy.

'74.—E. P. Allinson, A. M., delivered the first lecture of a course before the Pennsylvania Club, on the evening of the 22d ult. Subject, American Constitutional History, its Interests and Importance.

'81.—W. E. Page is assisting Dr. Childs, of Newport, in his boarding school. His address is 47 Washington Street.

'82.—G. A. Borton, after attending Baltimore Yearly Meeting, gave us a call on his way home. He holds the first minute from Boston Meeting, which has been issued for forty years.

'84.—A. C. Craig was umpire for the College in the foot-ball match vs. Swarthmore on the 17th ult.

'85.—Smith and Reeves are with us again.

THE AMBITION TO EXCEL.

Youth, in all ages of the world, has been regarded as the time for honorable ambitions. Hector, the true hero of the Iliad, strikes the key-note of the desires of noble souls when he says that his purpose is *to do always the best*. To do the best that can be done; to know all, on any definite subject, that can be known, to perform one's task perfectly. Such is the aspiration of all the truly great. If thou art content with any lower standard,

"Thy name is written on
The roll of common men."

Nothing is too small for the notice and the labor of him who aspires to perfection; nothing too difficult for his bold assault.



At the present time it is becoming such a common thing to issue papers that hardly any school of fifty or a hundred pupils can be found in the country, without some kind of an "official organ" on which they pride themselves, and almost every month brings some new visitor to our table with "*Please ex.*" written on it. Of course we are always willing to exchange with all who apply, and we are ready to give encouragement, wherever we think it will do any good. But it seems to us that it is time lost for school boys and girls to spend their time editing a paper, which they must necessarily fill with poor jokes and school news of no interest to any one outside the school. We know that it is pleasant to see one's name in print. "A book is a book if there's nothing in't," but cannot this desire for reputation be satisfied in some other way. Doubtless all these productions seem grand to their authors as they see them fresh from the press, but when they are examined by others without magnifying glasses they lose their lustre, like the beautiful shield of the antiquarian, which proved to be a pot lid when the rust was rubbed off. Schools are too eager, not only in this respect, but in many others, to copy college customs, before they are mature enough to make any thing more than a fizzle of them. It is best for boys to speak and act as boys, and it will be time enough to put away childish things and assume loftier ones when age and experience have given development. So much seemed to us not out of place. But when we leave school papers and come to college papers it is quite another question. In *many* ways the students, and also the college, are benefited by supporting a good literary paper, and the editors at this stage are supposed to be matured enough to produce something that will interest outside readers.

The Tuftonian is a paper which fully comes up to the standard that we would wish to set up. Of course we would not compare it with the *Argonaut*, and there are very few that would stand such a comparison, but this is a paper which any college fellow, no matter where he hailed from, would enjoy reading. Its opening poem, unlike the most of such productions, is not only readable, but shows marked genius, while we do not hesitate to pronounce the essay on Hamlet as one of the deepest and best written we have met with in any paper. So far we are satisfied, but we cannot indorse the sentiments stated in the article on *Co-education*.

That young ladies who desire an education of the highest grade should have an opportunity of obtaining it, there is not the slightest doubt, and there is scarcely *less* doubt that it is more advantageous for both sexes that it be obtained in an institution devoted to them especially. The fact that the *Vassar Miscellany* stands incomparably ahead of any paper edited by a corps made up of both sexes, is no small argument that *they* are more profoundly educated than those who resort to co-education; and as to the argument that there can be no colleges opened which will offer to young ladies advantages equal to those which we enjoy, we may state that from our cupola a college may be seen rising, which within three years will extend to ladies opportunities unsurpassed by any institution in America. This is a subject very dear to *Swarthmore*, and we will say no more for fear of offending our near neighbor. We will only add that we thought, until a few days ago, that co-education tended to raise the standard of morality; but at any rate it sounds *pretty* for a cheer. Nevertheless the *Phoenix* presents itself to us this year with its pristine excellencies. The exchange column is conducted in an interesting manner, and it has an unusually good lot of locals, but we were surprised to see the submissive spirit manifested in the editorial in reference to the new rules and regulations. We shall probably lay ourselves open to the censure from the *Colby Echo* of being too optimistic if we find nothing faulty, but it is useless for us to hunt up something for the sake of criticising it, and so overruling the authority we will go on to say our say about the *Oberlin Review*. It has no peculiar merits, that is, there is nothing in it with which we are particularly charmed, but everything has an air of common sense about it, which meets our approval. As it has nothing remarkably flighty, so it does not descend to things of "low estate," but maintains in the even tenor of its way a good readable paper. Yet, it lacks one important thing, that is, an exchange department.

There are very few papers among our exchanges that are the same throughout; nearly all seem to neglect the criticism of Horace, of being consistent and of not ending badly anything beautifully begun. We take up a paper and find its editorials satisfactory; we read on and enjoy the literary department. The locals are spicy and entertaining; if we are fortunate enough to find an exchange column, we are eager to read that, but not content with this, most papers think it is necessary to put in something to please the children; and so they fill up two or three columns with poor jokes, so old that Noah would have refused to have harbored them in the Ark. No one who has come to the years of understanding is more

pleased with a paper for such a worthless addition, and why is it not more profitable to fill it with "ads," or to take so much from its size? We do not set ourselves up as judges of poor jokes, nor do we profess to approach any where near infallibility in other things in reference to the best methods of conducting a college magazine, but it may, perhaps, be remembered that Achilles acquired his skill in hurling the javelin under the instruction of Chiron, although the teacher was not able to compete with the pupil in vigor of arm. Like Pilate we are seekers after truth. It is our conviction that a college paper can be conducted successfully, and the question is only how can it best be done. This fact we are sure of, that if we ever get so regardless of all propriety as to insert in our columns an article as indecorous as the poem which lately appeared in the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, on Martin Luther, we shall forthwith consider that it is time to discontinue the HAVERFORDIAN.

O tempora! O mores! Why is the exterior of a paper to be considered to the exclusion of the interior? Since writing the foregoing, *The Phoenix* has come to us asking why we did not improve THE HAVERFORDIAN by a good stiff cover without advertisements. It has a pharisaical air about it of looking to the outside, without a thought of depth of matter. But what shall we say of this from *The Perdue*: "From the picture of Haverford College on the cover of its paper, we judge our college to be the more attractive place of the two." Hard luck! We must have the picture of *Founder's Hall* put on the front cover.



Who shot the chicken?

"There'll be a duel shortly."

Skating was good on the 17th ult.

Skating on the 8th was excellent.

Puzzle is going to run a sub-marine telegraph to Snobs.

The Glee Club is thriving. It now has eleven members.

Look out for the Gloom Committee's next entertainment.

The average weight of '85's foot-ball team is 155 pounds.

The work of grading the cricket field has been completed.

'87 beat '86 at foot-ball on the 27th ult., by a score of 16 to 0.

French class: "Il est louable de travailler, et blamable de ne pas le faire." Student reciting: "It is praiseworthy to travel but blamable not to pay the fare."—*Ex.*

Chillman, '87, had his arm dislocated by a fall. He is recovering rapidly.

The pretty boy has *acquired* the art of kicking the drop kick. "I *won't* say please."

Morris, '85, has made a number of unsuccessful attempts to procure a negative of the Junior Class.

The William Penn Charter School is allowed the use of our foot-ball ground on Saturday mornings.

"Frenchy" has decided that it does not pay to go to bed at half-past eight. Apply to 'Lias for particulars.

The turkeys which have gone off to hide in the woods are beginning to think about returning home with safety.

The Freshmen won a victory at foot-ball over the eleven from the Penn Charter School. The score was 72 to 0.

Unter den Linden. The writer in the Student speaks of after-dinner speeches on the semi-Centennial as being made *under the elms*.

C. W. Baily, our worthy business manager, treated the students to a barrel of nice apples. May his shadow never grow less.

Prof. E. Davenport delivered an interesting lecture before the Loganian Society on the evening of the 20th ult. Subject, The Jesuits.

A megatherium recently secluded itself in the collection room, and caused great excitement by its antics during Sunday collection.

The work on the cricket ground is progressing rapidly. We hope next season to be able to present our visitors with a first-rate crease.

As this paper goes to press, the '87 foot-ball team start for Swarthmore, to play the "co-education" freshmen. May good luck go with them.

The Sophomores have taken to burning up all the neighboring forests. It is our opinion that the expense involved is not counter-balanced by the fun.

The ornithologist has discovered the fossiliferous remains of a well-preserved Mesozoic Pie-eater, or Jub-jub bird, in the drift behind the carpenter shop. The length of the right tibia is forty-six feet, the left twelve, and the wings measure ninety stadia from tip to tip. A placard on which was written in hieroglyphics, "Reeve brothers beware," was found attached to the occipital condyle. The discoverer intends to present the monster to the college museum to set off the ostrich.

The Gloom Committee gave its first entertainment on the evening of November 7. The poster announcing the exercises, read somewhat as follows: "The Gloom Committee's First Grand Entertainment. Variety Show (strictly moral). Wonderful Historic Tableaux. Poems in the Flesh, Symphonies in color. Striking Scenic Effects. Mlle. Fatti Baili, the great European Prima Donna, will make positively her first appearance on the Haverford stage. Mlle. Montague, Fourpaugh's World Renowned \$10,000 Beauty, has been engaged for the occasion, regardless of expense. Conducted strictly on the principles of the Society of Friends, etc., etc." We heartily endorse every feature of the "Show," and consider that the Gloom Committee is doing a great work in dispelling the melancholy, which at times seems to envelop the college.

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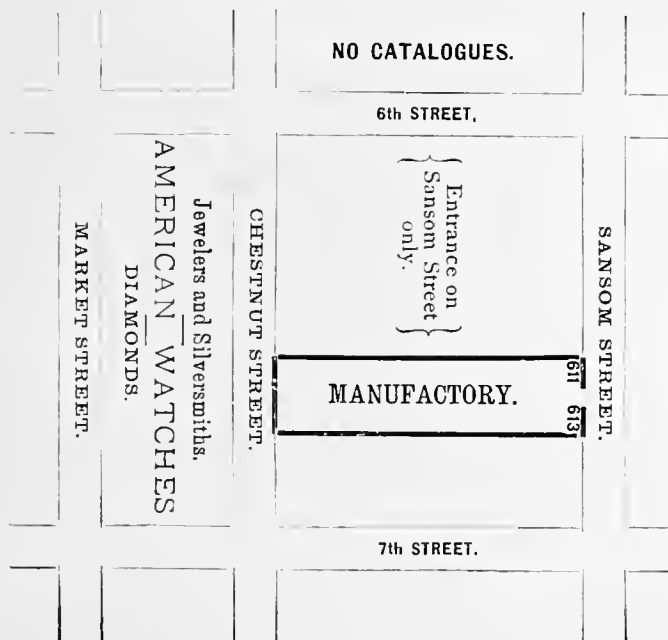
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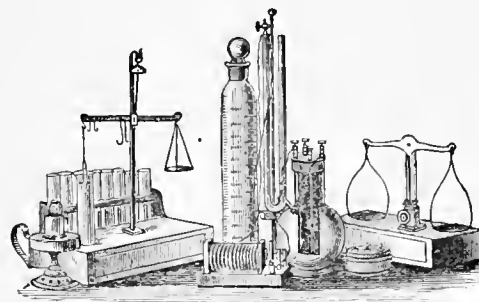
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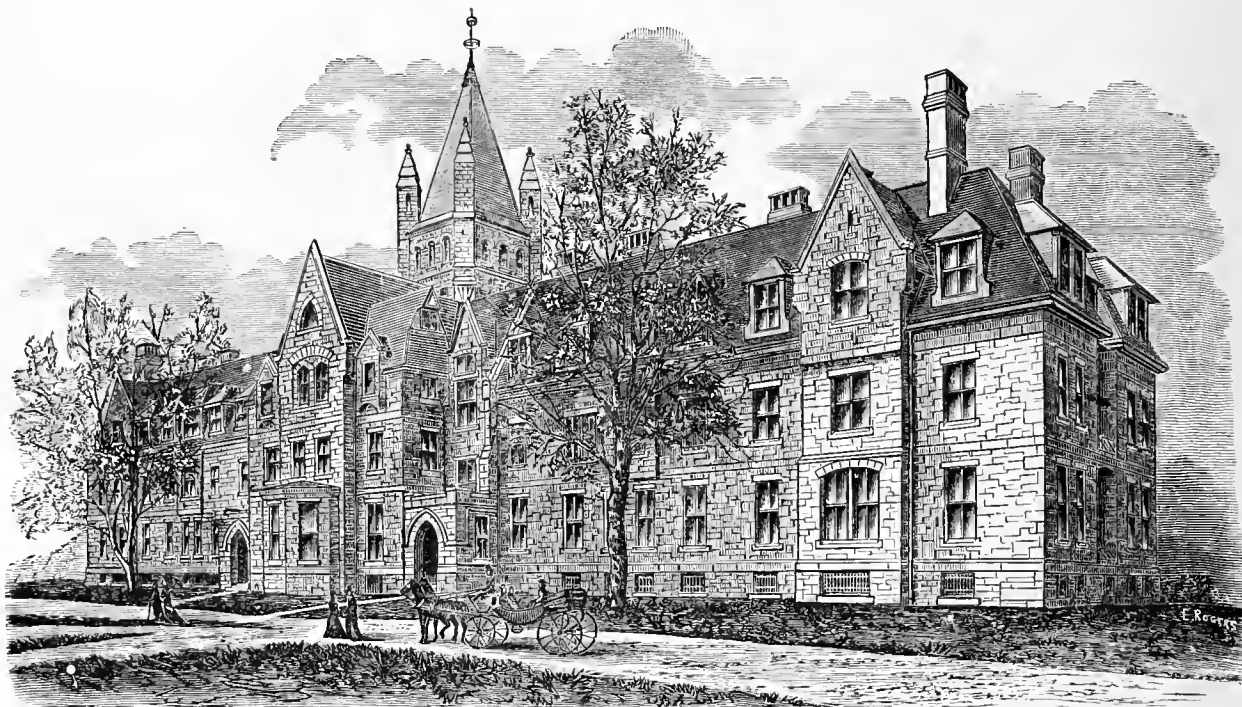
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

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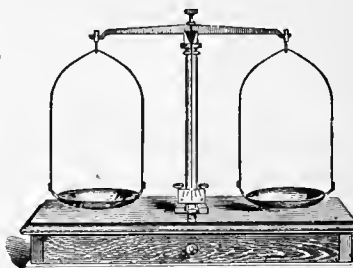
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The time of anniversary is pleasing to the American. Centennials, semi-centennials and bi-centennials are objects of veneration to him. It is a healthy indication of the love and respect he bears to his infant institutions. The time of reunion is a glad season for the student. Now, while we have scarcely had time to recover from the semi-centennial commemoration of the founding of Haverford, the Logonian Society announces to its old members that she will also commemorate her fiftieth anniversary on the 21st of this month. It is not yet known how extensive the celebration will be, but it is safe to assume that, from the nine hundred members of the society, past and present, a sufficient number will attend to share in the festivities.

What of our lecture course for this winter? Varied reports are current concerning the men who will be employed to fill this duty, but as yet, it is mere speculation among students. Judging from the example of past years, we need have no serious apprehension about the quality of the lectures or the rank of the speakers. If we should express the prevalent feeling in the college, we would say that there is an earnest desire among the students that Matthew Arnold be procured for one evening. Without too many suggestions, we think that Haverford has materially profited from the visit and speech of Lord Coleridge, and if Matthew Arnold were

to come, it is safe to say, that the college would receive great benefit from the advertisement which a visit from such a man would offer. The course has been well opened by the recent lecture of James Bryce, on the "Historical value of the poems of Homer and Dante." We all look back with much pleasure to the lectures of Prof. Corson during last year.

We have lately listened to some practical remarks from one of our professors on the subject of physical culture, which it would be profitable for each one of us to heed. We are too accustomed to think that we are fulfilling the whole duty of students if we get the empty cells in our head filled with book knowledge, which is an absurd idea. It is like looking upon life as a vast opportunity to feast on turkey dinners, without thinking of any thing else. A man will enjoy life more if he has built up his body together with the development of his mind, than he would to be able to read Sanscrit at sight and be compelled to sit and suffer day after day with *tiredouloureux* or something worse. These cold winter days should induce every one who values a sound constitution to lay aside his Analytical Geometry or lighter reading and go to the Gymnasium at least once each day and more if possible. Let each one find out where he is deficient and develop that part of his body. We are so fortunate as to be supplied with an abundance of all that is desired to keep the machinery of the body running, but regular exercise is as much required as oil for the engine. If the head, the hand, and the body are strong, there will be no doubt about the results which they will produce.

We have never before been able to appreciate the dilemma in which Demosthenes involved his rival Aeschines. Says the great Athenian orator, "If, O Aeschines, you shared in the public rejoicings, you were inconsistent; if you did not, you were unpatriotic." In a like dilemma are we placed. If a paper is conducted with a due observance of the wishes of the students concerning levity, spice, etc., there immediately come objections from outside readers; if omitting all jokes and

frivolity, we consider only the wishes of the outside supporters and write only on grave and commonplace topics, there is a storm among the students. The attempt has been made with a consideration of both parties to combine the two kinds of material, and thereby partially please all. In this it is sad to say, we have not succeeded, and now what remains to be done? It is a comparatively easy thing to find objectionable matter, and a most difficult thing always to prepare what will meet the especial requirements of all. We have repeatedly protested that our sole objects are, first, to be right and then to make our paper pleasing to each without the opprobrium of any. If the paper is not what it should be, or if it is displeasing to any one, it will be a personal favor to us, and fairness to the paper, to inform us of any individual objections or suggestions. We are endeavoring to do the just thing by all, and if we have erred, it has not been from intention. A little encouragement often does much good, and in no place is it more needed than among the conductors of the college paper. No one can deny that a paper is of much benefit to an educational institution, and that THE HAVERFORDIAN has done good to the college ever since the foundation of the paper. Without doubt, we should all be losers if it were discontinued.

A most potent power for evil has the cigarette become in our schools and colleges! The insidious little roll is ever thrusting itself forward and making itself disagreeably prominent wherever a company of American youth are gathered together. Its smoke is at first sweet and fragrant, like the dreams and aspirations of the young student fresh from home; but e'er they have been two minutes born they become rank, bitter, poisonous, like the life of the student after his four years of college life with a "swell set." Innocent and attractive enough it looks, bound up with its nineteen fellows, in its neat little bundle; but hand it to the chemist and let him disclose the corruption within, its attractiveness vanishes like the dark mist of deceit before the wind of knowledge.

The cigarette is the *alter ego* of the dude. Whenever I catch a whiff of its, to most people, sickening odor, I know that the dude is abroad; and sure enough, when I turn the corner, there he is, with a half a dozen like him; dainty little "toothpicks" on every foot, "tony" but excruciating collars round every neck, "tough" little plugs on every head, in every mouth a cigarette, and on every face a pallid, smoke-dried, weary look of the same kind, though less in degree, as that seen on the face of the absinthe drinker. They are but boys; but look at their faces alone, they might be forty! The

"bloom of youth" is totally gone. Charge this to the cigarette.

The cigarette is the first page of the volume of bitterness, darkness and sorrow. Of course, by no means every one reads the dreary chapters which follow the nicotian introduction (Heaven help us, if this were so), but he has taken the first step, and he is so much the worse for it.

You think that I am "going it too strong," do you? That cigarette smoking never hurt you? That your nerves are as strong, your complexion as clear, your breath as sweet, and your conscience as unburdened as it would have been had you never set fire to the "innocent" little roll? Whatever you may say, I know that in the bottom of your heart you do not think so. If you have a true friend, ask him, and hear what he says, ask your preceptors, and listen to them, and, above all, ask your own "inner consciousness" of right and be guided by it.

We regret to say that the party press of the country is again resorting to the old cry of "The Solid South," in order to influence the minds of Northern voters and acquire party capital by arraying one section against the other. It seemed that with the death of Garfield all the old sectional hate would vanish, and the time would never come again when any party would dare to appeal to the sectional campaign cry; but it has come, and it is a sad thing for us to contemplate. Whatever the South may have done in the past, she deserves better treatment to-day. In the opinions of the most observant critics, the condition of all classes in the old slave States is rapidly becoming improved. That there have been unpardonable outrages in the South it cannot be denied, for when we consider the circumstances and the relations of the different castes of society after the war, what else could be looked for? That the two races harmonize as well as they do is a marvel in itself. The good sense of the people of the North is already beginning to rebuke the narrow-minded and rancorous zeal of those patriot (?) editors and diminutive orators who spend their time and employ their pygmy intellects in caviling at a people with whom they are as little acquainted as with honor, truth and fair-mindedness. It is not just, it is not charitable, it is not Christian-like to trample down a foe and then use him for your own private ends. Political enthusiasts, the war ended eighteen years ago! Eighteen years ago the South accepted the result of that war, and since then they have been striving to take a new and better position in the national Union. What does it concern us if local disturbances occur in certain States?

It belongs to each State to regulate its own internal affairs. It is, to say the least, unreasonable to rant on the unjust treatment of the negroes, when the white taxpayers support the public schools and when, in some instances, notably South Carolina, the colored children form the majority in the public schools. We take no political grounds, but think it just that the South should be held on equal terms with all other sections, and only fair that this campaign shout of Ku-Klux and Solid South should forever cease. The brotherly feeling between the two portions of the country is increasing and will increase. The South to-day is meeting us fully on the border line, and showing a disposition to come nearer to the national altar than ever before since the sage of Monticello was laid in his Southern grave. Partisan bitterness may impede, but cannot prevent this happy consummation.

ORATORICAL CULTURE.

Should oratorical culture be neglected in our schools and colleges, as it surely is at the present time? In bringing up this question for discussion here, it is not proposed to go into any philosophical treatise on oratory, but our purpose is to show that it is a great mistake to allow this art, of such prodigious power, to become so little thought of in the education of our young men. The question has even arisen, "Is not oratory a lost art?" but a little reflection will show that in all the history of the world there have been very few great orators, and because this present age is without one, it is not to be inferred that multitudes will never again be moved by the majestic flow of eloquence. Yet no one will hesitate to say that it holds at present the least important part in the college curriculum, and the commencement exercises of many of our colleges only go to prove that this is a lamentable fact. It is the object of a college course to train young minds so that they shall be best fitted to care for themselves through life, and to serve their country if it needs them, and while every branch of study which tends to develop and expand the mind, and broaden the sphere of knowledge is worthy of pursuit, it is still a fact that in our four years' course we are obliged to spend much of our time on things from which we can never experience the benefit that we might, did we have the advantage of a training in elocution. The true orator is endowed with peculiar qualities without which no one can hope to master the art; no less than a poet does he require that inborn genius which turns all his powers in this one direction, and fires him like the war-horse for the approaching contest. His emotions must be susceptible to the slightest touch and ready to be

fanned to burning heat whenever the emergency demands it. He must forge and wield his own thunderbolts. Physical requirement, too, are none the less necessary. The manly form, the powerful frame, and the expressive face joined with the trained voice, which can sound in every key, are indispensable. Both the classic and modern orators have all been noted for their massive frames, and commanding figures, and, like the Roman catapults, when they moved it was to overthrow whatever opposed. Webster was especially fortunate in his personal appearance, and his very presence before an audience had great weight. Carlyle, when looking upon his bust, likened his eyes to "two blast furnaces blown out," but when the flame flashed from those expressive eyes and the musical voice rang through the hall, no audience could sit unmoved. Many ancients believed that more depended on the gesture and the facial expressions, than upon what was said, but our standard of a finished orator demands that he have behind his physical qualifications, an ever ready brain to direct them, and a mind stored with all kinds of knowledge, arguments, and illustrations for the various subjects which he must treat.

Last of all the successful orator must be a man inspired with noble ideas and motives, desirous of benefiting humanity, and of improving the conditions of life. He will be the most successful, who alike endowed with other necessary qualifications, shows to his hearers the noblest character, and the greatest desire to promote right at whatever hazards. Emerson says that "there can be no true orator who is not a hero," and the great Roman rhetorician, Quintilian, also says: "According to my definition no man can be a perfect orator who is not a good man."

When it is so difficult to find any one who has any of these requisites perfected in him, what wonder that we so seldom find them all united and developed in one person. But it is an art none the less to be despaired of because hard to acquire. How few have carved the "breathing bronze," or wrought life out of the block of marble? The world has seen but one Phidias. How few have been the great musical composers. Mozart is still almost without a rival. And yet none of these three arts, the perfection of which the world so admires, are spontaneous acquirements. They do not spring like Minerva fully developed from the brain, but require the closest study and the most untiring practice. An orator cannot trust to the inspiration of the hour to perform deeds of immortal fame. The inspiration of the hour is of little value, if the speaker has not entire command of his subject, so that it compels him to speak. It seems almost incredible that the most powerful speech delivered in America—Webster's reply

to Hayne, lasting four hours—should have been impromptu, but though a piece of paper five inches square contained all his notes, his mind was so entirely filled with the subject that, as he himself said, he had only “to reach out and grasp the thunderbolt as it went smoking by.”

Of all the occupations in life, there is none in which the fruit of labor is sooner realized than in oratory. The poet writes and often dies ignorant of his fame. The philosopher is seldom appreciated by the age in which he lives, nor can the statesman reap at once the fruit of victory; but the orator sees the prize before him as he rises; at every point which he makes, as he stands before his enthusiastic listeners, he electrifies himself and rises to higher field of triumph. Like Pygmalion, he is charmed with the production of his own brain, into which life not his own has been breathed. As he perceives his audience rise with him in his flights, as he bears them along with his peroration, and feels the spell which he has wrought, followed by the burst of applause as he closes, his triumph is complete. Time may increase or decrease his fame; after he has passed away others may surpass him in power, but this victory is secure; he has obtained his reward in the present. The world feels no power so much as that of our ideal orator. Before his eloquence oppression gives way, and by his voice, made powerful from the love of humanity and progression, we hope the iron bond of war *shall* one day be severed. For such work we all need to be prepared. If the nations of the world keep large standing armies, to be always ready for an unexpected attack, how much more need is there of eloquent fighters, who shall stem the flood of wrong which ceases not to flow. Let it be the thought of practical educators to provide for the culture of the voice and to encourage public speaking. America can afford to let no talent be concealed for want of practice. It cannot be expected that Clays and Websters would spring up at once, but polished speakers would not be so few as present, and the awkwardness and hesitancy which we so often see on the stage would disappear. This article has sprung from the desire to see, not only here, but in all our colleges, training given in this art, which, above all, an educated man needs in every sphere of life which he can enter. The pulpit demands better speakers and the bar needs to have true orators supply the place of the false ones, who are but “sounding brass and tinkling cymbals,”—a reproach to the institution. Unless the seeds are sown and a desire awakened in this direction in colleges, it will never be, or only in exceptional cases, and then there will be many disadvantages to labor against. “Doubtless, in every profession, there are men who

leap to the heights without much training; but we know not how much higher they might have risen, had they added all possible acquired ability to the gifts of nature. ‘Where natural logic prevails not, artificial too often faileth; but when industry builds upon nature we may expect pyramids.’”

THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE.

In all the galleries of the art there is nothing more touching or sublime than the picture which the genius of Hawthorne has inspired of an old man, haggard and worn, in a long, dark wood, meeting a woman on whose brow are the marks of time and sorrow. Suddenly they find themselves transformed into the rosy-cheeked boy and laughing girl of half a century before, playing together as of old among the trees, and chattering on their hopes of a happy future. How fifty years had demolished the airy castles which youth had built! At every commencement the smooth-faced Freshman stands in awe as he listens to the eloquence of the Senior's last effort on the college stage, and the Senior himself, with his telescope and microscope of great magnifying power, sees visions of fame and wealth almost in his grasp. Fifty years pass by, and the same graduate, his hopes in life, it may be, entirely blasted, returns to see another commencement at his Alma Mater. He feels himself changed again into a youth. His stagnant blood again grows warm, and the wrinkles fade away from his brow as he recalls the past. He now sees the stones over which he stumbled. He understands why he has not reached what he expected, and he knows just where the hopeful minds before him will fail. His advice to them would be something as follows: “Do not think that Fate has carved out a good, fat place for you, which you will fall into anyway, when the right time comes, without much trouble on your part. Fate is a poor artist. Take what brains you have got, and ply the chisel yourself. Never be afraid to take the candid opinion of the world on your abilities. In most cases it will decide fairly whether you are wheat or chaff. Most fellows make a great mistake by supposing that they can go through the world just as they have through college. Here you have gone straight on without turning aside for anything. If you have met any difficulty, you have been compelled to go through it. In life you must learn to deviate, when the right time comes to turn out. See that your high hopes do not run away with your brains. Do not let your head get so high but that your feet cannot feel *terra firma*; and, especially, do not get so big and puffed up that everybody will want to bring you between their fists, just as the little boy does, to let the wind out of the paper

bag which he has blown up. The man who applies himself best in college, takes the broadest view of life and humanity, and strives to reach his ideal mark, will climb the highest."

LITERARY.

To all those who love a poet, especially a living one, the annual recurrence of his birthday is taken as a fitting time to look up his life, read and re-read some of the most admired poems. Now, as the seventy-seventh birth-day of our beloved poet, Whittier, has just passed, quite a number of publications of varying type and worth have been opened to the criticism and admiration of the Whittier-loving public. How large a portion of the true liberty respecting population of both the old and new world does this include! As long as liberty lasts, the name and poetry of Whittier will be a nation's pride. The first that has come to our notice is a book, very entertaining, by F. H. Underwood. This can hardly be called a biography of the poet, for the difficulties of writing such of a living person are many. But it is as the publishers say of it: "It is not intended as a critical study, but as a friendly guide and interpreter. The subject of the memoir is presented as a man as well as a poet. His public services and character are set forth with as much detail as is deemed proper." The first seventy pages of the book are taken up with an account of Whittier's ancestors, among which we find the Websters, the Cushings and Greens, a Quaker home and the Puritans and Quakers. In this last chapter he says, while speaking of the persecution of the Quakers and the gradual extension of this custom: "Still the old prejudice lingered, and the severe costume of a Quaker, like the beard of the Jew, continued to be a badge of an alien race. Time softened the hearts of bigots and wore off the edges of dogmas, but not till the church and State had been divorced, and not till the Quaker's memory of the days of bitterness had become as unchanging as his sad-colored garments." These three chapters bring the life of Whittier up to the beginning of the slavery agitation, and Whittier's course during this dark part of our history is known to every one. In the overthrowing of that system which has been a curse to all nations, "his pen was never idle and his energy was never relaxed." Who can read his "Voices of Freedom" under the light of liberty without feeling deep emotions, which are only inspired by "sublimar thoughts and emotions, which only come in the most exalted state of the creative soul?" And so all through his poetry, from '33-'48, we find this depth of feeling which only comes from a soul filled with a love of country and his fellow-men. He used poetry

as a means, and not as an end, he wishing to attack the hearts and feelings of his friends as well as enemies; and so we find all through his poetry that ring of freedom, sounding as the clash of swords.

This book is illustrated with a frontispiece of Whittier, birthplace, the mother of the poet, Whittier at thirty, and some others, are placed through the book. Taken in all, we think this is an admirable book and well worth the reading by any one.

The Harper for January contains "A Personal Sketch of Whittier," by Mrs. H. P. Spofford. This is a very entertaining article, and will be read and counted one of the best of the "paper literature" about the poet for this year. As for the poem printed above, it speaks for itself. The magazine, on the whole, is not below the excellent November number.

"The reader who would follow a close reasoner to the summit of the absolute principle of any one important subject has chosen a chamois hunter for his guide. He can not carry us on his shoulders; we must strain our sinews as he has strained his, and make firm footing on the smooth rock for ourselves by the blood of toil from our own feet."—*Coleridge*.

Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, is publishing an edition of Mr. G. W. Curtis. He has already issued a reprint of "Prue and I."

Mr. E. G. Woodberry, of Beverly, Mass., is said to be now engaged upon a life of "Edgar Allen Poe" for the "American Men of Letters" series.

Louisa M. Alcott will reside in Boston during the present winter, engaged in writing a book to be published in the spring; title not yet announced.

Hon. Charl Shurtz has severed his connection with the *Evening Post*, of which paper he has been assistant editor for a number of years. He has been offered the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Milton's vocabulary comprised about 8,000 words, and Shakspeare's about 15,000. Some diligent students of Carlyle has found that in "Sartor Resartus" alone that author used not less than 7,500 distinct words. As "Sartor" was the earliest of Carlyle's books to be published in volume form, this showing is surprisingly large. It would be interesting to know the result of as equally diligent examination of his complete works.—O. V. N.

Mrs. Oliphant's next story, "Hester," will be published by Harper in the spring. This will reassure the novel reader that she is not unwell. It will be written as recreation while writing a book on Venice where the productive author will spend the winter, and we may look for a third announcement soon.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FOR TWELFTH MO. 17th, 1883.

Poet—or Man? Which name,
 O thou that tread'st the downward slope
 And hear'st the multitudinous murmur of the sea
 Where life's sun rests:—shall Fame
 Tell men how cunningly
 Thy master fingers swept the lyre,—
 Now touching chords of love and hope,
 Now sweeping all the strings with fire
 In mood of righteous scorn or vehement desire?
 Or shall her mighty voice,
 The voice at whose unaw'd command
 Kings must forgotten lie and memory crown their slaves,
 Bid us again rejoice
 That our forefathers' graves
 Hide not the last of that brave seed
 Which fill'd the morning of our land,
 And in the bitter hour of need
 Show'd to the gazing world a new, heroic breed?
 Not long our country's path
 Lay thro' rose-bowers; we trod
 The bitter ways of human wrath,—
 Till from the wine-press of our wrong,
 Trampled by passions strong,
 Ran the red vintage of the wrath of God,
 Then was the time to try
 What stuff we were, what heart
 Could keep the heroic tune, what eye
 Could gaze unflinching on the foe,
 What foot would dare to go
 In perilous ways to play the manly part?
 In that dark hour, whose voice of trumpet-tone
 Rang down the gloom with no uncertain sound?
 Amid the smoke-wreaths and the battle-groan,
 What form was struggling on the furthest ground!
 'Twas thine, O Master, thine!
 O sprung in spirit line
 From the great Abdiel of that other day,
 Who from the idolatrous throng,
 From serried hosts of wrong,
 Alone, resolv'd, unshaken, went his way!
 Happier than he,—since to thy longing eyes
 Thy country blest and free no envious fate denies!
 But thou canst smile at Fame,
 Her blind rewards, her ineffectual voice
 Amid the mournful litanies that rise
 To cold and starless skies;
 A better herald still
 Is with thee to proclaim
 That human love, not human praise, was e'er thy choice.
 When life's sun sinks behind the western hill,
 When every sound of human wrath
 Dies on thy ears away
 Along that starry-broader path
 Beyond the bourn of day,
 An angel voice shall say:
 "Behold a fearless and a noble heart,
 "That every baser motive from it hurl'd,
 "Then chose in humbleness the better part,
 "And kept itself unspotted from the world."

F. B. G.—*In Friends' Review*.

"We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an enormous audience, and we should devote the ever scant leisure of our circumscribed existence to the master spirits of all ages and nations, those who tower over humanity, and whom the voice of Fame proclaims. Only such writers cultivate and instruct us. Of bad books we can never read too little; of the good never too much."—*Schopenhauer*.

Prof. Beers, of Yale, is to write the life of N. P. Willis for the "American Men of Letters" series.

SOLILOQUE OF AN EDITOR.

"To be or not to be, that is the question;
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them? * * * To sleep: To
 Sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub."
 —*Hamlet*.

The world, poised in space, noiseless completes its round, and wearied Nature, in all her varied forms, sleeps. The tired peasant, unmoved by anxious thoughts of past or future, closes his eyes in sweet repose, and smiles as he dreams of coming joys and wealth. This Heaven-sent boon of rest has fallen upon the just and unjust, obliterating, for the time, care and sorrow; but on my bowed head the storm beats with redoubled force. In this silent hour no inspiration comes to lift my burdened soul, as the tears moisten my flowing beard. Not even husks are at hand to fill the empty space before me, which the fifth census of this ponderous manuscript reveals. I can never move this huge leviathan by the tiny hook with which I am compelled to fish. Rather let me turn and flee to some oasis of wild Sahara, where I can feast on the Taboo tree and forget the woes of a weary life. The sands of the hour-glass drop with a dull sound, and still no ring of light breaks the darkness of my total eclipse. No thoughts burst forth from my chaotic brain. "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*"

Why, mother nature, didst thou permit inventive man to originate this care-bearing missile for his own sorrow, or canst thou not sweeten these bitter waters from thy honeyed storehouse? Not only does the storm-charged cloud rest over this house, but the printer sees his promises broken and unfulfilled; the subscriber who knows that he has neglected to pay his subscription, feels at the return of each night, his conscience demanding satisfaction, and its sting increases as he refuses to heed its voice, until at length, it may be stifled, and the reader pines away to think that the editor's head has produced such empty thoughts.

Oh, Thomas More, where is thy Utopia? Where, Plato, is thy Republic? I see only the stony pavement over which I must be jostled; I would write words that would burn the stubble from the way, and no words come. If the lightning flashes I can find no chain to draw it from the cloud. I must be dumb. Again the axle of heaven has revolved, the constellations faded from my view; the printer is at my door and no subscriptions are received.

I will go to my home, and lie down in despair,
 I will paint me with black and will sever my hair;
 I will sit on the shore, where the hurricanes blow,
 And reveal to the God of the tempest my woe;
 I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
 For editors must go to the hills of the dead.

FOOT-BALL.

Probably the most exciting match of the season was played on November 27, between the classes '84 and '86. The contest was of peculiar interest, from the fact that the '84 men, with one or two exceptions, had never played foot-ball before, and consequently knew nothing of the rules or science of the game. On the other hand, '86 distinguished herself early in the season by defeating '87, and later played '86, of the University of Pennsylvania, which, although they were beaten, afforded considerable practice. '84's men were arranged as follows: Rushers—Morgan, Bates, Jacob, Haines, Hill, Moore, F. White; quarter-back—Gummere; half-backs—Chase, Hall. '86 rushers—Dickinson, Goddard, Slocum, I Morris, Johnson, A. Underhill; quarter-back—MacFarland; half-backs—Tunis, Brook; full-back—W. Morris. Referee—M. T. Wilson; umpires, '84—W. S. Hilles; '86—W. White. The game was called promptly at ten minutes past four, '86 taking the upper goal. '84 began by dribbling the ball. Chase by a powerful kick sent the ball flying far over the heads of '86's half-backs. Tunis tried to rush the ball back by a good run, but his course was obstructed by Morgan, who received him with open arms. '86 now had the ball, but the quarter-back hesitated too long and was forced to have it down, thus losing about ten feet. This was followed by a good run by Tunis, who was stopped by fine tackling on the part of Hall. For some time the ball remained near the middle of the field, but a fine punt by Chase and good work on the part of the rushers, '86 was compelled to have it down near their twenty-five-yard line. As all sympathy was with '84, it was hoped that they would get a touch-down, but Tunis secured the ball, dodged through, and by a good run placed it between '84's goal-posts. '86 now tried to get another touch-down by punting out, but '84 was equal to the emergency, and got possession of the ball. By good playing on the part of '84, the ball was soon carried well over '86's twenty-five-yard line. Gummere now made a fine run and succeeded in getting a touch-down for '84, at twenty minutes of five. Nothing more was obtained on either side, so that at the end of the first half the score stood three points each. The second inning opened with hard work by both elevens. '86 kicked off, but a good return by Chase, which '84 followed up, forced '86 to down the ball near their goal-line. '86 now became very nervous and seemed afraid to let the ball get out of their hands. The scene of action during the last half was, with one exception, very near '86's twenty-five-yard line. It now became so dark that it was almost impossible to see the

ball, and the exciting match was brought to a close. '84 received three hearty cheers from the College for the able manner in which she played.

PERSONALS

'36.—We have just received at the library a photograph of Thomas F. Cock, L.L.D., one of Haverford's first graduates and the first of her students to receive the decree of L.L. D. from the hands of his Alma Mater.

'42.—G. D. Scull is editor of *The Evelyns in America* and has just published a new and enlarged edition of his interesting book "Dorothea Scott."

'57.—E. L. Thomas is an artist in Philadelphia.

'65.—A. Haviland lives at Minatillau, Vera Cruz, Mexico; is a civil engineer.

'68.—B. C. Scattergood has a law office in Philadelphia.

'69.—J. G. Congdon is an iron merchant in Providence, R. I.

'69.—Lyndley Haines is a Philadelphia broker.

'70.—D. T. Rose is a prominent lawyer in Chester.

'71.—John H. Giffird leads the class of '84 at Harvard Medical School.

'71.—W. D. Hartshorne superintends the Arlington Mills in Lawrence, Mass.

'72.—W. M. Longstreth has extensive manufactories in Philadelphia.

'72.—C. S. Wowland, of Wilmington, Del., is a car builder.

'72.—W. H. Gibbons, iron master, Coatesville, Pa.

'73.—Emlin and Cope own cotton manufactories in the city.

'73.—Benjamin Lowry, attorney-at-law in Philadelphia.

—W. R. Ratcliff is cashier and chief stockholder in the People's Bank at Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

'83.—T. K. Worthington gave us a call on the 13th.

'83.—B. V. Thomas played on the Johns Hopkins' foot-ball team vs. the Annapolis Naval Academy.

'83.—Briggs is teaching.

'84.—D. S. Ferris has left Harvard.

'85.—Benjamin Brooke is now spending the winter at Presidio, California.

Subscribers, on changing their places of residence, will please notify the Business Manager to that effect, otherwise the paper continues to be sent to old address, and whether received or not, the subscription is, of course, expected.



"*Quid rides? Mutatio nomine de te fabula narratur.*"

Not long ago this startling statement appeared in one of our leading papers, which one it matters nothing to tell, that on such a day of such and such a month there would be a HOLOCAUST of the college magazines, couriers, reviews and journals of America. To a disinterested person such a novel occurrence would present attraction, but as each paper was supposed to endure the fire in proportion to its worth, it was an occasion not to be lost by an exchange editor, and so THE HAVERFORDIAN staff had a representative on the ground. As confidently as Luther marched to the Diet of Worms, the editors from different parts of the country thronged into the place, with their literary sheets under their arms, each one having no doubt but that as soon as his production reached the flame it would rise into the sky, like the arrow of Acestes, and, leaving a trail of light, become immortal; yet the band was not wanting in those who had sad faces and long countenances, at the thought of giving up forever the work which they had so tried to adorn. At length the pile of combustibles was lighted and the heat seemed ready to consume everything which touched it. There was no yell of "S-s-s-t! Boom!" "Tiger!" or "Co-education, Rah!" as the Californian representative stepped out from the crowd. Amid the hushed silence, he threw the *Berkeleyan* upon the seven times heated fire, which seemed to reach the sky. Of course, all watched anxiously to see what the issue of this first trial would be. After leaving it subjected to the heat for five minutes the herald, with his long wand, approached as near as possible and drew what was left of it from the flame. But, to the apparent surprise of some, it had not changed so very much. To be sure, some of the pages were scorched beyond recognition and a few of the exchanges badly burned, but still the old *Berkeleyan*, with "Westward the course of empire takes its way," inscribed upon the cover. The lot fell on *Swarthmore* to follow, which it did with a slight trembling and a little nervousness; but the result was satisfactory to all. The cover of the *Phoenix* were gone to ashes, but many of its articles seemed to have gained new luster. Although the attraction for the outside was gone, the spirit of it had survived the things of an hour, and the only thing within which was materially dimmed was "The Girl of the Period," and this could still be read, though with difficulty. The *Oberlin Review* was almost fire-proof and undoubtedly would have withstood the heat for hours.

The *K. M. I. News*, "Mirabile dictu," was never seen afterwards, and it seemed probably that it had succumbed to the elements, so that Vulcan accomplished what Mars had tried in vain. It was thought that had it been arranged in the form of a magazine it would not have received such a fate, or at least not so quickly. No one recognized any changes in the *Hamilton College Monthly*. All its thoughts on "Noble Women" and their elevation, were still on its unburned pages, and the blaze looked clearer than before it was thrown in. *Chaff* was found to contain some grain, but its illustrations were badly mutilated, or in the case of one or two entirely obliterated. *The Illini* came just in time for its turn in the fiery ordeal, but as the material had now nearly burned out it was not very hazardous for it to make its trial, which it did without sustaining much loss, but it was evident that it was partly owing to the change in heat. While the fire was being replenished many of the different editors came together and discussed the possibility of their several victories. We overheard a few speaking of the plain Quaker garb of THE HAVERFORDIAN. Soon the fire was ready to receive its victims again, and *Res Academicæ* led off. Where, oh, where, now, are all those studied sentences on "An Adventure with a Skull" and that grand philippic against the foot-ball referee! gone, gone to seek *K. M. I. News*; followed by the *Premier*, with the same fate. *Princeton, University Monthly* and *The Adelpian* came out uninjured.

Two waves produce a calm, two sounds produce silence, and we judge that two fires produce only smoke, for when the fiery *Notre Dame Scholastic* was put upon the flame, the heat ceased and a dense column of smoke rose to the sky, causing darkness for a few minutes, but when it was taken off the fire blazed up again. The exchange editor refused to let our representative see it when it was brought back. The *Roanoke Collegian* was sent on by mail and was miscarried. *The Sunbeam* came all the way from Ontario, but was refused a trial on the ground that it was not American; but there was no need of fire to prove that what there was of it was genuine. It was evident that the *Earlhamite* and *Wilmington Collegian* had not been appreciated according to their worth, for fire had no power over them.

At length the smoke ceased to curl, the fire grew dim and only smoldering ashes remained, when lo! a wonder appears. It was found that the fire had been built upon *The Argonaut*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Vassar Miscellany* and *Bowdoin Orient*. In the glow of evening, amid the cheers of all present, they were drawn from the ashes unburned, and it was voted that in the coming year all should consider them as models.



Score one for '84.

"Three groans for the man in '84 who didn't play!"

Work on the new Observatory is, at length, nearly completed.

Foot-ball on the 15th ult.: Freshmen, 34; Penn Charter, 0.

Rosedale, from Jerusalem, lectured here on the Holy Land, 19th ult.

First student (complaining at breakfast)—This oatmeal is just like sawdust.

Second student—Why, sawdust is usually looked upon as *fine board*.

Smith, '84, has proved himself a valuable addition to '84's foot-ball team.

Puzzle is now ready to transmit messages to the Observatory at reasonable rates.

The Glee Club, having been successfully revived, is now practicing religiously.

The organette on the first floor "hath charms," when the music is run through right end first.

Prof. Bryce, the well-known author of the "Holy Roman Empire," lectured here on the 18th ult.

The members of '85 accused by '86 of "foul-mouthed instigation," have proved their innocence.

What's all this rush? Is there a fire in Founder's Hall? Oh, no! the students are just going over to breakfast.

The snore, the snore, the beautiful snore,
Filling the room from ceiling to floor,
Over the coverlid, under the sheet,
From the crown of his head to his wee dimpled feet:
Now rising aloft, like a bee in June,
Now dying away like a soft bassoon—
Over the transom and under the door,
Filling the hall with its doleful roar.
It creeps through the keyhole and into your room,
And keeps you awake with its mournful hum.
With these few lines we have taken the pains,
To tell of the snore of William —. —. —.

Professor Thomas delivered a lecture on the evening of the 5th ult. Subject: "Cowper and His Works."

John Bacon, '86, we are happy to say, is rapidly recovering. He was able to leave College on the 8th ult.

Bell took photographs of the faculty and students on the 5th ult. Copies can be obtained from the Prefect.

For some unknown reason, the work on the new eastern entrance to our grounds has been discontinued.

The Gloom Committee's second entertainment, on the 18th ult., was a grand success. May we often hear from them again.

The Kindergarten class, on the second floor, is prospering. It now has the support of one of the "brightest lights" of the College.

The *Mule* of the Jockey Club over-ate himself on the occasion of the death of the *pet hen*, and now the members are compelled to walk.

The scenery for "That Silver Spoon," acted by the Gloom Committee on the 18th ult., is very tastefully drawn. Blair and Richards were the artists.

M. C. Morris, '85, upon taking his leave for the Christmas holidays, presented each member of his class with a beautiful photograph, taken by himself.

The students of late have been delighted with the wonderful improvement manifest in the culinary department. We not only have a great variety, but also everything is gotten up in first-rate style. Thanks to Mrs. Alsop.

At a regular meeting of the Glee Club, the following officers were elected: President, Charles W. Baily; Vice President, C. Winters Baily; Secretary, C. W. Baily; Treasurer, C. Baily; Drum-Major, Winters Baily.

The Uncle is busily engaged in taking up a collection to pay the funeral expenses of the chicken referred to in our last. He has succeeded in raising three suspender buttons and half a pack of cigarettes. *Nil desperandum*.

Yust catch on to dis fact, and don't give it away,
When Sheeny gets left, it's von mighty colt tay.

Answers for "the anxious (one)": 1. L o r s have been known to masticate their food by tearing it with their largely developed bicuspid. 2. No; we never shot duck. 3. We did *not* take your wash bottle. 4. Yes; it will rain to-morrow. 5. K is not the symbol for *caustic*, in the true sense of the word. 6. Yes; we know of more than one person in this institution who may be said to possess a flood of words and a drought of thoughts. 7. No; Homer did not write the Iliad, but it is supposed that another fellow of the same name wrote it. 8. Give us a rest.

This from an exchange, but as it may remind our chemistry men of similar ludicrous incidents connected with the Laboratory, we take the liberty of inserting it:

Chemistry professor—"Mr. —, please hand me that ewer there?" Student—"Sir?" Professor—"That ewer there." Student—"Yes, sir; I'm here." Professor (getting riled)—"On the table?" Student—"On the table?" Professor (very much riled)—"*Don't you see* that ewer on the table?" Student—"I ain't on the table." Professor (ready to burst)—"Can you see that ewer full of GAS?" Student feels greatly insulted and leaves the room to lay before the president his grievances.

LAMENT.

Why does the sunshine gleam so bright,
And mock me with its joyous light?
Why comes not storm and dreary night,
Fierce wind and drifting snow?
The cloudless sky but gives me pain,
Less bitter far the sudden rain,
A weary load is on my brain;
My sidles will not grow!
I've shaved and scraped them o'er and o'er,
Five times a week and sometimes more,
Till now my very heart is sore;
Ah, bitter, bitter wee!
For all the fruits of many years
Are comrades' jests and classmates' jeers.
'Twould move the stony Sphinx to tears;
My sidles will not grow!
I've used goose grease and cosmoline,
Pears' soap, hops bitters, Paris green,
The essence of the castor bean.
Alas! 'twas all no go.
"Ho! base-ball whiskers," William cried;
"Nay, tennis singles," Jack replied,
I am had lain me down and died.
My whiskers will not grow!

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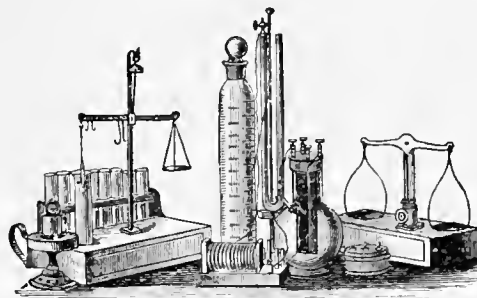
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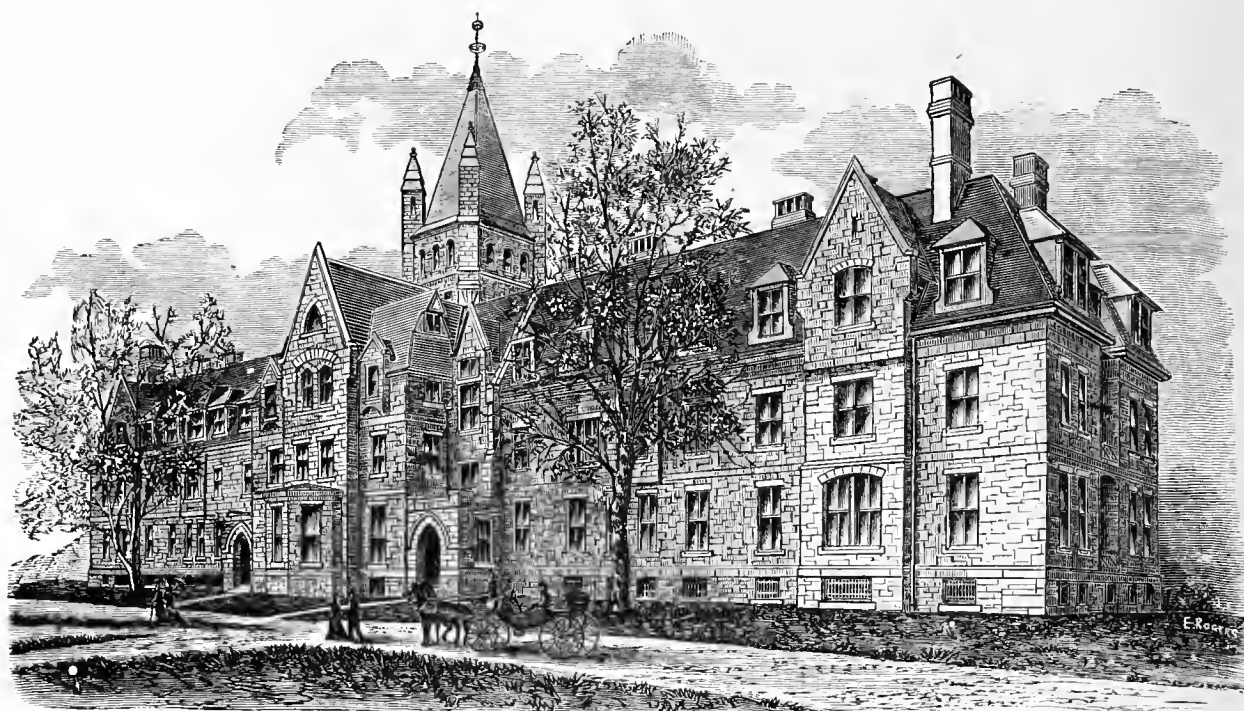
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FOR CIRCULARS, OR OTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

Prof. ALLEN C. THOMAS, Prefect,
Haverford College P. O., Pa.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., FEBRUARY, 1884.

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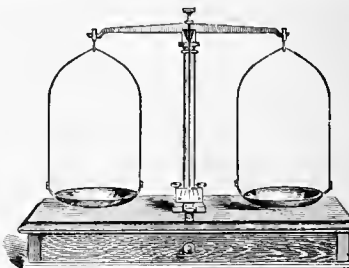
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Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA.. FEBRUARY.

No 5.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

Wordsworth! how few may follow where thou climbed!
Fond lover of nature, where'er thou roved,
And that thou loved her, wast thyself beloved.
Our hearts are obdurate; our insight blind;
Thy heart was large, commensurate with thy mind!
And from its deep recesses didst disclose
Thy mission to humanity. Let no repose
Becaln th' echoes of thy song, until they find
No heart made glad by thy sagacious strains,
No soul made eloquent by thy power,
Who had "deepest thoughts from meanest flower."
And when no Rydal mountain yet remains,
Mankind may walk in ways that thou hast trod
And "look through nature up to nature's God."

At the Semi-centennial celebration and also at the meeting on the 21st, much was said in praise of Daniel B. Smith. We wish some of his enthusiastic students would write a short sketch of his life for the HAVERFORDIAN. It would be an item of interest for "old students" and give the present generation some knowledge of the former ways of Haverford.

The change in the manner of conducting the Sabbath afternoon collections is one which will be to the enjoyment of all who attend them. The kindness of those interested in Haverford will be appreciated by all. If "all is well that ends well" and if the end will be like the beginning, surely the change will be a good one. The practical remarks of Samuel Emlyn, on the afternoon of the 20th, were appreciated and well worthy of our consideration, and we will always welcome him in our

midst, either at meeting or in the Sabbath afternoon collections. The very presence of such men exerts a good influence, and their spoken words, sent forth by the spirit of Him who controls their lives, are good for us. We would heartily thank those who have the business in their charge, if they would invite him to come again.

There seem to be stated periods in the lives of some, during which they like to escape work. This results either from lack of interest or pure laziness; the latter cannot be removed by principles of compulsion from masters, or severe lectures from parents, the boy will be lazy and that is the end of it. Interest may be revived by a change of work or temporary suspension, or it may be altogether lost by the too unfrequent occurrence of the duty. This is very often apt to be the case with subjects we are studying. Unless the subject is very attractive, reciting once a week is often but a form without any interest on the part of the student. He almost forgets the connection, and when the idea of the book is lost, all attempts at study are fruitless. We are very fortunate in having almost all studies come twice or more in a week, and those which do come less often are of less importance and therefore, less interesting. Could it not be arranged so that we could have these more often and get through them and then go on with another subject? It would add much to our interest in studying and preparing the lessons and we think we can say the work would be better done.

As the time of the annual Junior exhibition again draws near, the propriety of such an institution is discussed in all its phases. Some there are who would like it to be abolished entirely, while others propose various innovations. Of all the methods discussed, it seems to us that the one whereby all of a class are permitted to speak is by far the best. The elocutionary training that the Junior and Senior classes have from President Chase is one of the most valuable exercises in all our college course. Since, at commencement, only seven are permitted to speak, and, as is usually the case, perhaps almost the same seven who took part in the Junior exhibition, the larger portion of the class lose the advantage

of the drill and the public speaking. So we think that where the classes do not number more than twenty, the best method to pursue is for all to speak, even if there is a necessity of two separate exhibitions. As to abolishing the exercise entirely, it would be a great mistake. In most colleges the graduation class have a class-day exercise a little previous to commencement. As Haverford advances in other directions, we hope that this exercise may also be added to the course of college proceedings.

On the 21st of First Month, the Loganian commemorated her fiftieth anniversary with appropriate exercises. Following so closely on the celebration of the semi-centennial of the college itself, it was feared that the zeal of the alumni might be somewhat dampened for a second gala-day; but a goodly number still retained a deep affection for the Loganian, and though all who accepted did not attend, those who did come were evidently well pleased with the programme. At seven, appropriate viands were served to all, after which they proceeded to Alumni Hall, and the Loganian met in the manner of the olden time. John Collins, a member of the first graduating class and the first secretary of the society, read the minutes of the meeting held First Month 21st, 1834, and then read a pleasing account of the Loganian of the past. Remarks were made by Lloyd Smith, librarian of Philadelphia Public Library; Drs. Levick and Hartshorne, Franklin E. Page, Robert Bowne, Edward Bettie, Henry Bettie, Charles Roberts, John Garrett, Henry C. Brown, Henry Cope, and others. Letters of regret were read from Francis T. King, Lewis Starr, Wilmot Jones, John Blanchard, and numerous others. Eloquent tributes were paid to the memory of Daniel B. Smith and Samuel Gummere. The literary exercises were closed by fitting remarks from the chairman, President Chase, and the old Loganian members. Adjourned until First Month 21st, 1934.

The task of writing essays occurs during the college life of every student. A given time is allowed to the student in which this may be done, one half of which time will be spent in trying to get a subject. He goes from long lists in the Rhetorics to the Encyclopedia to find a suitable subject and finally fixes upon "The Probable Causes of the Decline of the Human Race" or some kindred topic, far beyond his comprehension and on which he is unable to give any original ideas, and therefore his essay is a paraphrase in the words of the authors from which he has read. A biographical sketch is the more favored resort for most young writers. They

catalogue an amount of dates and in order give some of his actions, and if an author, give some of his works, none of which the essayist has ever read, and he will end this copy by "he died in 1703 and his body was buried amidst the flowers of his native place, where, at each return of the spring, they will shed a glow of beauty over the upheaved mound." Not a word will be said about the man's effect on his age, or succeeding generations, and influences of surrounding circumstances will be an unthought of topic for the essay. Not a single original idea has been developed on paper and probably not in the writer's mind. The habit of observation one would acquire while reading for such essays, is valuable, but this can be done by taking notes on all his reading, and sifting the important points and sentences from his text books. Nothing will give a person more chance for advancement in life than original thinking. In business, in literature and in every department, there are original and unthought of ways for succeeding, but the copyist will never find these out. Better had the essayist chosen "The Beauties of a Fence Post," if he does not copy some one's learned discourse on the useful and beautiful. The practical results which will follow in every direction, will be early perceived. The demand for ready writers and ready speakers, is only too fully demonstrated in the present condition of things. Every one of this class is early occupied, pushing and discussing either through paper or from the platform, the impending questions of the day. But do your own thinking, make an impression by the novel way of looking at a subject and your success is secure.

One of the current evils of mankind too often observed among students is continued fault-finding,— "growling," as we term it. In the remote future, when the theory of the great apostle of culture shall have become fully established, and all men are filled with "sweetness and light," it may be that few, if any, people will complain of the order of things. But for the present we have to deal with the existing evils of society and consider the means of alleviation, or at least what ought to be our attitude towards those evils. The tale is old, but the importance as great as ever. What we condemn is not the complaint, when reform or change is necessary, but the finding fault merely for the sake of finding fault. All great public reforms have been accomplished through the complaints of a small minority. On the contrary, much mischief and injury have been caused by the agitation made against institutions which were, in reality, the source of great good. It is a comparatively easy thing to blame, or to find fault. It is a very simple thing

to censure the work of another, but an entirely different matter to do the thing yourself. Some fellows, and we have all seen examples, are not satisfied with anything. They will growl at the acts of their associates, the existence of rules, or the state of the weather. Ask them their reason, and you will usually find it to be that they would like to see things different from what they are.

While rigid conservatism in anything ought not for an instant to be tolerated, yet until there is some sufficient reason advanced, it is well for us to adhere to an existing law or course. Then, why do we pass so much time in finding fault with things in the college? If all things are not conducted as we would conduct them, or if any one does differently from our standard, is such a course necessarily wrong? Our own reason, on a little reflection, will show us that we may be fallible, and that our standard might not, after all, be the only correct one. Some, without doubt, in gloomy and despondent moments, can see no good in anything, and give vent to their feelings in a condemnation of the first object that comes in their way. We hope, indeed, that the ones who find fault for pastime and excitement are very few among us. Mere fault-finding is a negative policy, and its disciples cast a blighting influence wherever they go. We rejoice that such a feeling can appear among us only during the winter months, and hope that even then the influence may be slight. *Positivism* is what we need to more fully uphold and inculcate.

The course of lectures for this term was opened on the evening of the 9th ult., with a lecture on "The Tariff" by Hon. Jonathan Chace, A. M., of Rhode Island. Alumni Hall was well filled by an intelligent and appreciative audience, which assembled because of the speaker's thorough knowledge of his subject. His convictions were derived from pure reason, and not from a desire of party satisfaction or personal benefits. It is an argument in favor of protection to know that such a man is strongly established on that side, and can back his convictions by arguments gathered from a wide field of experience and knowledge. With these considerations one could follow him through his tables of statistics and arguments without the feeling of being led by a strict partisan. There is but one proper standpoint for a right-thinking person, namely, what is right and best for all, not only upon the ground of welfare, but upon the broader ground of right and justice to all. True charity begins at home, and the wise, good man cultivates his own estate in order that he may help others." Abstract theorists in political economy are the mainstays of "free trade," who among themselves are combatting over "economic theories," and

amidst the labyrinths of economic terms they have been involved in obscurity. If any two would start with the same premises, and support the like definitions of similar terms, and then arrive at the same conclusions, the result would be more conclusive. From the fact of this disagreement of definitions, and the impossibility of grasping all the factors which would of necessity enter into the subject, political economy is not a science. The speech, on the whole, was very good, containing valuable tables respecting English and American prices, the condition of England's poor, and the contrast with the same class in America. Added to these were his remarks against the writings of Professor Perry, whose statistics were shown to be incomplete, and whose conclusions untrue. Special years produce special results, but the results of ten years of trade are far more profitable than an isolated period of one or two years. The question is a very difficult one, and we are deeply indebted to Hon. J. Chace for the light he has thrown on it, and by the aid of this, and the following lecture by James Wood, we are able to see that "whether a nation consumes its own products, or with them purchases from abroad, it can spend no more than it produces, therefore the supreme policy of every nation is to develop its own producing forces."

WHAT TO READ.

By PROF. ALLEN C. THOMAS.

If one is studying a special subject, he will, of course, read with reference to that subject; but the following suggestions are intended for those who have no objects in view, other than recreation and general improvement.

Read, in the first place, something in which you are interested; it does not make much difference what, so long as it is not bad; but let the tendency always be upward, ever striving to cultivate a taste for those authors who are recognized by the world as the best. If your literary appetite is such as to make you begin with novels, because they are the most attractive, read only the best, then, insensibly, the interest will be quickened in biography, history, travels, essays; and, before very long, fiction, except as a literary sweetmeat, will be laid aside.

It is quite right to read for recreation, but, as the business of life is not amusement, so in reading, general improvement and acquisition of knowledge that will be of service in the future, should be the main objects. If these are kept in view, it is surprising how soon recreation and amusement will follow.

As one should not associate intimately with his inferiors, or go into bad company if he wishes to be cultivated, and of high morals, so, in reading, bad books should be avoided, and the best books only should be chosen. This point cannot be too strongly insisted upon; a vulgar, coarse, immoral man may disgust by his appearance, but too often the evil of a book or newspaper is insidious in its character, and attractive.

Do not let the reading be too much circumscribed in its field; though it is often well to devote most of the time to one branch of knowledge, yet this should not be to the exclusion of others. If history is taken as the chief line, read biography, poetry, criticism to illustrate; if biography, then for illustration read history, poetry, criticism, and so on.

In order to avoid forming one-sided opinions, read on both sides of a question, always endeavoring to get the best statements regarding the point at issue.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to say what branch of literature is the most improving to read; it rests between history and biography. If compelled to choose, I should say a good biography; but both are so important that neither could be spared. A history cannot be of the best kind, without being somewhat of a biography; and a biography can rarely be thoroughly understood without some knowledge of history. Both should go along together.

For stimulating thought and begetting closeness of observation, sound literary criticism is invaluable; for recreation, travels are useful as well as improving. Do not, moreover, forget to cultivate a taste and love for poetry. We of this country have too little poetry in our lives, too little in our thoughts. While some are born with poetic sympathies, others have to cultivate them; but to almost every one the loss is great if he does not make poetry a part of his life. In no other branch is it so important to be conversant with the foremost writers, but yet no true poets should be despised.

Read, then, the best—those who are authorities; always seeking to cultivate a taste for the true, the beautiful and the good.

LITERARY.

Whether the classics must "go" or not continues to be discussed in the leading magazines and periodicals of this country. Whenever they have been attacked, eminent scholars have been found who ably defend them. Charles Francis Adams' expressed hostility toward the classics, called forth a number of more logical and eloquent defences. Indeed, the value and pleasure

derived from the study of ancient languages is upheld by a "cloud of witnesses." Professor Andrew F. West, comes out with a logical and unanswerable plea for the study of Latin and Greek. He clearly shows that a classical training is necessary for a liberal education. Enumerating the objectors, he meets their objections and states the positive arguments for a classical training, and the reasons for retaining Greek as well as Latin. He quotes from John Stuart Mill, to show the weakness of those men condemning the classical, who, absorbed in preparing themselves for their own specific callings, value only what bears obviously upon their line. "Experience proves that there is no one study or pursuit, which followed to the exclusion of all others, does not narrow and pervert the mind. We need to know more than the one thing which is to be our principal occupation. This should be known as well as it can be known, but we should also acquire a clear general knowledge of all the great subjects of human interest."

That the study of the classics broadens the ideas and faculties, and lays the best foundation for the scholar to build on, whatever be his future pursuit, history and example amply prove. It develops his power of discrimination, and teaches him the habit of judging wisely, which is one of the great elements of success in life. Few attack the classics who are well versed in ancient learning. Herbert Spencer, their pronounced enemy, does not profess to read them except in translations. In this respect many college men follow Mr. Spencer's example. The ancient languages are far superior to the modern as a means of discipline, being regular in their construction and highly complex. "What," says Mr. West, "does English, French and German grammar amount to? Simply *debris* of the classical languages mixed with barbaric elements."

And again, speaking of the great test of permanence which the classics have now endured for more than twenty centuries: "Only a dozen generations have read Shakspeare. But Homer has already led the way to literary immortality, with Plato, Virgil and Horace not far behind." Mr. Peabody in his late article "The Study of Greek," urging the mastery of that language, if only to read the New Testament in the original, says: "There will always remain sacred and cogent reasons for the study of the language consecrated by the earliest permanent records of the Divine humanity, destined to be the light and life of all ages and nations."

Mr. West concludes his article with the following grand eulogium upon the Greek language: "Greek need not go. Let it remain. Rather let it begin to come. It was born in the morning of history. Mythology

fabled that its heroes were the children of immortals, and the record of humanity promises to confirm that claim. It schooled antiquity; it has been the historic safeguard for freedom of thought; it awakened the modern mind; it contains the most precious literary treasure of the race. Its corporeal form—the ancient civilization—has perished. Its material works of art, of priceless value, survive only in the crumbling column, the ruined temple, or the statues insecurely housed in some museum against Vandals of future time. But its best monument is its literature, multiplied a thousand fold by the printers' art, and imbedded in succeeding civilized thought. This still remains to challenge mankind in "charmed accents." In the pages of its texts, saved by centuries of diligence, the scholar, by his quiet lamp, reads back through long perspectives of perfect thought, to the very beginning of things intellectual. He gains a view point where all lines of his intellectual being centre and whence they broadly radiate. He sees the past sweeping on towards the present and flowing widely into the far future. He sees that humanity, both individually and in a mass, is thus always one, and in its generation, separate in time, united in nature; and so, instead of studying Greek, because it is Greek, he studies it to understand himself.

Mr. Blaine's work, entitled *Twenty Years of Congress, from Lincoln to Garfield*, will soon come before the public, complete in two royal octavo volumes of about six hundred pages each. The work possesses great literary merit, and treats of such important subjects that the coming issue is looked forward to with great interest by every reader. It covers the events in Congress for a period of twenty years, and gives a vivid picture of national legislation during two decades, which has no pre-eminence save that of the Revolution. The introductory chapters show the earliest and the immediate causes of the civil war. And further on is shown that when the gigantic struggle had settled down upon the country, the national Congress was as potent and decisive in its decrees as the result of the battle-field. The adjustments of constitutional conflicts, the proclamation of war, the issuing of national currency, the act of emancipation, the policy of reconstruction, the electoral commission, and the seating of Hayes, these acts, and all others of importance, are fully explained and recounted in the course of the work.

It will not only be of interest as a history, but his personal reminiscences of Lincoln, Fessenden, Douglass, Garfield, and others, will be to every one an interesting biography and history combined. Mr. Blaine's authority will not be questioned, as he witnessed and participated

in the events which he now gives in history. It is his good fortune to be able to say in his work, with impersonal, historic truth, "of which I was part." It seems to us that it cannot fail to be of unsurpassed interest, written by so prominent and able an author.

Of the many volumes of explanation and criticism upon Shakspeare's works, the latest is *Shakspeare as a Lawyer*. This work is written by Franklin F. Heard, a practicing lawyer, and appears in the shape of a collection of every reference to the law made in plays or poems.

Hand and Ring is the title of the new novel by the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. Though it can hardly win for the author the fame that the above-mentioned work did, it will probably take its place among the standard American novels.

Longfellow's *Michael Angelo* the last extended work finished by the poet, has been published in book form, with a complete list of illustrations. This poem was mainly written by Mr. Longfellow ten years before his death, but was kept by him for occasional revision, and was first published after his death from his final copy, in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "The poem bears in every line the impress of Longfellow's fastidious taste and consummate art, of his delicacy of fancy, purity and elevation of thought, felicity of diction, and mastery of the harmonies of verse." Mr. Longfellow built his poem upon a chronological series of incidents in Michael Angelo's life, introduced either directly or by reference to the persons with whom the artist held close connection, and made the action of the poem to be associated with monuments of art. Consequently, the graphic comment is in the reproduction of portraits, the definition of localities, and the dramatic action of figures, these last being, in intention, of historical accuracy.

The style of the poem is remarkable for its flowing ease and smooth gracefulness, and although written in blank verse, it has none of that rigid formality which we are accustomed to associate with that difficult poetic form. Mr. Longfellow did not attempt to deal with the entire life of the great Florentine, but has chosen rather to reproduce, with great power of imagination, some of the most interesting phases of his character. He has presented Michael Angelo to us somewhat in the character of his own "Moses," but without being entirely statuesque, like the great lawgiver, nor as wholly out of the sphere of human passions, sympathies, and feelings. This gives the poet an opportunity for the play of different emotions of love, friendship, hate, indignation, honest resentment, and a laudable ambition, and thus

bring him within the range of human interest. Michael Angelo rehearsing his art is dramatically conceived, but there is no lapse into the poet's own speech; and through the whole the reader is aware of the presence of the poet's reflections on the great thoughts of life and art.

Below, we print the whole of the poem "To Venus," by D. B. Smith, a part of which was quoted by Dr. Levick on the evening of the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of the Logonian Society. It was written for the *Collegian*, and is in Vol. III— The position of the planet at present would suggest to the poetic mind something of this kind.

Sweet star of eve! how calmly now
The landscape slumbers in thy beam,
Such gems of heaven adorn thy brow!
Such dewy glories round thee stream!

When she—sprung from the halcyon wave
From this dark world bright Venus fled,
Thy sunny fields a refuge gave,
And there her dove-yoked chariots stay'd.

Yet oft o'er our benighted star
She still delights to prove her power,
Guides down the vault her pearly car,
And rules with thee this hallowed hour.

Shine on sweet star! to fancy's eye
Thou seem'st some seraph's blazing throne,
From which of Heaven's full harmony
Are spells of softest witchery thrown.

Shine whilst thou may! night's stygian flood
Ere long shall quench thy flaming urn.
Shine on! for now old ocean's god,
Waits in his cave thy lov'd return.

Thence shalt thou bring ambrosial dews
To fling o'er nature's mature robe
When in aurora's crimson hues,
Thou hail'st again the awakening globe.

The lateness of the delivery of the second address on the tariff, by James Wood, A. M., prevents us from giving a full account in this issue. We regret that the manuscript goes to print before the lecture, for we know from the past that the lecture will be full of interest and a strong argument for the doctrine of protection from the standpoint of a practical farmer.



The ex-editor takes off his coat, uncorks his ink bottle and prepares to hunt up ideas from the vast pile of college papers before him. But alas! after a long and careful search, he succeeds in gathering but few solid fruits from amidst the wealth of leaves that surround him; leaves gaudy and glistening, such as the *College Argus* bears; leaves, dry, sombre and dusty, as though the gloomy walls of the convent overhung the young tree from which they sprung, shutting off the life-giving sunshine, and rotting the fruit before it ripens. It is a great pleasure, greater on account of its rarity, to find a place where the fruits lie thick betwixt every leaf and where the editor can lay off and enjoy himself, though he knows scarcely more than the name of the gardens from which they sprung, and hundreds of miles lie between.

The *Princetonian*, neat and well printed, and always on time, can, however, be read with but little interest by anyone outside of the institution itself.

The greater part of its space is taken up with boating questions, with, perhaps, something about a billiard tournament sandwiched in. As we glance over the pages we are reminded of the Swarthmore *Phoenix's* just criticism, styling it a first class sporting paper.

The *Colby Echo* has claimed itself to be one of the best of college papers "in general get up and appearance." It is a little above the average in *appearance*; but just how much ground the editor means to cover by the dignified expression "general get up," we don't know; if he means real literary excellence, we are inclined to think his claim rather presumptuous. The January issue, however, is better than usual. The article on "George Ebers' Novels," is well written and concise; though we would hardly agree with the writer in styling the ancient Egyptians "corrupters of art," in any respect. The poem entitled "The Legend of the River," is good, and contains but one stumbling line (a remarkable thing for a college paper poem). Besides, poets have not been accustomed to rhyme *men* with *gem*. Little carelessnesses (if we may use the term), like these are but too common in college journalism, and often detract a great deal from pieces that otherwise would be excellent.

The *University of Pennsylvania's* challenge to all the colleges "which have, at one time or another, participated in the regattas of the Inter-Collegiate Rowing Association," to row an eight-oared shell race for the championship of American colleges, is drawing a great deal of sarcastic

criticism from the Harvard and Yale papers; and the Harvard *Herald-Crimson* advises taking no more notice of their claim. This seems strange, considering that Harvard and Yale, by declining the University's repeated challenges, have driven her to take this course, as the only one now left open to her. In an editorial on the subject the *University Magazine* says: "The Harvard *Herald-Crimson* takes exception of our challenge, and seems to think that our sole object is to gain the championship without a contest. For their enlightenment we would say that our object is to get a race with any and every college. It being apparent to us, after three years' fruitless endeavors with Yale and Harvard, that a contest could not be provoked by the ordinary method, we determined to show the public exactly what claims Yale and Harvard have to the Inter-Collegiate championship, in eight-oared shell rowing." The following from a communication in the same paper: "The *ultimatum* of the 9th inst. was promoted by the desire, not of obtaining the championship on technical grounds, but for the purpose of securing a race for that title, which opportunity has been denied us for three successive years, through no fault of our own. The real reason why our efforts in that direction have been unsuccessful, is on account of the policy of exclusiveness practiced by Yale and Harvard. It seems to be the opinion at Harvard and Yale that a challenge emanating from another college is not worthy of serious consideration." The University has certainly acted fairly and justifiably in issuing this challenge; and the opinion of the other American colleges cannot fail to be on her side. There is nothing unreasonable in her intention of claiming the championship in default of any one appearing within a certain time to contest it with her.

The *Michigan Argonaut*, in a well written editorial, regrets that no substantial changes have been made by the Inter-collegiate Foot-ball Association in the Rugby rules. The game, as it was played last fall, certainly falls but little short of being a positive disgrace to American colleges. It has, to a certain degree, a brutalizing effect on those who participate; and any one who has watched the game of cricket, more tedious certainly to the spectator, but decidedly more refined, cannot fail to be struck with the *ungentlemanly* feature of the Rugby game. It is greatly to be regretted that the students have not taken the task of its improvement into their own hands, instead of leaving it for the college faculties. In another editorial on the subject of the game the Michiganders played at Wesleyan, we cite the following remarks: "Rugby, in the East, it seems, * * * does not consist in playing a good, square game, but in bulldozing the

referee, in playing 'off side' with impunity, and in breaking the rules in every possible way. Rugby is, indeed, a noble game, but the Eastern method of playing it has many points of advantage over the antiquated method of putting the opposing teams on their merits.

* * * Dishonesty is the best policy in Rugby, if not in ethics * * * ." This is intended to be ironical, but, nevertheless, it is not without its grain of truth. In the news column we renew our acquaintance with a few items resurrected from the dreary past. In the words of Mark Twain, "Bring on your fresh corpses!"

And now, after spending an hour or so in looking over the papers of a hundred colleges—each stamped with its own distinct individuality, and, like the spices of the East, breathing out the characteristic perfume of its native home—we, the ex-Ed., find our good humor all restored, and it repents us of the first words of our column; but, unfortunately, the devil has carried his own to press, and the words are beyond recall. Approaching examinations hang like a sullen cloud over our editorial head; and the same cloud hangs over nearly every college in the country. What wonder if we feel gloomy and are possessed with an inordinate desire to "chaw up" somebody? We bid you a mournful farewell. When we meet again, the storm will have passed away,—from most of us, at least. May the wrecks cast up upon the sands be few, and may the clouds return not after the rain. Let us offer up a snivel to Plautus, and propitiate the questioning demon with copious libations of the midnight oil. E'en now the lightning flashes, and the ominous thunder peals; there is but one road to safety—we must cast aside the editorial pen—and dig—*dig* DIG.

COMMUNICATION.

JAALAM CENTER, PA.

To the Editors of "The Haverfordian:"

DEAR FRIENDS:—Having once been a student of Haverford, and having enjoyed all the advantages such a training can give, I now feel a deep interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the good old place that was so long my happy home. At the present time, I write especially to give encouragement to those of you who are trying to increase the reputation and power of the college by devoting yourselves to THE HAVERFORDIAN. I have, from time to time, read your appeals to the Alumni for encouragement and help in that direction, and I understand that, instead of getting what you have asked for, you have gotten the opposite. "How sharper

than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child;" and how discouraging it is to ask for a fish and get a scorpion!

It is evident that the sole object of your labor has been to benefit your college, and I look upon it as a noble work. I was at the Semi-Centennial, and saw with pleasure the improvement over the past for the comfort of the students in almost every possible way. I also inquired into the condition of *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, because I look upon it as one of the best means of making the college known among other schools and colleges, and the public generally. Furthermore, it makes the students feel that they have rights and privileges as well as other colleges. I do not hesitate to say, as a friend, that these editors have, to say the least, been used unkindly and unjustly. Instead of being blamed for what they have not done well, they should be praised for what is good; and if it is the object of some to have the paper stopped, the way to do it is to say so plainly, and not to try to tire out the editors by finding fault with them until they are discouraged. Fellow-Alumni, let us have a little of the good Samaritan kindness about us, and help heal rather than rob those who need help; and, students, you can find better business than continual fault-finding with those who are patiently laboring for your advantage.

Please find enclosed a check for my subscription, and that of my brother, and believe me ever interested in your efforts.

H. B.—

PERSONALS.

'36.—Since our last issue there have been added to the library the diploma of Thomas F. Cock, LL. D., and a photograph of his classmate, Joseph Walton, both gifts from T. F. C.

'37.—Lindley Murray sent a paper to the Loganian on its fiftieth anniversary, and Lloyd P. Smith was present and added greatly to the interest of the evening. Members of other classes prominent at the meeting are named in our account of the celebration.

'42.—Dr. Levick made a very interesting speech on the history of the Loganian, on the 21st.

'51.—Franklin E. Page, A. M., was with us on the 21st, and read a very interesting essay on the early history of the Loganian Society.

'56.—Edward R. Wood has published a graceful volume, entitled "A Dream of the Sea, and Other Poems."

'64.—Edward H. Coates gave a brilliant dinner-party to Matthew Arnold, which is described as one of the most splendid ever given in Philadelphia.

'65.—Benjamin A. Vail is President of the Senate of the State of New Jersey.

'66 and '69.—A. Marshall Elliott ('66) and Henry Wood ('69), associate professors in the Johns Hopkins University, were among the most prominent members in the recent convention of collegiate teachers of the modern languages, held in New York.

'67.—Charles H. Darlington is editor and proprietor of the *Phillips Badger*, an able and flourishing newspaper published in Wisconsin.

'82.—George A. Barton has left the insurance business, and is cash-keeper and book-keeper with Thomas Wood, on Broad Street, Boston.

'83.—W. A. White is teaching near his home, has about sixty scholars.



I'm the culprit.

You're a naughty boy.

Puzzle has adopted the complex method of transmission.

The Sophomore and Freshman snowball fight has been postponed on account of the weather.

Puzzle says that "ornithological specimens of identical plumage should be congregated in the closest possible proximity."

The Sophomores will not take Wheeler the second half. They will, it is said, instead take a special course in knitting and fancy needle-work.

Baron—"Aw, I think Jansen is perfectly angelic. It has been my good fortune to see her thirty-seven times. I am going again next week, and don't let it escape your memory."

The Morris brothers treated their class to a sleigh ride on the evening of the 16th ult. It was very cold, but the sleighing was unusually good. Suitable cheer was furnished from a big basket, which was repeatedly passed up and down the sleigh. The party returned in good season, and upon reaching the grounds gave three hearty cheers for the "Twins," the college, and the class of '86.

We think it rather hard that a certain gentleman, at whose house one of our number visits, should be compelled to keep his overshoes under lock and key.

The fashionable voluntary extra for next half is Italian. This was made so by the few remarks of Professor Bryce in his lecture last month. Many who had resolved on that evening to take it have fallen before enlistment, and some came even to the verge, and then shrank from the task. We wish well to the valiant few who undertake it. If our choice was between Bowne and Dante, we would prefer by far the latter. The introduction of Italian, as an elective in the course, for the Junior or Senior year, would be something new and useful, and not a common thing in American colleges of this standing. Could it not be substituted for Gurney as a regular study?

The annual race between the college sleds, this year, proved to be a very exciting one, and was much more closely contested than had been anticipated. The participants were as follows: The "Philarica," belonging to the class of '85, was built in 1877, under the immediate care and supervision of the class of '78; she has been in active service ever since. Next—the "Board of Health," belonging to L. L. Smith, of '85. Next is the "Adams Express;" it is not, however, the property of Adams, but is an exclusive sled, belonging to a few members of '87, is considered by her owners to be very fast. '86's class sled, "Procrastination," was also one of the number. Last is the "Crab," of which Puzzle is the owner and proprietor. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting an even start, as the "Crab" was very restless and broke away a number of times. The betting was very heavy, especially on the "Philarica," which was the favorite. At the quarter-mile post "Adams Express" had the lead, being about three feet in advance of the "Board of Health," with "Procrastination" a good third. "Philarica" was lagging sadly in the rear; her backers were becoming very despondent. Her slowness was accounted for from the fact, that, as so many students were desirous of being aboard the winning sled, she was sadly overloaded; so it seemed now that her good reputation was to be the indirect means of her defeat. At the next post, however, the order was reversed,—the "Philarica" being slightly ahead,—meanwhile the "Crab" had made two complete revolutions and a half, and was now rushing down the steep part of the hill at a fearful rate. At the edge of the pond the order was again changed. The "Board of Health" had pushed ahead, followed closely by "Philarica" and "Adams Express," while the "Crab" and "Procrastination" were each struggling hard for a fourth place. The excitement now became intense, as the rope was neared the distance between the sleds became less, until all seemed to pass under at the same instant. A great clamor immediately arose as to whom the victory belonged. An appeal was made to the referee, but he declined to give a decision, as at the critical moment he had turned his back to light a cigarette, so the race was considered a draw, and all bets declared off.

CLASS STATISTICS.

	NO. IN CLASS.	AGE.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.
'84	12	21 yrs. 3 mos.	146.8	5 ft. 8 in.
'85	18	19 " 6 "	155.0	5 " 9 1/4 "
'86	20	18 " 0 "	145.5	5 " 9 1/4 "
'87	27	18 " 6 "	143.5	5 " 8 1/4 "

BEARD RECORD.

'84	66 2/3	per cent.
'85	44 1/3	" "
'86	10	" "
'87	3 1/3	" "

HIBERNATING.

READ AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL MEETING OF THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

In summer heats, the city guest
Climbs to the Catskill's hemlock height,
And takes, like Rip Van Winkle, rest
Where twilights guard the couch of night

For sleep, give me hibernal air,
When frost lines vibrate o'er the south,
When hoary beard a boy may wear
And zero kindly bar his mouth.

When wreathed in snow, the stately fir
Stands like a bride, her dark hair crowned
With wealth of pearls, and envying her,
The jewel-laden pines surround.

The stoves with anthracite prepare—
(Good things old Horace does not sing)
And heaping plates of grape and pear
Instead of "four-year Sabine," bring.

Now draw your sofa near the fire,
Take Shakspeare from a handy shelf,
Let thoughts of work and care retire,
And in clear joy forget yourself!

Heed not the hour, eleven or three,
Till chaste Miranda gain her right;
Hear Ariel sing till he is free;
And act the hero of each fight.

Pure thought indulge, from earth take flight
With Plato's winglets (they'll suffice),
Through Ether's depths, empyrean height,
Or gulfs of fire, or zones of ice!

Leave wise agnostics, plodding hard,
And scarce believing half they see,
Though blinder they than sightless bard
Who sees from laws of vision free!

Through windows looking to a sky
That holds a lucid universe,
In luxury of thought to lie,
Forgetting both caress and curse!

How vocal night! how light the dark!
One seems so near the Pleiades,
The meteor-tinted sky! and hark!
Æolian music in the trees.

If proof (outside of book or scroll),
Be asked, of immortality,
Indulge a while this flight of soul;
It proves eternal youth to me.

Alas! hath earth no rest secure,
No undisturbed hibernacle,
No peace sincere, no vision pure,
But curtains fall the sight to dall?

In all the year the hours are few
When the aerial ocean clears,
So telescopic eyes can view
Deep in among celestial spheres!

The hermit leaves a world so rude,
The prophet treads the wilderness,
The poet seeks in solitude
Rare beauty all the world to bless

The nations rest,—that they may fight,
The churches rest,—and seldom wake;
Even roses sleep their wintry night,
And deacons dozy Sabbaths take.

Trees, leaves, and owls, all sleep their sleep,
Before the storm the winds take breath,
And down the line of battle creeps
A stillness ere the work of death!

The student—college is to him
With training, rest, and power fraught;
But what are laws of Bode or Grimm,
If delve he not, nor rise in thought?

Let passion rest, close Cupid's eyes;
Of "extras" always count the cost.
Unrest may lead to realize
In bitterness "love's labor lost!"

Vacation days! ambrosial sleep,
When anxious toil's fierce fevers break!
Orest of soul, sweet peace to keep,
And God's eternal Sabbath take!

Sweet rest of faith before we wake,
Beyond the world's enclosing bars—
Welcome that sleep, before we make
Our journey to the happy stars!

—Pilgrim.

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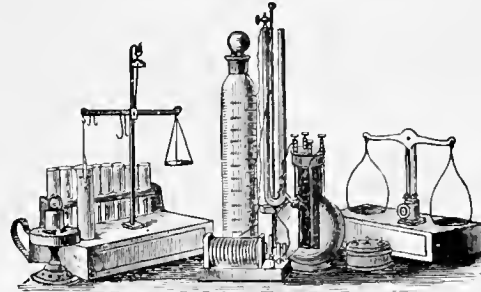
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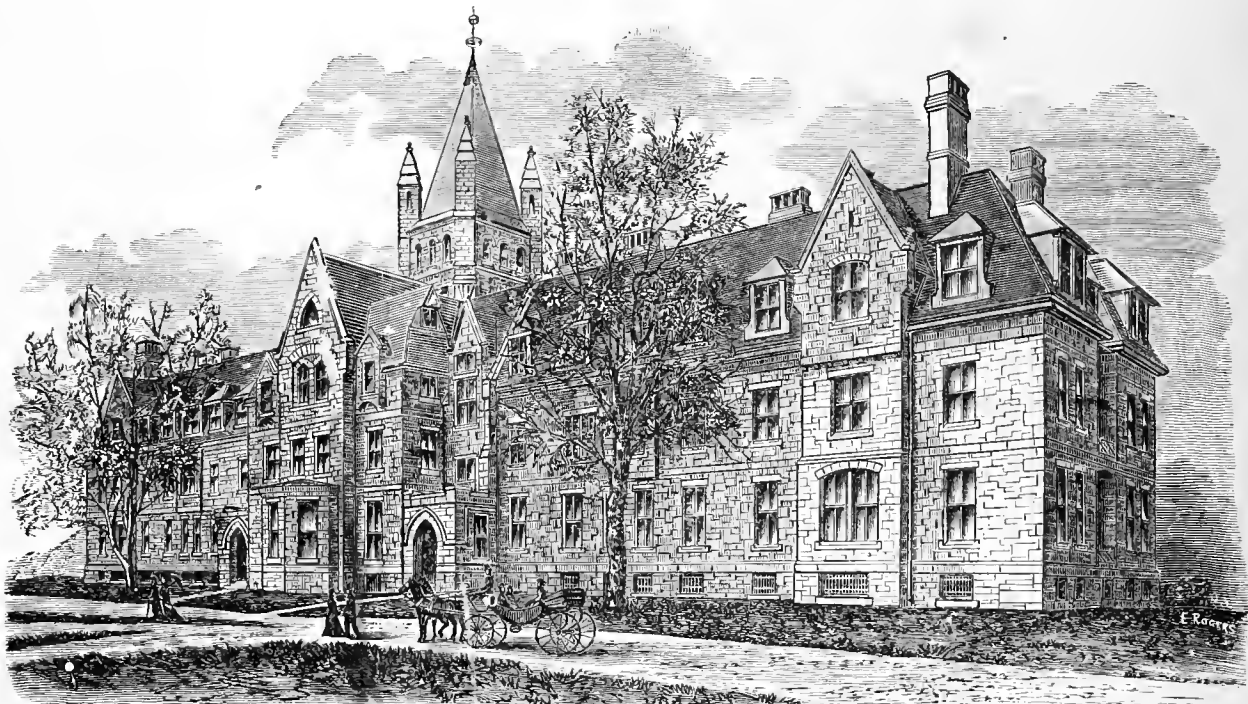
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FOR CIRCULARS, OR OTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

Prof. ALLEN C. THOMAS, Prefect,
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., MARCH, 1884.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., MARCH.

No. 6

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

In these spring days when the ground is soft, and every step out of the path leaves its mark, a little care on the part of the students will do much toward preserving the beauty of the lawn in the portions near Barclay Hall. In former years the grass-plots between the building and the drive on the west have been rendered unsightly by continual walking over them. We are sorry to see that the same carelessness is beginning to show itself again, and to give promise that, through the coming summer, these plots will not lack their accustomed appearance of having been trampled over and beaten like a farm-yard. All that is necessary to change this is a little thought on the part of the students; for thought will bring the proper public opinion, and public opinion once called into play, will preserve more verdure than would any number of signs inscribed with "Keep off the grass."

During the four years of the college course the student has each day's recitations marked out for him, and the time outside the performance of these duties is left to himself, to be used for good or ill. With the good equipments of a library, it is supposed that he will spend his time in reading books from its shelves. But how often are these expectations far from the truth! "Husks" are demanded from the "Seaside," while the sound grains of corn are being covered with dry dust, to forever lie silent without root or branch. As the general course of study cannot exhaust any subject, it must content itself with

the general outline of some of its departments. Unless a student is very much interested in the subject, he will not consult any authorities except the one he studies, he will form his opinions of the questions from one author, and become narrow-minded, whereas, if it was requested as part of the course to read on the same subject the opinions of others, it would not only beget a spirit of research, but aid him greatly in forming a correct opinion, and fix the subject more firmly in his mind. Would it not, then, be well to put in the catalogue a course of reading which would be required of each student as he passed through the four years' study? It would be impossible for this to be an exhaustive plan; but only a few of the best should be named, and one or two required.

In looking over the many improvements that have been made with the view of increasing interest in special departments, we see the changes in the management of the library, which might be considered as an encouragement for research in all departments. But the greatest is that of the Observatory; a new one has been built, which will soon be inhabited by a new telescope and the enthusiastic lovers of astronomy. We are deeply indebted to the Managers and friends of the college who have aided in these improvements, and hope others will follow in rearranging other departments equally important. We would call their attention to the chemical and physical laboratories. The latter is moderately supplied with instruments, but these are compelled, for want of room, to be placed in a small space and unhandy to get out. They are also in a part of the building which is not fire-proof. The chemical laboratory is in a similar condition. With the present number of students working in the room, the desks are insufficient for all to be well supplied with good lamps, etc. The hood, good enough in itself, is very small; but no solution is safe unless closely watched by the earnest chemist. The small lecture room is too limited for present needs, and the large one is uncomfortably roomy. Since all the lectures are now given in Alumni Hall, with very little expense a laboratory of very convenient size could be made by uniting the small lecture room and part of the larger one with the present labora-

tory. A new hood and modern appliances could be added, for which there is not now room. These much needed improvements, added to the present attraction of a good professor and able instructor, would make the chemical laboratory one of the coveted places at Haverford.

We have no reason to be discouraged about our cricket during the coming season. The prospects are now that we can put a stronger team in the field than we have had for the past two years, at least. It will, however, be very difficult to fill the places of the cricketers of '83. Our weak point, if we may be said to have any, will be in the bowling department; but though the quality may not be up to the usual standard, we can certainly make up for it in quantity, as at least seven of the first eleven can bowl quite well. We feel confident that those who are expected to do the bowling will improve every opportunity to practice. Both the Sophomore and Freshman classes possess excellent material, and we have good reason to believe that they will use it to the glory and honor of Haverford's noble game. Our surrounding circumstances are much more favorable now than they were a year ago. The platform of our ground, which was in such a bad condition last year, has been nicely leveled and otherwise improved. The team has been training in the gymnasium all winter, and has doubtless made considerable progress from a physical point of view. Let us start out with the determination to beat our last year's record, which was good, to say the least,—having lost but one second eleven match out of five played, and won three of the seven first eleven matches. We are glad to see so much enthusiasm over the subject this early in the season. Let the good work go on, and we will have such a revolution in cricket as has not been witnessed for years.

It is to be regarded as a misfortune that the college classes mingle so little that the actions of the higher become, to the lower, a subject of curiosity and conjecture. Some of the lower-class men stand in the position of the uninitiated, and, as they view the course of those to whom a longer stay at college has added influence and prestige, "*omne ignotum pro magnifico est.*" There is a complication of causes which go to determine whether the wonder shall be looked upon as a monster or as something attractive while the fictitious valuation comes of necessity, its influence may be either good or bad. Every exaggeration of good traits may operate as a stimulus to imitation; but distance does not always lend enchantment to the view; distortion is quite as likely to

result. And so it happens that the bad influence of a class, as well as the good, is magnified by this process, and in some cases not only magnified, but such are the possibilities of this distorted perspective, that a class may be made to exert a positively bad influence in directions where it has never led the way. If its acts, as viewed from a distance, are not rated at their proper worth, they have only to be viewed with the green glasses of envy to seem to give sufficient ground for all sorts of vague derogatory rumors. Even when looked at with no jealousy and no desire to disparage, the result may be the same. Thus, that which was to a Senior or a Junior only

"A touch of nature to make him kin
With the merriest half of the world he is in,"

may, without malicious intent on the part of anybody, reach the ears of a Freshman as a disgraceful proceeding, and a very harmless jollification may do duty in the rounds of gossip as a wild carousal. These rumors are far more damaging to those who think them true than to those concerning whom they are circulated. For however much a lower-class man may at first disapprove the supposed conduct of the upper-class men, he is very liable to be led, in time, to think that what they do is the thing to do. But if he is not led to approval, his conception of the tone of the college is lowered, and he is deprived of one great stimulus toward an upright course.

The obvious remedy for this state of affairs is not an easy one to carry into effect. Though there are few, if any, who wish to keep up invidious distinctions, there is considerable restraint against close personal acquaintance felt by all classes alike. The whole question is one for individual action; each can counteract this restraint, so far as it affects himself, by surrounding himself with an air of openness and frankness.

During this winter we have listened to but few lectures with greater interest and pleasure than that delivered by James Wood, A. M., on the 23d of January. Last winter his lectures on American History were very highly appreciated, and it was with the prospect of being instructed concerning the hidden things of our protective system that we attended this lecture. Nor were we disappointed. The subject of his lecture was "The Tariff Question from an Agriculturist's Standpoint." Mr. Wood is a practical agriculturist, but devotes much of his leisure time to the study of political and economic questions. He is an unswerving advocate of the American system of protection, and his arguments were the expression of a farmer's practical experience in the field and research in the library. It is through these two fertile sources, experience and the revelations of his-

tory, that our system is to be maintained. History has set us the example, and practical trial has assured us of its beneficial effects. It is through the labors of such thorough students and honest men that the protectionists are to reach the farmer of America. The Cobden Club of England have been casting their deceitful nets about the Western farmer, and some have been entrapped. But oratory and personal appeals will soon cut the slight thread which holds them. We regret that we have not sufficient room to print the whole of the lecture; for the arguments are so conclusive that the wavering would be established, and the free-trader would see the error of his ways. The farmer is bewildered by the low price of English goods, and wonders why he cannot have the good of this reduction. But on summing up the "peeling of the potato" by transportation, his tax and his chances for selling, together with the variety of products demanded for the home manufactures, he says, "I want to be loyal to my country, and have good schools; so I will buy and sell at home, where I can get a substantial market and full price for my various products." This is the secret of agricultural success. We have now had two lectures on the protective system of America, and as the financial system is equally as obscure and important, we think a good lecture on this subject would be well in this connection, as it is a subject ever before the country.

The Senior class did not choose ill when they selected such men as Hon. Jonathan Chace, A. M., and James Wood, A. M., to talk on the policy of American protection. It has done much towards reviving the discussion of political and economic questions, which are being too much neglected at Haverford among the students.

A great deal of the friction in the life of certain students at Haverford arises from a sort of college pessimism. By college pessimism, we mean a disposition to run down the institution, and to speak as if one's stay here, if not quite a positive misfortune, at least entailed much unnecessary hardship. We say a disposition to speak, because a great deal more is said than is really and honestly meant; but a few repetitions of a half-meant utterance suffice to make the speaker himself thoroughly believe it, and the expression of a mild discontent may intensify it to dislike. This spirit is, we think, on the decrease; but enough still remains to be annoying to the Faculty, and to have not a little influence toward establishing a feeling of distance between them and the students. It is, moreover, positively hurtful to the students themselves. It makes it impossible for them to feel a healthy loyalty to the institution. It

gives to all their work the tone of being done under constraint. When a student comes back from his home on Monday morning without a kindly feeling toward the college to balance against his love of home, the preparation of his lessons becomes a mechanical service rendered by unwilling hands. When, as he stays here, he cherishes a disposition that can freely say that he wishes the buildings would burn down and give him sweet release, his study will, of necessity, be to him "one awful grind." A student with his heart in his work can accomplish twice as much, with less mental strain. Properly speaking, study is not "grinding" until it becomes irksome; and then it *is* grinding, even when pursued in the most fitful and slighting manner.

Haverford treats those who show this pessimistic spirit quite as kindly as she does many who find in her much to love. But because the latter class identify themselves with the institution, and regard it as, so to speak, belonging to them, they can have a hearty sympathy with its work and its methods. This does not imply that they regard every one of its methods as the best that could be devised, nor that they are not ready to join in a demand for improvement in some respects. But every one resents a reflection on his own property; and it is as true in reference to a college as to other things, that "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." If, as Lord Coleridge advised, we would look with reverence on all the better traditions of the place, and try to catch the spirit of its associations, there would be no need of preaching loyalty to us. The ability to evade the greatest number of college duties would no longer be the acme of genius. We would feel that we, as well as the Faculty and Board of Managers, have an interest in Haverford, and then we would not be compelled to do our minds violence by forcing them into unwilling work.

It generally happens that, while such an institution as Haverford ministers to the absolute necessities of a student, without regard to that portion of his wants which make some approach to the luxurious, he magnifies as much as possible the provisions for his welfare, and makes the most of his opportunities; but as soon as he is provided with every reasonable physical comfort, he reverses his telescope, and proceeds to belittle all his advantages. We do not believe, however, that this is a necessary result, or that it ought to follow here. Once implant a proper love for the college in our minds, and we will be able to see that our wants are looked after, and our wishes considered, much more kindly and conscientiously than at most places. Haverford law is not like that of the Medes and Persians, and few faculties are as lenient and obliging as ours.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

In a few years a sound and active body, as well as a sound and active mind, will be a requisite of graduation in all good colleges. At present a certificate, in most cases, covers only the intellectual qualifications of the holder. In a few, as at Haverford, the moral character of the young man is certified to in a way that means something. But the certificate of the future will mean cultured mind, sound morals, and healthy body. The last is quite as much a necessity for business and professional success as the first. Without it, but few men can rise to eminence or be in the highest degree useful. The work is hard, and the time will come when in a great crisis the place of honor or usefulness will depend on a single point of vantage. The weak man cannot bear the strain, and he goes under forever. A suggestive writer remarks that the first requisite to success in life is "to be a good animal."

If we could examine the wrecks which lie along the strands of all the professions, no inconsiderable number would be found to be those of men endowed by nature and by education with powers adequate to carry them to the top shelves, where they would have plenty of room and be free from competition; but in the struggle they have been handicapped and finally conquered, by dyspepsia, by consumption, or by neuralgia. These enemies of their own household have been more to them than the outward opposition of the world.

Colleges are to make useful men. They ought not shift upon the students themselves their moral development when attending to their mental, nor can they do the same with the physical. Where is the college that brings every one up in health and muscle to his mental stature at graduation? Where is one that gives throughout the course systematic instruction in health and muscle development to every student? Recognizing the immense value of this development, why should it be relegated to voluntary effort? Students cannot attend to it scientifically. Many of their pastimes are unfit for their strength. Some are too violent for some students, and others are too dawdling for others. The young men grow in stature, and many apparently have good health, but they do not grow in quality. The seeds are sown for weakness in the future; and when the great battle comes, on the tableland of life from thirty to fifty, we do not find the good soldier who can endure hardness, but the soft voluptuary, who is carried away by disease or accident.

The gymnasium and its director at Haverford indicate that the real force of this argument is taking practical hold. And its very general use shows also that not only managers, but students, appreciate its strength. That it is an invaluable addition to the college no one will deny.

Its place would seem to be, to care for those whose organic condition or undeveloped muscles ought not permit them to endure severe exertion, and this number is larger than we usually recognize; for those whose games tend to develop them unsymmetrically; and for all of us through the sloppy months of winter. Dr. Sargent, the great apostle of gymnasia, also makes a strong plea for them in the cultivation of nerve, self-reliance, presence of mind, *morale*, and says the best scholars are frequently the best athletes from the possession of these qualities.

Whatever pleas can be made for them in this line, surely as much can be claimed for games. There is quite as much of this education derived from association and contest with human nature in the intricacies of a football game as with the resistances of a system of ropes, levers, and bars. What an education it is to be a good captain of a ball team? He must sink individual ambition in the success of his side. He must not excuse the culpable carelessness or unskilfulness of his players under the specious plea of "hard luck," but let them bear the just consequences of their failure to practice and to train. On the other hand, he must encourage the timid tyro, and repress the tendency to make his awkwardness the scapegoat for the general defeat. He must be firm, self-possessed, decisive, even-tempered, not afraid to use harsh words when needed, but never insulting the manhood of any player. His eye must take in at one glance the resources of his opponents and his own; by example as well as precept he must enforce the necessity of steady training, the failure of all dependence on good luck or a good eye during the game, the obligation under all circumstances to be a gentleman and a man of morals. He will frown down on the *dilettante* players, who, rigged up in all the paraphernalia of the game, instead of doing steady work, will sacrifice a side for the sake of a brilliant play for their own glory, or who, in the side issues, will talk their own prowess to their admiring lady cousins. In short, he must be an autocrat, but so wise and self-sacrificing a one that he will find willing subjects.

Great are his responsibilities; for very true it is here, as in war, that "an army of lambs led by a lion is better than an army of lions led by a lamb."

Each player, too, learns most valuable lessons in his obedience to the chief whom the majority of them has elected, in willing subjection to him and loyal support of his designs; in his own field doing his whole duty, without encroaching on others. For while the captain may place him, he cannot regulate the performance of his work. He himself must be the judge of how he shall do it in every emergency; he must control his own temper, and take his own part; when cheated, cheat not

in return, but enter his firm protest, and, when the time comes, give his advice to the captain, and leave it there.

Truly a game is life in miniature. There is room for the play of all the mental, moral, and physical qualities which go to make up a completely useful man. The players may see it not, but he who looks on with friendly and understanding eyes sees in the young men contesting before him the germs of citizenship; and just as truly as he sees there, in some players, honor, principle, bold and temperate resistance to oppression, adaptation of all available means to ends, energy and shrewdness, and in others cheating, truckling to popular views, indulgence in unlawful popular habits, dependence on something short of honest preparation and endeavor, so he expects to see these qualities shine out in the man of the world. Well for the school or college where fairness and morality rule in the games. Ill for the school or college which tolerates cheating or violation of rule, or makes the games a cover for pandering to loose habits and low character. We might, with some reservations, thus adapt the old proverb, "Let me regulate the games of a school, I care not who hears the lessons."

Notwithstanding the value of games as a means of physical and moral development, they have been generally overlooked by the dignitaries that have controlled our colleges. It has been assumed they could take care of themselves, and that they rather needed to be discouraged, as distracting the attention of students from their college duties. As a result, they have fallen into disorganization and disrepute. The noble game of baseball, in itself perhaps the best game of ball ever devised for students in warm weather, has degenerated into a victim of gamblers, and a trysting-place for all kinds of immorality. Foot-ball, in self-defense, has set up rules against the spirit of rowdiness, which rules are inadequate, as all rules must be against a spirit which public opinion cannot control.

Cricket alone seems to remain on the high ground of its infancy. Neither bowler nor batsman has the other at his mercy. There is little temptation to personal provocation, and good feeling usually prevails in the hottest games. But cricket has never become an American college game, except around Philadelphia.

From this policy of neglect of field sports the colleges are awakening. Harvard leads the way in forbidding professionals, and striking from the rules those which intimate any suspicion of cheating or unmanliness among students, for whom games are not the great ends of life, but only recreation. She demands that games shall be fair, honorable trials of skill between gentlemen, and not questions as to who can hire the

strongest and most skillful muscle. And in this demand made upon her own students she strikes a blow all over the country at the agencies that have degraded base-ball and are at work in the football fields.

Because it is better for students to be playing on college grounds than loafing about with canes and cigarettes and their accompaniments, and because they are good exercise and good educators, it would seem to be wise for college authorities to encourage games; and because games are apt to languish in these days of stimulation and excitement without matches, they might also encourage match games; and because it is better for the college to win victories than continuously to suffer defeats, they might use all honorable methods to make their teams able to score victories. But because they would secure a high position for their students as moral young men and as gentlemen, they might encourage games only in so far as they would not detract from this position. That games do advertise a college there is no doubt. But there are bad advertisements as well as good. It is one of the former to see a collection of students act as rowdies, dandies or worse. It is the very best, to see them behave worthy of a good college, honorable players, ever polite to all, firm in resisting imposition, and never trying it on others, above the little vices which too frequently belong to ball grounds, and discouraging intimacies with men from whom they will not derive good.

As a means to work out these desirable results, let the professor of Physical Development not confine himself to the gymnasium. Let him be a part of all the games, accompany the cricket and foot-ball elevens as player or umpire. Let him say to some students: "Foot-ball is too severe for you. You must not play it. You are liable to heart trouble or you are too weak, and you must take quieter exercise, or you will feel it when you are in business." Let him say to others: "Those sluggish veins of yours need brisking up. Come with me regularly to the foot-ball field and feel the glow and the glory of a hard-fought and honorable contest." Let him send others on a ten-mile walk across the country to visit some goal of interest, or to run on a game of hare and hounds, and harden their limbs and arouse their zeal by a tramp daily increasing in length or difficulty. Let him fill the time of all the ineffective loafing and dawdling of the present day and utilize all the misdirected energy. When a student hurts his eyes and beclouds his brain by reading novels late at night, or dwarfs his growing body or mind by tobacco, or hangs over his books when he should be breathing pure air out of doors, let him not be allowed to go on, at least without a vigorous and home-felt pro-

test against throwing away his life. Everything cannot be done with the body any more than with the mind. Young men at college will use ponies and copy examples, and commit other sins against the intellect, in spite of all that professors can do. So will some of them be guilty of physical sins, no matter under what physical regimen they may be placed. But it is not too much to hope that as much can be done in one case as in the other, and that the average graduate can go out as broadly developed, as well-fitted for life-work in body as in mind; that he will be erect, deep-chested, keen-eyed, and strong-limbed; that he will have no acquired defects, and that he will reduce his inherited ones to a minimum; that he will have health and muscle to carry him through the nervous competition of business, and will transmit to his children a better inheritance than wealth or name, a constitution as much better than his as was his at graduation better than his at matriculation, so that the physical degeneracy and death of our old English families in America may be stayed and our country preserved from the domination of the lower grades of irresponsible foreigners.

But certainly games should not be a great end of college life. There is little respect for the man who makes cricket or base-ball the most important fact of his existence. They should be servant to the one idea of developing a man's capacities for usefulness. With the student who does not enjoy games, or who does not derive advantage from them, there need be no controversy. With him who goes at them in any other than a serious way, with great show and little exertion, there should be a profound controversy; and no less with him who neglects more important things for them. We must make them our servants, but we must go at them wholeheartedly, enthusiastically. And while the body is to be developed, it is also to be brought under and into subjection. It is to accompany its owner through life, not for the purpose of pandering to his desires, but to serve him a useful purpose. It is to be trained so that it can be set to any work he may need to do, and do it well and vigorously. It is his servant, and we want it to be a faithful, devoted, able servant, but never a master, a tool to handle, and not a will to govern.

ISAAC SHARPLESS.

While there are dozens of papers published by the students of our American colleges, there is actually but a single periodical of the sort issued in Germany. This is the *Allgemeine Deutsche Studentenzeitung*, which appears weekly in Berlin. But even this is not intended exclusively as an undergraduate affair.

AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE LOGANIAN.

We have come from the mart and the office,
From factory, forum and field,
The graybeard, the athlete and novice;
All, homage to yield
To the memories ever upspringing
Round the mother that nourished our souls,
For the harvest each summer is bringing,
While time o'er us rolls.

O, the dreams that we dreamed here were splendid;
No gifts had Aladdin like ours;
But the morn of those visions has ended;
Noon withers our flowers.
Our day is oft wintry and clouded;
Amid turmoil and tears we despond;
Yet the sun, though by earth's mist enshrouded,
Shines ever beyond.

Were those dream-hours the richest and brightest
That Memory's dial has shown?
When the heart-beat is freest and lightest,
Is dearest bliss known?
Ah, no! With torn feet on the mountain,
We laugh to look down on the plain,
Soon cloyed with the splash of the fountain,
The torrent is gain.

In strength that through battle grows stronger,
In patience that outwearies pain,
In hope that burns brighter, the longer
Griefs fall, thick as rain,—
As rock-lights, far over the ocean,
Thro' darkest night cheerliest shine;
In the heart-glow of Christ-sent devotion,
Is bliss most divine.

Yet, the promise of dawn was its glory;
That prophecy we but misread;
Though, with foreheads now furrowed and hoary,
We mourn for our dead,
When we stand in the valley of vision,
No tears for lost youth will we shed;
Though faded the earth-dream elysian,
We have heaven instead.

LITERARY.

Mercedes and Later Lyrics, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is the latest and one of the best of his poems. Mr. Aldrich is a very popular writer, his great attraction lying in the picturesque and rapid movement, and above all the surprise which he gives to the reader, in his productions. He began with prettiness and "Babie Bell," and has ever since been aiming at high polish and epigram. By the constant employment of his talent, he has been able to obtain the desired reward. Nevertheless, in his best verses critics find, by a close examination, weak or ineffective lines, placed there from the exigencies of rhyme or metre.

John Bull and his Island, translated from the French under the supervision of the author, Max O'Rell, is an excellent satire. The author is disposed to do England full justice, and at the same time to show up her weak points in the most laughable manner. He has a good subject to criticise, and the Englishman can afford to have his self-love wounded, being compensated by the fair and impartial manner in which his good qualities are treated. He is supposed to be a French professor in England, and by actual experience has an intimate knowledge of the Island. Religion, politics, science, art, and social questions are all treated by him with that pleasing combination of good humor and sound sense. His descriptions of the laboring classes and the poor of London are entertaining and instructive. One of the most noticeable facts about his work is the knowledge of literature which he displays, and especially of English literature. His references to America are very correct, and usually complimentary. After handling England rather roughly, though with a sense of justice and fair play, he, nevertheless, concludes with Voltaire's saying: "If I had had to choose my birthplace, I would have chosen England."

The finest poem which Mr. Whittier has yet written, it is said, will appear in *Harper's Weekly*. It is entitled "Banished," and is to accompany a beautiful drawing by Abbey, which represents a group of Quakers about to be driven from their homes in Massachusetts by the persecution of 1660.

During the last few years of his life, Wendell Phillips has kept his pen busy, and it is believed that he has left some manuscripts of great interest. He never became fully at home in his new house, but longed for the familiar old rooms on Essex Street.

Queen Victoria's new book was a short time ago distributed to the press in London. It is a disconnected diary of events covering a period of twenty years from

1862 to 1882. A number of extracts from it were immediately telegraphed to this country. Almost the entire work is devoted to domestic and family affairs, political allusions being only incidental. There are many affectionate references to the fidelity of her late personal attendant, John Brown.

The Life, Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, written by his son, is, in many respects, a unique production, differing from a biography as commonly written. The work is interesting throughout. Even in less capable hands, the story of a man of so many and varied talents, who has won for himself so many distinctions, literary and political, could hardly fail to be intensely interesting. Undoubtedly Lord Lytton was a successful man. Probably the most entertaining portion of the work is the autobiography which tells the story of the first twenty-two years of his life. The interest of this portion is quite as much literary as personal, and it is to be deplored that he did not continue what he evidently begun with so much relish and enthusiasm. Its frankness is remarkable, and its readers will find pleasure in a further insight into the inner life of a famous novelist, dramatist and parliamentary orator who first made distinguished the name he bears. It is equal in interest to the autobiography of Anthony Trollope, and in some respects these two books are complementary. Bulwer and Trollope were both great novelists and hard workers, but here their similarity ends. Bulwer was an English aristocrat, with an ample share of family pride and personal vanity. Trollope was a commoner, awkward, homely, near-sighted and neglected. Bulwer had only to affix his name to his writings to bring them before the notice of the highest classes of England, but Trollope had to write and fail and write again until his merit attracted the critic's attention. Both, however, have acquired nearly equal fame as novelists. Some of Bulwer's best novels were written in his early life; notably "The Caxtons" and "My Novel." The younger Lord Lytton has traced the brilliant career of his father with great dignity and minuteness of style, and if we view his character, as pictured in this volume, it is one of exceptional loftiness and nobility.

New England Legends.—A few of them may be mere fictions localized by the fancy of the original inventor, or the imagination of later generations. But as a rule such stories as Whittier has told of the Maceys, and the Quaker maiden sold into slavery, or of the double snake, and Mr. Longfellow of Paul Revere's ride, are genuine historical events, embellished no doubt by tradition, though less, perhaps, than by conscious poetical license. The same may be said of Skipper Ireson's

Ride. Indeed, of Mr. Whittier's narratives, the most purely mythical is the story of Barbara Frietchie. And in a collection of legends so called, the hideously truthful story of the witchcraft persecutions should hardly have found a place. There is nothing legendary or mythical about it. The alleged crime of the unfortunate victims was, of course, purely fictitious; the savage, senseless cruelty of the rulers, the half-criminal, half-insane credulity of the people, the brutalities inflicted upon the innocent and helpless, are among the best authenticated as among the most disgraceful incidents of the dark ages of New England Puritanism.—*The Saturday Review*.



PREAMBLE.—A stormy night it is outside truly, and the bell that somewhere out in the darkness tolls *one*, has a vindictive, misanthropic twang to it, as though angered at being roused at such a time of night, and doing its best to awaken everybody else as a sort of a mean revenge.

In the long college building but two lights are burning, one on the ground floor, and one high up under the eaves; whilst all else is dark and silent. Silent? Not so, for the attentive ear soon catches distinct from the howling of the wind, a dull monotonous undertone "as of innumerable wings" rising and falling in mournful sophoric cadence. There is no mistaking that sound—'tis the united snore of fourscore students joined in one grand nocturnal opera, in which no two participants keep the same time. The Ex-editor knows that sound well, and often in the depths of night (for he is a nocturnal bird) does he pause to listen and swe—no affirm. In the lower room a Junior is writing his oration, so we will leave him and visit the light up under the eaves where burns the sanctum lamp, which never goes out before sunrise. Within the sanctum sits the Ex-editor, a pile of periodicals before him, laboriously wading through an article on "Knowledge is Power" in the *Alma Mater*. "To-day," he read "the gallows overshadows the sewing machine, and by the side of the electric wires hustles the cannon balls." What hustles, the cannon balls? Or do they hustle the wires? Bad grammar aside, what does it mean any how? It was too much for him, and pillowing his head upon a pile of Vassar Miscellanies, with visions of cannon balls confused with sewing machines, of electric wires hustling the gallows flitting through his brain he dropped into troubled repose. Suddenly he was awakened

by the sound of a voice, and on looking up, was almost blinded by a flood of blue light, across which, in letters of black were the words "*Dickinson Liberal*." "O Haverfordian," said the voice "thou art no mean journal—but is not thy exchange man rather too severe in his criticisms of the efforts of boys and girls in editing papers? Alas, how apt are men to forget they were boys, and boys to think they are men," and the voice became thickened with sobs. "We have never wished to be severe with the younger papers," he answered, quelling his surprise at the phenomena, "indeed we wish them all success, and if we have pointed out what seem to us their weakest points, 'tis only that they may perchance see the clearer to mend them. But, take heart, O Dick! let the boys think they are men, if they will, it will do no harm, provided they live up to it, and offend no one, as for the 'exchange man' to whom your words were addressed, do not trouble yourself about him. But before he had done speaking the light vanished, and he turned again to his work. Before the breakfast bell rang he had succeeded in jotting down the following crude notes.

The *Volante* is full of interest and good sense; if we may make bold to suggest anything, we would say that if the local column were reduced from four to two pages the extra space might be more advantageously filled with the short articles which the *Volante's* editors know how to write so well. We reprint the following from the December number:

I sat by the editor's table,
Waiting for proof to come;
And I heard the engine whistle,
And the printers' busy hum.
And I said, "If I were able
I'd I write some lines for fun,
While I hear the 'devil's' whistle,
And the jolly printers hum;
A line for the gay and active,
As they laugh in their pleasant tones;
A line for the sad and restive,
As they pine in their darkened homes;
A line for the great and honored,
When the applause and music's done;
A line for the weak and wasted,
Waiting the call 'to come';
A line for the dear ones absent,
Where sun *love* never sets;
A line for mamma and baby
In the pleasant home nest,"
The paper is full of musings;
The editors glean the best;
And these dear old tables laden
With words from east and west.
So I linger beside the table,
Waiting for proof to come;
And I hear the type "sticks" rattle
And the jolly printers hum.

The *Concordensis* is a first-rate, solid paper—seventeen large pages—but scarcely a word too much. The articles are short and readable, and the poetry is much above the average. They might brace up a little in the

editorial line however. The *Trinity Tablet* takes high rank among our exchanges in this respect, and it would be well for some papers, otherwise very good, like the *Purdue* or the *Roanoke Collegian*, to take a few lessons from it.

The *College Journal*, a new paper to us, comes from New York with a very neat heading, which, we are informed inside, is something new. The reading matter is fair, the cartoon right good.

One of the neatest of our exchanges is the *Adelphian*. On the front page is a really artistic drawing by one of the pupils of the art department. It does credit both to the pupil and to the department.

PERSONALS.

'73.—J. M. Fox, of the Merion Cricket Club, will accompany the American team to England.

'79.—William C. Lowry will play on the American team in the matches against England. The eleven will sail on the 27th of May.

'81.—W. A. Blair's school at High Point is booming. He now has 150 students.

'81.—D. H. Forsythe visited the college on the 17th ult.

'82.—L. M. Winston has given up his position as civil engineer on the C. B. and Q. He is now a surveyor in the city.

'83.—W. L. Baily visits us occasionally.

'84.—W. M. Ellicott paid us a short visit on the 22d ult.

'85.—J. C. Brick has taken up his abode at Richmond, Va.



The new rowing machine is a great addition to the gymnasium.

The class who are taking Italian as an extra, numbers eighteen.

The Glee Club No. 2, known as the "bass bawl" association, is training daily.

Professor Pliny E. Chase lectured on Darwinism, in Alumni Hall, on the 13th ult.

The exploding of *Lippincott's Magazine* in the library, some weeks ago, caused considerable comment.

Lloyd P. Smith, of the Philadelphia Library, lectured before the Loganian Society on the 18th ult. Subject, "Libraries."

The Jockey Club will confer the degree of "Knight of the Order of the Golden Donkey" upon the member receiving the highest gibling average during the year. Blondie is ahead so far.

The iron bar extracted from the knee of the Freshman who was so seriously wounded while coasting, is now used to counterbalance the dumb-bell in keeping the semi-tumbled ostrich from falling over.

The social astronomer has taken some important observations during the past month. The beautiful evening star Jansen, in the constellation "Beggar Student," may still be seen through an ordinary pair of opera glasses.

We would recommend that either a bottle of Dike's hair restorer be applied to the ostrich in Founder's Hall, or that he be taken to the city and upholstered. As it is now, Freshmen are liable to get false ideas as to the character of the epidemic covering of this bird.

The first eleven works regularly in the Gym. at 4 P. M. The second is supposed to work at 5, but the attendance is usually not very good. There must be some reason for this delinquency. Examine into the matter, and you will probably find laziness to be at the bottom of it.

Mid-year examinations passed with fewer casualties than usual, though it is currently reported that a few fellows escaped an unhappy fate by the superior speed of their *bicycles*. But rumor also adds that the footmen seemed better able to meet all kinds of emergencies than the *horsemen*.

Why does the Junior look so sad,
As though his life were dreary?
He has a little speech to write;
'Tis this that "makes him weary."
Beside, with many college duties
To be done, to be done,
His life, on the whole, is not
A happy one, happy one.

The dude with one eye-glass has taken to writing poetry. After many vain and fruitless efforts to find a place in our columns for some of his marvelous effusions, he, as a last resort, has offered us two dollars per line to insert, by way of advertisement, the following, which he considers his masterpiece:

Oh, Spring! Oh, Spring!
Beautiful thing—
With your balmy zephyrs
And gay skipping heifers,
And mosquitoes soft sting—
Oh, Spring! Oh, thing!

Those desiring any of the above will do well to communicate immediately, either by telegraph or telephone, with R.

None of the severe injuries received by the unfortunate coasting party have proved fatal as yet. The Freshman who was most seriously hurt, had his pants torn and hands soiled. An ante-mortem examination proved that there was also a slight scratch on his left knee. He is now able to walk around, but fears he will never have the perfect use of his limb again. One of the most peculiar incidents of the occurrence was that the patient "fainted twice before he came to." One of the Sophomores' injuries were also of a serious nature. After proper restoratives had been applied, a slight cut was found, somewhere in the region of the patella, in which the doctor deemed it necessary to take a stitch. He was confined to the infirmary for some days, but has, we are glad to say, so far recovered as to be able to walk without the aid of his crutches. The remainder of the party received no injury other than temporary unconsciousness.

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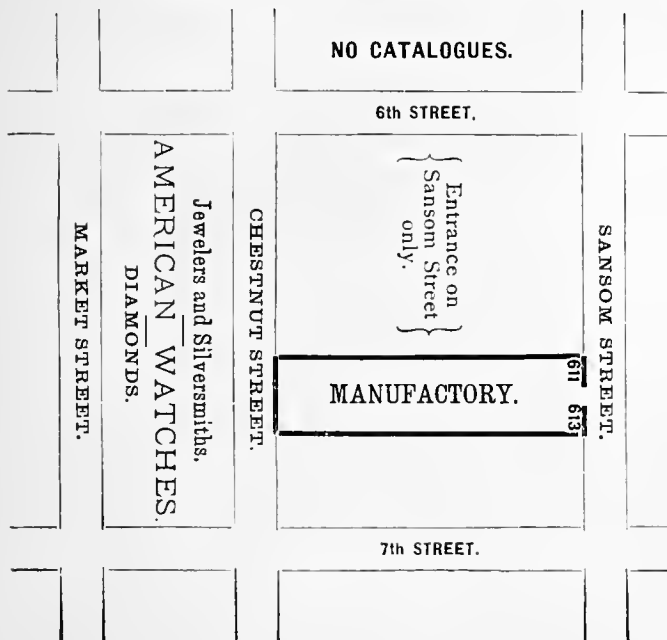
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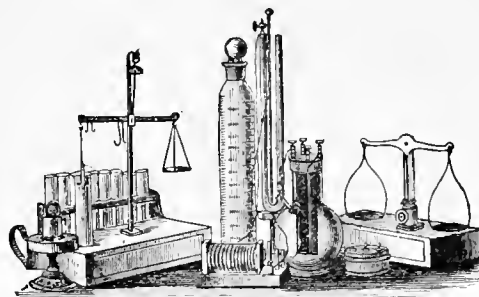
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., APRIL, 1884.

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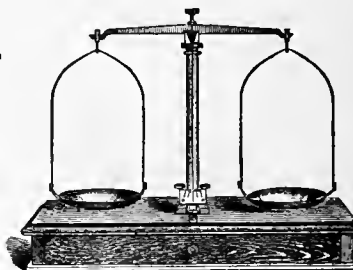
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., APRIL. 1881

No. 7.

THE HAVERFORDIAN.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors

While it is probable that the readers of THE HAVERFORDIAN, like its editors, have a dislike for formal valedictories, a pious reverence for ancient customs compels us to say a few last words. Though we are leaving a position which has afforded us pleasure and profit, the parting is not a painful one to us, and we have no tears even for a private shedding behind the scenes. Without any confession of our faults or parade of merits, we can say that the work, taken as a whole, has been pleasant, though there have been times when our duties were somewhat irksome, and circumstances which rendered them more irksome than, from the nature of the case, they would have been. It has, however, been an excellent training for us in more ways than one. Besides giving practice in writing, and furnishing a sort of anvil to which we could each month bring our style for refashioning and improvement, it has offered opportunities for the development of unselfishness in trying to look to the interests of our fellow-students and of the college.

Whether anybody besides ourselves has been benefited by our work, is not for us to decide; but if THE HAVERFORDIAN is properly supported next year, we have no doubt that, under the management of our successors, there will be no question as to the beneficial character of its influence. For them, as they take up the quill which we laid down, we have nothing but the heartiest congratulations and good wishes. From our experience this year, we can assure them that a temperate and conscientious course will win the approbation of the students, and

we know of no better use for our last editorial ink than to recommend such a course. We would gladly say the same with regard to the approval of the Managers; but experience has taught us a different lesson, and we fear that, in their view of the case, it will take more than a year to atone for the sins of the past, and that tolerance is the most that can be expected from that quarter.

Few facts have been better known to the students this year than that some of the Managers are hostile to THE HAVERFORDIAN, and lavish in their criticism of its issues. We do not think that their judgment has been altogether harsh and unfounded, nor altogether wise and reasonable. The paper has made mistakes, but notwithstanding these, it seems that their hostility has largely arisen from a wrong impression as to its purposes. They have spoken of its policy as intentionally one of fighting against authority and finding fault with the management of the college. They have thought that it tried to represent nearly all the existing rules as the long clothes of a boarding-school infancy, remaining to bind the movements and restrain the freedom of the full-grown college.

There is some truth in the statement that THE HAVERFORDIAN has not always been temperate and respectful in its complaints; but it has made them with no desire to be rebellious, or to excite disloyalty to the college; without acting in a spirit of dictation, it has simply expressed honest convictions, and asked a respectful hearing. By operating as a medium through which, without embarrassment to anybody, communications could reach the Faculty and Managers, it has acted as a safety-valve for discontent, and presented students' needs from a student's standpoint. That there is a field for THE HAVERFORDIAN in such work, as well as in stimulating literary work and informing the Alumni of college doings, cannot be doubted; though it has not justified all the expectations concerning it in these respects, its purposes in the main have been good; and if it will proceed on the supposition that both Managers and Faculty are to be credited with a reasonable amount of common sense and good intentions, and try to co-operate with them as much as possible, we see no reason why it should not be permitted to occupy the field open to it.

We are glad to see so much enthusiasm displayed by the Freshmen in athletics. Since the class has entered college, it has shown a disposition to support the college games in a way which is by no means common to every class. '87 possesses an advantage over other classes in the way of numbers as well as material. Foot-ball received its hearty support last fall; and now, as the cricket season is drawing near, we have reason to look for good results in that direction also. Though it has been said hundreds of times, it will bear repeating—that in order for a person to become skillful either in batting or bowling, he must practice; to do this he must be self-denying; instead of spending his spare moments in loafing or lounging about, he should take his cricket bat and ball, and try at every possible opportunity to improve his style. There is a great temptation on the part of some to pass their leisure time in playing tennis; we wish to say nothing against the game, but one who devotes most of his time to that sport, cannot expect to make even a moderately good record at cricket; and, as cricket is the game of the college, it should be supported by every member of the college. A great deal of interest centres in the class match between '86 and '87, as it will most certainly be very closely contested. Each class has advantages which the other does not possess, and as these are about evenly balanced, practice alone will determine which will come out victorious.

Before two months have gone the time of the contest for the oratorical prize will have passed, and we wonder how many are now thinking of it, or how many are preparing for it. Though the time may seem long to some, yet a subject should be decided upon as early as possible. In the course of one's reading, he often happens on something bearing on the subject that would otherwise escape his notice and the idea be lost for the oration. This prize has been instituted by the Alumni Association as an inducement for the undergraduates to put forth their noblest efforts. The institution is not a new one, but the support it has received has not been all of encouraging. The last year or two, only two or three have availed themselves of its offer.

There are many reasons why a larger number should make the attempt. The successful candidate would value his prize more, and his effort would have to be greater. It is our duty to show a greater appreciation for the efforts of the Alumni on our behalf. Their endeavors are not all, by any means, expended in this direction, but it is one way we have of showing our appreciation of their work for our advancement. The Junior is especially fitted for the trial; for he has just had the drill for Junior

day, and the Senior should use it as an introduction for his Commencement oration.

"The mart and the office,
From factory, forum and field,"

The time from the day of one's entering college till graduation is spent in comparative security from the excitements and troubles of active life. Students are rightly considered a fortunate section of the great class young men. They are sheltered from the turmoil of

and they dream the "dreams that are splendid." But as the day dawns and the night of security is passed, they awake to a sense of new duties that devolve upon them. The clang of the machinery outside is now beginning to awaken sensations in many anxious students, who are just ending their fourth year. What am I to do? is the question which demands an answer. Life with all its realities is upon him; he no longer has his work planned for him, each day for the next, and each month for the following. The many fields for action which are opened for him are a source of joy. If his inclinations cannot be followed, the nearest at hand should be selected. If the dark image of Disappointment crosses him in one path, it should not be seconded in him with its companion, Discouragement. To succeed, one should make his defeats serve him for victories. Advantages of the four years have not been appreciated with the same degree by all, and the less appreciative ones must of course expect to meet with the same or worse treatment as his better neighbors. You have graduated from college, and the world puts no premium on your negligence. It is quite noticeable of the many graduates, what a large number have no settled plan for action, and drift around with the current, hoping for some bark to pick them up and sail off to some ideal existing as reality. A man without a purpose is in no better condition than a "man without a country;" he always is afloat.

It has been a gratifying feature of the criticisms presented in the Loganian this year, that they have, for the most part, been confined to the critic's legitimate province. In this respect they show a decided improvement over those of former years. It always happened that some, who tried to the best of their ability to pass a fair judgment on the exercises, and to offer pertinent suggestions for improvement, were selected as critics. But often the critic did not even attempt to give a true estimate, but rather to get up something that would sound well, and ventilate his wit a little. The criticisms had a tendency toward a set form, the requisites for which were

a great deal of wind, a few stale jokes, or now and then a fresh witticism, and a little sprinkling of sensible thought.

Happily the recent criticisms have not adhered closely to the old stereotyped method; and yet they have hardly been full and free expressions of the critic's opinion. We think that the explanation of this lies in the manner in which criticisms are given. As long as the critic is an unknown person whose article the "P. C." reads, this state of affairs is likely to continue. For, being unknown, he is responsible to nobody, and does not feel bound to say anything of worth, nor to take care that his comments are just. And so it happens that he takes the easiest way, and drifts into a mannerism. He compliments those who have an established reputation for good work, even when they present hastily prepared articles which merit censure rather than praise; to a less marked degree he follows precedent with reference to those whose society work is usually of low grade, and criticises what he expects them to present, rather than what they actually present.

As the private societies pursue the same method as the Loganian, it is fair to infer that their criticisms have the like faults. In casting about for a remedy, the thought is suggested that it would be an improvement to have the critic do his work and make his report at the meeting which he criticises. For then he would feel that he must render a sober judgment, and would be prevented from those useless vaporings which are so characteristic as to be expected. Besides, his comments would be given while the exercises are fresh in the minds of those present, and would be appreciated if just, and condemned if unjust. In short, making the critic known, and having his report immediately following the exercises, instead of a week later, would operate as a check to confine him to his legitimate business, and at the same time stimulate him to a proper performance of his duties.

DANIEL B. SMITH, AND THE EARLY DAYS OF HAVERFORD.

In a recent number of THE HAVERFORDIAN, a wish is expressed, by the editors, "that some one of his enthusiastic pupils would write a short sketch of the life of Daniel B. Smith, and give the present generation some knowledge of the former ways of Haverford."

In reply to this it may be said that a brief sketch of Daniel B. Smith's life has lately been printed,* and, though it does not profess to tell much of his inner life, it yet gives evidence of his deep interest and his active exertions in behalf of Haverford.

The writer of this paper, who was one of the earlier

pupils at Haverford, retains in his heart a warm affection for Daniel B. Smith. In endeavoring to analyze this feeling, and to determine its origin, he finds it in the firm conviction made on his mind, when a student at Haverford, a conviction which has never since that time been weakened, that Daniel B. Smith had a strong personal interest in him and in his best welfare. He believed then, as he believes now, that the performance of Daniel B. Smith's duties as preceptor was never done in a mere perfunctory manner. To him each young man, with whom he stood in the relation of preceptor, was a living soul, on which was to be inscribed, for all time, lessons of good, for which he was in great measure responsible. The question with him was not how little he must do, but how much. Out of the treasury of his large heart and head he gave us things old and new with a lavish hand.

There were, it is true, lessons to be learned, and examinations conducted by him, as by others; but, with these, there was always some voluntary act on his part which augmented the value of the instruction thus obtained. Thus, in the course on chemistry, Daniel B. Smith wrote a remarkably clear text-book on the subject, and made the study more impressive by a course of didactic and experimental lectures.

To the Senior Class he gave, if possible, even a larger share of his time and care. Dugald Stewart's Philosophy was carefully read aloud to us by him, and in such an intelligent manner that it could not fail to interest us; while his extraordinary course of ethical lectures left on our minds impressions of truth which can never be effaced. To them, under the divine blessing, more than one of his pupils owed their first clear perceptions of the great doctrine of Christ as a Deliverer and Saviour.

It would be impossible in this notice to attempt even a brief synopsis of these lectures, this must be left to others; but it would be a serious loss were they, with the death of their author, to pass out of notice. Each lecture in full was read to the class, and then the heads of it were furnished to us, which we were to copy, and commit to memory. How well these lessons were learned, and how deep the impression made by them, is shown in the fact that although so many years have elapsed since we first learned them, there is scarcely one of us who cannot, even now, repeat large portions of them.

The evidence of a personal interest in his pupils was shown, too, in the active part taken by Daniel B. Smith in those outside engagements in which the students were interested. Thus, he was president of the Loganian Society, and always an interested member, was on the library committee, and was a frequent contributor to the *Collegian*. He took much interest in the garden and the

* Pennsylvania Magazine of History. Vol. III., p. 309.

green-house, and was fond of getting up for us excursions in the neighborhood, for plants, minerals, or for simple recreation. In this way we visited with him the hills beyond Norristown, Phoenixville, and the valley of the Perkiomen.

He had a keen perception of character, and was prompt to detect the false from the true. To honest praise he did not object, but all false praise—mere flattery—was abhorrent to him. A favorite expression with him was,—“*Sincerity* is the touch-stone of the character.” He could readily forgive any little escapade which came of the exuberance of youth, but he treated with withering scorn and contempt those faults which were born of falsehood and deception. He loved a frank and honest boy, even though he were sometimes a wayward one, but he hated all sham and pretence, though they were found in the most dignified student in the class-room.

He stood to us in the paternal relation all through our college life; and hence it was that, in later years, we loved to visit him at his home, and that, now, we cherish, with filial affection, his memory.

* * * * *

The former ways of Haverford which are asked for in the editorial referred to in the beginning of this paper, would doubtless seem very “child-like and bland” to the present generation of Haverford students, were they recorded here.

We had, each, a little sleeping-room in what is now Founder’s Hall, in which was a small bed, a small wardrobe, a little table, and a very little looking-glass. Until George Howland of New Bedford gave us new bathing-rooms, our wash-room was a very primitive affair. A small pond, we called it “the dam,” afforded us swimming in summer; and it, and “the factory dam,” were our favorite skating resorts in winter. We had no cricket, but we had town ball, shinny, and were tremendous at foot-ball; and in winter we revelled in coasting and skating. There were, of course, the “collections,” the studies, and the recitations, then as now. Twice a week we walked to the Meeting House, which had none of the luxurious appearance it now presents. Excepting when preachers came to us from a distance we rarely had a sermon.

In marked contrast with the present state of things, there was but one boarding-house for city guests in the neighborhood; but—and I trust I betray no tender confidences when I say so—that one boarding-house gave us occasional visits—with her mother—of a young lady,—she is a grandmother now—the equal in beauty and—and—loveliness of any of the fair maidens now to be found, in such numbers, at Bryn Mawr and Devon!

Some of the laws in the early youth of Haverford

were of a very youthful character. One of these, which was rigidly observed, but which, viewed from the standpoint of the present time, seems absurd, was, that, except in case of sickness, no student should visit Philadelphia during the college term. It is true that such a visit was a much more serious matter, then, than it now is. There were but few local trains, and the absence from college involved a greater interruption to study than it now does. The rule was, as has been said, strictly enforced, and it was rare for any one of us, after he had left his home in the autumn, to see it again before the spring-time. A marked exception to this was made in favor of those students whose teeth needed the dentist’s care. A local doctor having, unfortunately, pulled the wrong tooth, a sound one, the outcry was so great that it was determined, for the future, to send those needing such treatment to the city. It was hardly to be supposed that the charms of the dental chair would be sufficient to lead many to town on this pretext; but, as a truthful historian, I am compelled to state that an epidemic of diseased teeth soon after prevailed to such an extent as to render it necessary to change the course of treatment. Parents were now enjoined to see to it that their sons’ teeth were attended to during the vacation; and many imaginary sufferers were obliged to remain at the school until the close of the term, in spite of their teeth.

These were trivial matters which in no wise disturbed the general tone of the school, which was a manly and dignified one. We had a right to be proud that we had for our Professor of mathematics a man who was everywhere regarded as one of the first mathematicians of the age, and whose treatises on surveying and astronomy were eagerly adopted as text-books by the higher schools and colleges of the country.

We had, in our professor of languages, one of the ablest of teachers and the kindest of men, and the chair of literature and philosophy was filled by a highly cultivated Christian gentleman.

The park, which is now so beautiful in the luxuriant growth of its old trees, was then rich in their vigorous youthful growth. Selected and planted with great care, there were then many rare trees, some of which have since disappeared. Three avenues ran parallel with each other in front of the main building, in which handsome shrubbery and choice plants grew luxuriantly; and the entire path from the college to the farm-house was carefully cultivated on either side.

A large arbor, some hundreds of feet in length, in summer covered with grape-vines, led to the green-house, of which, alas! nothing now remains but a melancholy, ruined arch. This green-house was, in winter time, filled

with choice plants. A magnificent Banksia rose, reaching to the roof, with hundreds of clusters of its delicate straw-colored blossoms, first met the eye; while the Triumph of Luxembourg, and other rare roses, were scattered among white and red japonicas and other flowers.

All the trees and shrubbery were under the immediate care of the gardener,—an Englishman by birth, a nurseryman by education, who, whatever were his peculiarities of disposition, was certainly an expert in his profession. To Isaac Collins among the early managers, and to William Carvill the gardener, the Haverford of the present day owes much of its beauty and attractiveness.

Such were some of the "former ways" and days at Haverford. Many other memories crowd upon the writer which cannot be here recorded. How much those ways and days have influenced us for good, in the many years which have followed, can only be rightly known to the Searcher of hearts—and there we leave them.

SENEX.

3mo. 18th, 1884.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE PHILISTINES.

The great English critic who has condescended to honor our benighted shores with a glimpse of Sweetness and Light according to the most approved academic standards, has excited general interest in our country. As an essayist and a critic he has won deserved renown, and although not the author of the "Light of Asia," deserves no low place on the English Parnassus.

There is a certain pure and classic beauty in Mr. Arnold's poetry, and an aristocratic *hauteur* in his prose, that makes the average American (who eats with his knife and is economical of his linen) dimly feel that there is, after all, an undefinable something lacking in Forepaugh's and Barnum's circus-posters, masterpieces of American literature though they be.

Mr. Arnold, in his favorite *rôle* as an Apostle of Culture, has come into constant opposition with the eminently practical people, the English middle class, the Liberal party and the reformers. This august and self-satisfied body he singles for his especial object of attack. Their lack of "sweet reasonableness" and culture he deplores, and the (to us) innocent desire to marry one's deceased wife's sister, fills him with unaccountable ire. Although a Liberal himself, he frequently severely criticises that party, and takes exception to their actions. If there is one sacred right and privilege which, above all, reformers think that they have honestly won, it is, not to be criticised themselves. Nothing is more unpleasant and galling to one who is continually criticising others, than to have his own methods and aims called into question. Now this is

exactly what Mr. Arnold has done; he has tried to reform the reformers themselves. He tells the great Liberal party that their aims and ideas are all wrong, their civilization external and mechanical, and their religion materialized. Truly exasperating must it be for the enthusiastic reformer thus quietly and smilingly to be told that all the reforms he so earnestly advocates are simply useless, his corn laws, his extended franchise, and what not, mere nostrums of no real benefit to the country. "Let us pass laws to regulate the country so that we can support a larger population," shouts the reformer. "Ah!" says Mr. Arnold, "what is the use of more people unless they are better?"

As Thackeray exposed the inoffensive snob to our gaze, so Matthew Arnold unmasks the Philistines. "They have," he says, "a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, and a low standard of manners." About their amusements he says, "The graver self of one kind of Philistine like fanaticism, business and money-making; the more relaxed self, comfort and tea-meetings."

Of course, the Philistine is not patient under these severe attacks, but retorts in an elephantine way, and probably loses his temper. Then the great Apostle of Sweetness and Light is in his element; most condescendingly and pityingly he takes the enraged Philistine to task, gently points out to him his stupidity and lack of culture, and perhaps hints that he is slightly vulgar. Now of all accusations to be accused of, vulgarity is the most hopeless; the charge cannot be logically refuted, for there is no standard or authority to appeal to, and by the very nature of the case can only be clearly recognized in others.

Nor is it hard to see why Mr. Arnold is so opposed to these apparently harmless people, for the triumph of the Philistine civilization would mean the extinction of all for which he has so earnestly labored. Mr. Arnold's ideas of life and religion are entirely opposed to the cherished fetiches of the Philistines; his great aim is the perfection of man in all his parts—not only in his spiritual nature, but in the intellectual and aesthetic as well. Mr. Arnold worships at the shrine of culture, while the Philistine bows down to potato crops; Mr. Arnold considers poetry to be the highest expression of the human mind while the Philistine scoffs at it as moonshine and molasses; culture looks upon civilization as an inward state, while the average practical man considers it a big population and factories. Thus we see the total opposition of the two systems: on the one hand, the fat and prosperous British merchant, satisfied with his country, his political party and himself; on the other hand, the slightly melancholy critic, sad-eyed and lean.

Just what Mr. Arnold will think of America, we cannot, of course, tell until he publishes his book; but he has several times expressed his opinion about us before, and it is not at all likely that he will materially change his views. In the preface to *Culture and Anarchy*, he divides the English people into three classes,—the Barbarians (the aristocracy), the Philistines, and the Populace (the working-classes), and says, "America is just England with the Barbarians quite left out, and the Populace nearly. This leaves the Philistines for the great bulk of the people, a livelier sort of Philistine than ours, with the pressure and false ideal of our Barbarians taken away, but left all the more to himself to have his full swing."

In roughly classing all Americans as Philistines, Mr. Arnold has made the mistake in supposing that because America is just now devoting all her energies to material improvements, and because most Americans are busily engaged in practical pursuits, that therefore we recognize nothing higher than material development, which can never be more than the foundation of our civilization. Because a man is engaged in doing some practical good in the world, it does not follow, by any means, that his mind is inaccessible to ideas outside of a certain narrow range, and that Sweetness and Light are not his portion. If this culture be bred of Old World idleness, America is indeed Philistine, and will remain so. But the truest culture does not all, as a recent writer has said, consist in a smattering of Latin and Greek, but, as Mr. Arnold himself says, in a harmonious development of every faculty; and this may, perhaps, be as well acquired in the busy life of the western world, as in the library of some intellectual recluse. Sweetness and Light may radiate from other sources than the classics or black-letter folios, or Matthew Arnold himself.

As to the exuberance of the English Philistine, we do not know; but not until we are convinced that Emerson was neither poet, philosopher, nor literary man; that the majority is unsound, consequently the democratic form of government a mistake,—not until then will we admit that all Americans are Philistines.

◆ ◆ ◆

The bicyclist mounteth his silent steed
And speedeth adown the hill,
The prefect beholdeth, and goeth with speed
To cast up his last quarter's bill.
The doctor prophetically shaketh his head,
And foreseeth a good fat fee;
And the matron commandeth another bed
To be placed in the nursery.
The coroner smiles at him passing by,
And fingers his empty purse;
And the undertaker goes with a sigh
To grease up the wheels of the hearse.
But, alas for the foresight of wisest men,
The youth rode in safety back again

COMMUNICATION.

I went, the other evening, to the Assistant Superintendent to get excused from the First-day evening collection, in order to attend church. In accordance with his directions, not to allow any one, a Friend, to attend church on that evening, I was referred to the Superintendent. As I wended my way to his house, I thought of the inconsistency of this rule, and of the harmlessness of doing at college, what I do every week while at home. Moreover, I was told that getting a note of permission from my parents would avail nothing. My mind, wandering to find some reasons for this, happened upon a time in history when every man's hand was turned against his brother, when feuds were greatest between churches.

The answer to my second inquiry was, "Thee can go this time, but it will have to be the last."

I do not give these facts to reflect in any way on the authorities here at college, for I believe everything is done here in the interest of the students, and as nearly conforming to their desires as is possible for good government. We have been allowed the permission the other years of our course, and why we should now be restricted, is a puzzling question; surely no new doctrines have sprung up in these last days, that have not been preached and written about, and the books are in our library, for years past. If our Quakerism is so superficial that it will be torn off and shattered into fragments by occasionally attending church, it surely will avail little when brought in contact with the world and every kind of religion. In the imperfections of others, we find proof of our own; and in their excellencies, we see our own imperfections set off in bold relief. It is our opinion that this question should be discussed, and so we send these disconnected thoughts on the subject to THE HAVERFORDIAN.

With the best wishes for the college,

STUDENT.

We are of the opinion that this "Student" is not alone on this question of church attendance on First-day evenings. There are many in the college that would much prefer to attend some place of worship than to study all the evening after reading all day. If our Quakerism is on such a sandy foundation, and if other "isms" are so much wrong as this rule would lead us to infer, we have not yet been able to see it. The mind of a student should be broadened by contact with living examples, as well as by the study of dead authors, and not narrowed down into one form of religion or creed.

Quakerism is good, but if unable to acknowledge the good in other churches, it becomes a narrow organism, unable to accomplish its highest commission and duty to mankind.—ED.

THE NEW TELESCOPE.

Haverford has just had made and mounted by Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, Mass., a new refracting telescope. The telescope consists of a steel tube, having a clear aperture of ten inches, and a focal length of twelve feet three inches. At the other end are various devices for viewing the images of the celestial objects formed at the focus of the ten-inch glass. It is so arranged as to admit of the attachment of positive and negative eye-pieces, micrometer, solar eye-piece, and spectroscope. From this eye end levers or ropes go to the clamps on the axes, and ropes to the clock-work; so that the observer, without changing position, and, indeed, while looking into the telescope, can clamp or loosen all the parts and start or stop the driving clock, thus making all the necessary adjustments to bring an object into the field of view or under a micrometer wire.

In addition to the circles with fine divisions, verniers, and microscopes for reading hour angle and declination, there are coarsely divided circles, which can be read while the observer is at his seat, thus enabling him to find any faint object readily, or take its rough position. The driving clock can be put in or out of gear by simply pulling a string, and no stoppage of it is necessary if the telescope has to change its position. It will keep a star under a wire in the field of view indefinitely, exactly counterbalancing the rotation of the earth. The whole mechanical construction of the telescope is exceedingly excellent and convenient. At the date of writing, the optical properties of the glass have not been sufficiently tested to speak certainly of them, but there is little doubt concerning their goodness.

A helioscope, or polarizing eye-piece, for solar work, has been procured from Germany to attach to the telescope, and a spectroscope from Dublin. The cost of the whole, including building, has been about six thousand seven hundred dollars, which private subscriptions will pay. Friends interested in astronomical work are invited to visit the Observatory at their convenience. I. S.

LITERARY.

Of the English poets, Shakespeare is the richest and most voluminous in his allusions to the folk-lore of his time and country. Wherever his dramas are located, in Venice or Vienna, at Rome or Athens, in some scene there will be found familiar allusions to the customs and superstitions of England. In order to fully appreciate his works, one should be thoroughly conversant with the manners and beliefs of the age in which he wrote. There have been many volumes written on folk-lore, illustrative both of Shakespeare's plays especially and of

general English literature, but none have so well supplied the wants of scholars, and been so adapted to the popular use, as *Folk-lore of Shakespeare*, by Rev. T. F. S. Dyer. When reading the plays of the great dramatist, one should have this book within his reach, and he will not only be able to read understandingly, but will find a new aptness and significance to words and passages which were not in them before. By quotations from, and comparison with, contemporary authors, obscure and meaningless allusions are clothed with an indescribable interest and reality.

Mr. George Lowell Austin, in preparing his forthcoming life of Wendell Phillips, will have the use of three hundred pages of autobiography and personal reminiscences left by Mr. Phillips. He will also use some unpublished reminiscences by Mr. Sumner. The work will be published this month.

Judge Neilson, of Brooklyn, popularly known from his connection with the Beecher trial, has written a book, which will soon be published, entitled *Memories of Rufus Choate*. The volume includes letters from several eminent people in various professions, who, in response to Judge Neilson's request, have written their impressions and recollections of Mr. Choate.

Mark Twain, whose *Gilded Age* has been so great a success, intends to devote his talent to the production of another play. His dramatization of his own book, *The Prince and the Pauper*, will be produced before long.

The next volume in the admirable American Statesmen series will be on John Adams. It is by John T. Morse, Jr., editor of the series, and author of the *Life of John Quincy Adams* and *Life of Thomas Jefferson*.

Mr. Browning's forthcoming volume will be twelve poems in blank verse. Each poem will be independent, and yet a connecting thread of thought will run through the whole book, making it form one poem with a lyrical prologue and epilogue. The subjects of these poems will all be of a most serious character, and the work will distinguish itself among those of the poet as being his direct speech to his readers.

The *St. James Gazette* gives the opinion that there are many in England who would be inclined to deny a place in Westminster Abbey to a Longfellow Memorial. "There are," it adds, "many poets of the last two generations whom they would place higher than the earnest writer who sang 'on one clear harp to many tones;' and, perhaps, on purely critical grounds, they might be right. The best work of Longfellow was, no doubt, not equal to the best work of Tennyson, or Browning, or perhaps of one or two of the poets who

were his own countrymen, as well as contemporaries. Nevertheless, it remains the undeniable fact that Longfellow, for thirty years, has been the most widely read and popular of the modern poets with one exception. Thousands of readers in America who never read a line of Rossetti's, or in England who have never looked at the exquisite verse of Lowell, know their Longfellow better than they know any contemporary poet but Tennyson; and taking the whole body of the works produced, it is probable that posterity will never be called upon to reverse the decision."

A volume of poems, by British and American lawyers, is to be published in San Francisco. Many of these poems have had heretofore only private and local circulation. Blackstone, Neaves, and Justice Story will be represented in the volume, which will be entitled *Lyrics of the Law*.



We have just received the first number of the *School Supplement*, from Toronto: though it is not a college paper, yet as it is wedded to the interest of education it cannot fail to be welcome to all our exchange tables. The purpose of the publishers is to conduct "a paper which will prove indispensable to teachers and pupils throughout Canada and the United States," and its chief aim is "to add interest to study by supplementing the ordinary school work." Students intending to become teachers will find it especially interesting.

Another paper from across the line sheds a pleasant *Sunbeam* into our dreary sanctum. The fact that its pages are penned by the little white hands of the fair sex, lends it an additional charm in our eyes. We admire the vigorous attitude of the exchange editress, and may it never be our misfortune to fall under the cloud of her displeasure. After a few excellent remarks about those "timid" exchange editors who "never criticise, only praise," who "are afraid of offending or of being offended," and "consider it the best policy to smooth down the feathers of all their contemporaries and thus shield themselves from all possible sharp criticism," she courageously affirms that she *ain't afraid*, and proceeds to demolish the ex-man of the *Niagara Index* in fine style. Farther on, she advises the younger papers to (also) maintain their independence, and finishes up the column by advocating the "complete reformation" of the exchange columns of the "majority of her contemporaries." Certainly not all exchange columns are brilliant, but only

a few give the impression of being written to "fill up space;" and though, unfortunately, one does occasionally meet with words of "malice, scorn, untruth," they are the rare exception, the outcome of some editor's indigestion, and are far from portraying the general spirit of the college press; so that we must beg to differ with the *Sunbeam*, and think not that the exchange column is "rapidly becoming an evil," but rather that it is the pleasantest and one of the best features of the college press; productive, in the main, of no inconsiderable good feeling and fellowship between the different college journals.

The *De Pauw Monthly* (we don't know how to pronounce it), on the principle that the strength of a paper lies in its Local columns, has four of its seven editors attached to that department. The last number contains a witty communication from "The Girls," who want to be represented on the paper. Let the girls help you, by all means.

The March number of *Chaff*, light and airy as usual, has five full-page illustrations, the one illustrating the Bowl Fight being the best we have ever seen in that nutritious little paper. Satire seems to be the art chiefly cultivated in its pages, and it is often very keen and just. Understanding what dreary work it must be to keep up a comic paper at a college, we think that the editors have succeeded very well in their difficult task.

A large colored lithograph of Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty" graces the walls of our sanctum. Underneath the picture, we are informed that it is one of an edition prepared expressly for the American press at the expense of the Hartford Insurance Company; so probably by this time every one of our exchanges has received a copy. It is an expensive way of advertising, but it is very pleasant for us.

The *College Olio* is still full of the State Oratorical Contest. In an editorial we find the following remark: "The thought that, when the four years of college life are over, we must again mingle with the world, and pass for what we are worth, seems to strike comparatively few students in this or other places." We don't know how it is at Marietta or "other places," but certainly we have met with few students in this part of the country who had any other intention than mingling with the world after graduation, and many of them mingle a little before they have passed out of the college halls. A college is but a smaller world, and it is not easier to throw dust in the eyes of the college society than in those of the outer world. The student must pass for what he is worth at college too—and before his four years are up, he is pretty likely to find out by hard experience just what he is

worth. College is a grand place to knock the conceit out of a man—and this, we think, is one of its most useful missions.

There is one point that those journalists who condemn college papers by wholesale, are apt to pass over in their criticisms; namely, that the papers are prepared by students who have from six to ten hours of work to do a day in their regular college studies, and have but little spare time to devote to editing their papers; consequently their work is necessarily somewhat hurried, and may lack, in some degree, the finish and thoroughness that marks the work of the professional journalist. We have heard of but one case in which the editors of a college paper have been allowed immunity from any of their regular work, in consideration of the time they have to spend in getting their paper out regularly. It must all be undertaken as an extra, and often to the sacrifice of the time set apart for exercise or recreation. Partly from the fear that editors might neglect some of their regular duties for the sake of their paper (though oftener, it must be confessed, for fear that they should express their opinions too freely), many college papers have met with coldness, or even considerable opposition, from faculties, and in some cases have been forbidden outright. The plan put in practice, at some places, of allowing essays written for the college paper to count as regular themes required in the course, is an excellent one, both for the paper and for the writer, as the essayist would be much more apt to be careful, writing for a college paper of comparatively large circulation, than for the inspection and criticism of one professor alone. If by such little aids as this faculties should encourage and help on college papers instead of turning them a cold shoulder or browbeating them into subjection, the college paper could be made to produce infinite good, both to the college and to the individual students. The so often quoted remarks of the *New York Independent* that "a good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of college life than a library of by-laws and an army of faculty spies," is by no means overdrawn. Let faculties see the truth of this, and cherish the welfare of the college paper as one of the strongest pillars of the common good. The student-editors have generally understood the responsibility which rests upon them, and have very seldom betrayed their trust. It is well known that a college paper is an excellent thing to advertise the institution from which it springs, and for this reason, if for no other, faculties would be wise to be anxious for its welfare. But, above all, let the paper be entirely independent of the college officers; if it is trusted and fairly treated, no faculty would have need to complain.



Rev. Charles Wood, '70, lectured on the 12th. Subject, "Brain Food."

Prof. H. C. Lewis, the recently appointed lecturer on Geology, is continuing his addresses on that subject.

Baron is candidate for a position as bowler on the first eleven, subject to the approval of the ground committee.

Prof. in Physics: "Can you see an object which is very bright?" Student hesitates. Prof.: "Could I see you if you were very bright?"

Prof.: "What is arsenic used for?" Student: "Arsenic is used in dyeing." Prof.: "Well, yes, it is often used in dying."

The latest precaution taken by the authorities is, immediately before a lecture, to sprinkle "Rough on Rats" under the Freshmen benches, to keep away the "ridiculus mus."

On February 27th, Professor Corson, whose lectures were so much enjoyed last year, gave us a lecture on "English Poetry." On the 3d ult. he gave us a series of readings from both prose and poetry.

The balloting for President resulted as follows:—

Students—Blaine, 56; Edmunds, 9; Arthur, 4; Lincoln, 1; Harrison, 2; Tilden, 2; Logan, 1; Payne, 1. Faculty—Blaine, 3; Edmunds, 5; Lincoln, 1.

Musical statistics of the college are as follows:—Mouth organs, 8; flutes, 5; tin whistles, 7; banjos, 4; violins, 6; bugles, 2; violoncello, 1; guitar, 1; flageolets, 2; cornet, 1; French horn 1; organettes, 1; music-boxes, 4; tambourines, 6; accordion, 1. Making a grand total of 50.

Readè, in investigating the "paralyzers" on the line of the P. D. Q. & V. Telegraph Company, has shown conclusively that the periodical disturbances are accompanied by unusual eruptions on the sun. He declares, also, that he has a clue to the "paralyzer," but declines to make any statements as yet.

A mocking-bird sat upon the topmost branch of a "huckle-berry" bush, singing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Some English sparrows, desiring to get a "royal bulge" on the American songster, surrounded him, and began to cry, "God save the Queen!" Just then an eagle passed that way, to whom the mocking-bird made complaint. The eagle seeing that he had been badly treated, swore vengeance against the sparrows. But the sparrows seeing that the eagle entertained designs against them, took refuge in a hollow tree, thus getting apparently the "dead wood" on the eagle. The mocking-bird went on singing as before, while the eagle tried various plans to get the sparrows out of the tree, but could not prevail upon them to do so, until he offered to read some selections from the Queen's new book, which he happened to have with him. But no sooner had they left the tree, and formed in line ready for the reading, than the eagle drew from under his wing a jaw-bone of an ox, and slew about "stien" of them at one blow.

MORAL.—The more racket you make, the less "jaw" you get, and *vice versa*.

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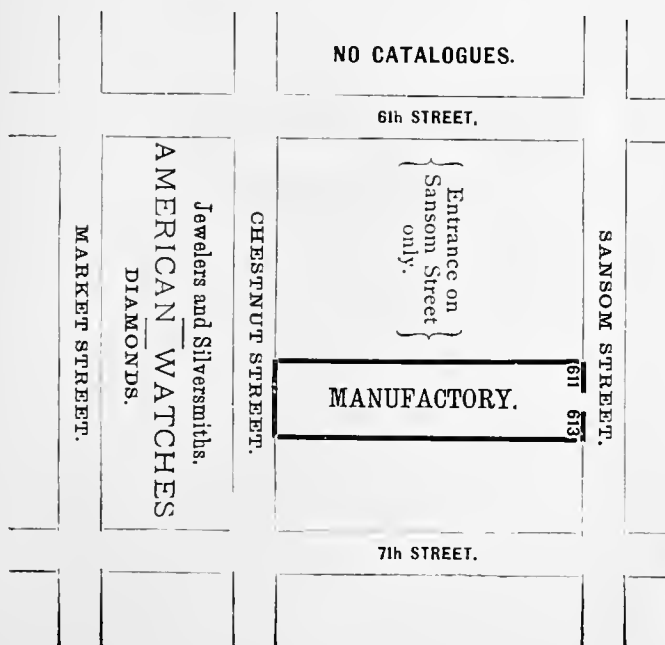
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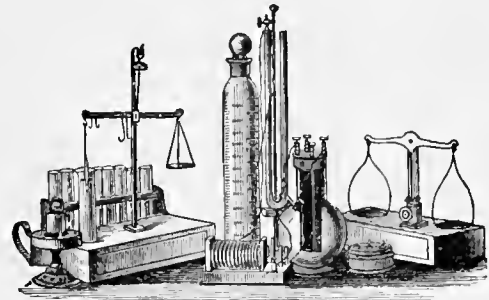
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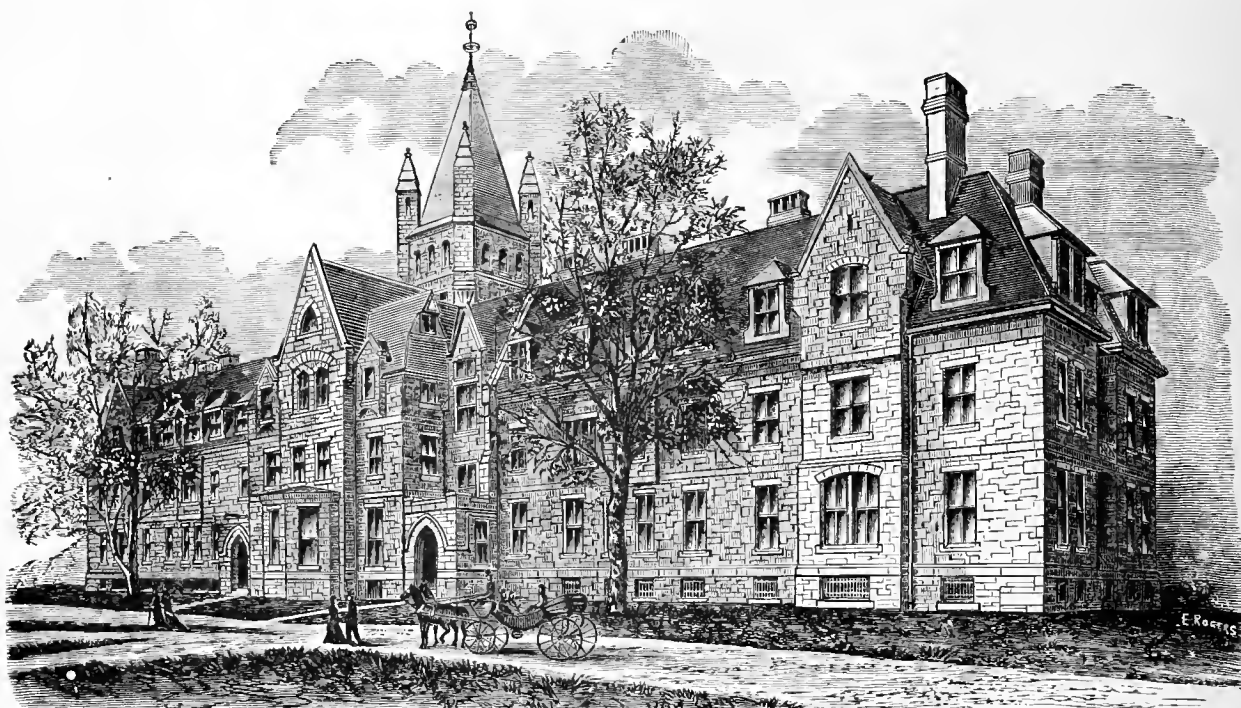
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., MAY, 1884.

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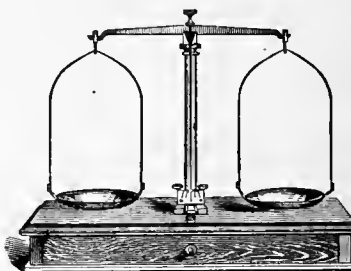
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

The catalogue of one of our well-known schools not long ago, among other things, said that the discipline would be "mild but firm." Time showed that most of the emphasis was meant to fall on the "mild," as *firm* was not an adjective to be used in such close proximity to it. In stating *our* policy and intentions for the coming year, we do not wish to have it couched in such ambiguous language that it will apply if we fulfill our expectations and fully as well if we fail. In undertaking the task, we have not been thoughtless of the magnitude of it, nor have we neglected to weigh the possibilities and the impossibilities of making the paper come up to the standard which we wish to set up. Under the administration of the last board of editors, we have seen THE HAVERFORDIAN grow stronger and take a higher place. We do not wish to begin the cry of "excelsior" too soon, but we do wish to see Haverford send out a paper from which every alumnus can find enjoyment, which will interest all friends of the college, and which will be worthy of the college, and, above all, we wish to avoid everything that will bring discredit upon it. But we are daily admonished that we are but frail creatures and prone to err, and we dare not hope that the paper will be conducted free from mistakes or inconsistencies. If the sun in all his perfection has spots, much less can perfection be expected of us; but we shall

endeavor to shape our course with care, and not to deviate too far from it.

Our predecessors inform us, that in handing us the quill they shed no tears; and surely in taking it in our trembling hands we feel no bursts of joy, but rather that we are walking over fires placed under dangerous ashes; and we are confident that success can come only with the hearty co-operation of the students and all who feel an interest in Haverford.

There is a way in which THE HAVERFORDIAN can be conducted so as make it a most valuable function of the college, and we hope it may be our good fortune to find the key, and we think it has been given us in the advice of our predecessors, to "follow a temperate and conscientious course." But we do not wish to commence our journey in the slough of despond; the raven may croak in the future, but in the present we will read only the good omens, and we will not furl the sails until the cloud is larger than a man's hand. If we can instill in any a desire to strive after the true, the beautiful and the good, and if through our labor THE HAVERFORDIAN can be instrumental in spreading a beneficial influence, without complaint we will sit in the shade when the cloud shuts out the sun.

An American college should, of course, possess, for the most part, the privileges and prerogatives that are granted to an American citizen. No one, anywhere, has a right to deny another the privilege of thinking or speaking as he pleases on a subject open to discussion; least of all of denying him the right to vote as he chooses on a question in which he is interested; but there are a few thoughts to be expressed on the subject. It is clear that it was the object of the founders of our Government, when they adopted the Constitution, that the best man should come into office, and but little preparation was made for party contention and wrangling. The true principles of free government are defeated when parties vote for parties' sake, regardless of measures and men. On the other hand, the first thought should be, Who is the best man to whom this office can be given? and when he has been found he should be elected. The same rule will apply to us. Some are peculiarly fitted

for certain positions, while they are unfitted for others, and again others are of an opposite turn of mind. No one can do all things well, but each one to his own calling. We should be sorry to see any one class claiming that they had a right to all the offices of the college, nor do we think any class so foolish as to make this claim, or to harbor the thought of it. Again, alliances between classes are surely not an open and fair way to get the voice of the college. It is something which should never be resorted to by any class or division, in society, in games, or in any organization. If satisfaction is sought for, there is another and far better way to obtain it. In short, it seems to us that it would be an improvement over the past if each student could man judgment enough to decide for himself who is suitable for the several offices to be bestowed. It is to be regretted that so many are ready to change their minds every time they see a different ticket, and that we hear so often, when one is asked his candidates, the remark, "I don't know; I haven't seen any tickets yet." Societies are not of so little importance that we can afford to take the opinion of any one you please as to who shall fill their offices; but the first and last thought should be, Who is the man most fitted for the place? and the question of how many can we elect from our class should nowhere come in. Class patriotism is praiseworthy, but when it is narrow and bigoted it becomes despicable.

It has been a pleasant feature of the lectures, not only of this year but of preceding ones, that an old student of Haverford is always sure of a hearty welcome, and the close attention of the students, whatever may be the subject of his lecture. When President Chase announces a lecturer as a former student of Haverford, we feel that he has a closer connection with us than others; and we are not disposed to conceal the gratification that we feel in listening to one who has passed his college life in the same institution in which we are seeking after culture. While we regretfully admit that the respectful attention that ought to be accorded to any lecturer has not in all cases been as freely granted by us as it should have been, yet we cannot but feel that it is a real pleasure for old Haverfordians to address us; for, knowing how essential an appreciative and attentive audience is to a lecturer, we do not hesitate to say that Haverford students have not disappointed the kind alumni who have favored us with some of the most entertaining and instructive lectures of the college year. This we believe to be a source of great gratification, both to the lecturers and students.

At the time of our going into press, the literary societies will have closed for the rest of the year, excepting the meetings for the election of officers and transaction of business. They can look back upon a year of success and advancement, and we can feel satisfied with the past, and look forward hopefully to the future. We are forcibly reminded now, as we look back over the interesting meetings of the Loganian during the past college year, of the desire expressed by some of our students to do away with that oldest society at Haverford. It was doubtless at a time when the outlook for the year was not very bright that this desire was felt by many; but we feel assured that there is no one now who holds the same views. The co-operation of the professors has been more freely granted this year than formerly; and we do not hesitate to say that some of our most interesting lectures of the year have been those delivered by the professors before the Loganian. As examples, we may mention President Chase's address on "Lessons of Literature," Professor Davenport's on "The Jesuits," Professor Sharpless' on "College Athletics," Professor Thomas' on "Dr. Johnson," and so on nearly through the whole Faculty. To these must be added the address of Mr. Lloyd P. Smith on "Libraries." When we think that we would have missed all these, and the semi-centennial celebration of the founding of the society also, we must feel sincerely glad that the good sense of the members prevailed, and prevented the subject of dissolution from being even brought up in one of the meetings.

The class in Italian, under President Chase, which began at the opening of this half-year, has been making good progress. It has been an excellent opportunity for students of Haverford to become acquainted with that beautiful language, and we are glad to see that the class has kept up its numbers so well. We cannot feel too deeply what a privilege it is to pursue this study under such favorable circumstances, and may safely say that few other colleges enjoy them to as great an extent as Haverford does. Who is there in the class that does not feel great gratification, and even pride, in thinking that we are reading Dante? All the study we can give him is amply repaid, and in few other studies have we such incentives to faithful work. With our present limited knowledge of Italian, it is impossible for us to appreciate a thousandth part of the grandeur and beauties of the poet; but the sublimity of his theme, the melodious rhythm of the lines, and the depth of the thoughts, must be apparent to the very beginner. No one can regret that Dante's life was not a peaceful one; had it been so, we

would have had no *Divina Commedia*. Driven from his home, the poet lived in that other world, and the terrors of hell, the prayerful tremblings of purgatory, and the blessings of paradise, took hold of his soul, and became a literal reality to him. Thus he relates what he saw, truly saw, and we must exclaim with the citizens of Verona, "*Eccovi l' uom ch' e stato all' Inferno*,"—"Behold the man that has been in Hell."

It is certainly to be regretted that we have but a half-hour a week to give to this delightful study. But let us remember that the limited time for recitation does not preclude any amount of outside work. If we make the most of this grand opportunity to become acquainted with Dante and his language, we will, at the end of the year, be amazed at our own progress. We feel assured that no one will rest content with a slight knowledge of this grand poet, but having caught a glimpse of the hidden splendors within (hidden, but open to those who seek them), let us not cease from our pursuit of them until we lose ourselves in their very infinitude; until, after a course of most charming study, we reach a full comprehension of "that mediæval miracle of song."

Changes in the right direction give evidence of a healthy condition of things, and the change made in the manner of conducting Junior Day is most certainly to be considered as among the number of changes for the better. It may be a mistake not to have the exercises at an hour more suited to visitors, but that each member of the class should have the practise and training to be derived from the occasion, there is no doubt. Doubtless all have enjoyed the social entertainment which the exhibition of Junior talent has formally given rise to; but there has been an almost universal satisfaction manifested with the staid and quiet way in which the present exercises were conducted. Not only was it an honor to the class that they could furnish material for the exhibition not below the average of former years, but each member felt that it was an experience of great value to him. It is a mistaken idea which too many have hampered themselves with, that if they leave the old rut or the beaten path, they will soon lose their way. Constant change is a bad omen for success, but judicious variations from the old line of march are advantageous, and we congratulate the Junior Class that they made such a radical change so successful. It remains to be seen whether future classes will adopt the same system, or return to the old one. The size of the class will, of course, have weight in determining their policy, as also their tendency to do faithful work; but we think that with a few improvements, which time will bring, the

plan which has just been put into practice, will come the nearest to satisfying the majority. At least it will give each one an opportunity to cultivate his vocal organs, and he escapes the mortification of seeing his name in the programme as having resigned the privilege of speaking, when in reality he failed to be elected to that station.

JUNIOR DAY.

The morning of the 12th dawned clear and pleasant, and the Juniors were rejoiced with the prospect of a fine day for their exercises. At 9.30 Alumni Hall, while far from being filled, was occupied by the students and visitors, while in front were seated those who were to take part. President Chase addressed the audience in Latin, and announced the exercises in the same language. The first oration, delivered by W. S. Hilles, was on the future prospects of the negro. The facts *pro* and *con* were stated, and a way of escape from the trouble was proposed. The second oration was delivered by Samuel Bettle. This gentleman chose "Self-culture" for his subject, and while appreciating fully the benefits derived from education and natural advantages, he showed what a man could make of himself by his own unassisted efforts. "Our Relations to England" was the subject of J. J. Blair's oration. In this was set forth the close connection that exists between Great Britain and ourselves, being, as we are, one people. The oration that followed was delivered by W. T. Ferris. The "Reform Bill of 1832" was chosen for his subject; and after speaking of the gloomy prospect that overshadowed England at the opening of this century, he mentioned the beneficial effects of the reform bill, and the severe labors of those who brought it into effect. William T. Hussey followed with an oration on "Feudalism in England." The evils and advantages of this system were dwelt upon, and the effects of Feudalism on the institutions of the present day, in England, were spoken of. "Emerson as a Man" was the subject of the following oration delivered by A. W. Jones. The character and genius of "America's first original thinker," were shown, as were also his deep philosophy and love of nature. J. L. Markley delivered the next oration; he had written on "The American Citizen of the Future," and set forth the duties belonging to a citizen of our Republic, and the dangers menacing him in the future. "The History of Witchcraft in Europe" was the subject of the oration of M. C. Morris. The spread of this delusion through the continent, and its effects, were set forth by the speaker, as well as the remaining traces of it on the people of the present day. The last oration of the day was delivered by Rufus M. Jones. "James

Russell Lowell" was his subject; and the life, services and genius of "our representative man and national poet," afforded an admirable field for the speaker. The exercises then closed, and the audience dispersed.

The second division of the Junior Class were also favored with a fine day, and all were in good spirits as the morning of the 18th dawned so beautifully, while the coolness of the day made it especially fitted for speaking. Owing to the early hour, as on the former day, only a small audience assembled with the students to listen to the exercises; but it was an audience particularly fitted to judge the merits of the speakers, and the applause with which they were greeted showed the appreciation of their productions. Enos L. Doan opened the exercises with an oration on the subject, "Politics as a Profession." He showed clearly how much the Government needs men of character, power and education to guide the affairs of state; and that the highest type of statesmen must be sought from the educated power of our country, who have fitted themselves for its duties. He was followed by A. T. Murray with an oration on "Savonarola," in which he pointed out the earnestness and fearlessness with which that great teacher stood against the evils and wrongs of Florence in his day; the lofty mission of his life, and the grandeur of his death.

W. T. Reeve's oration on "Luxury and Civilization" showed the weakening effects which luxury has had on mind and body in all ages; how it weakened the mighty power of Greece, and effeminated the once victorious legions of Rome. Matthew T. Wilson, in an oration on the "Causes and Aims of Nihilism," drew the sad condition of the people of Russia, and gave as the causes of Nihilism the disaffection of the nobles and serfs, their treatment, and the rush of the lower classes to the institutions of learning after the emancipation of the serfs. William F. Wickersham followed with an oration on "Secret Societies." He pointed out the great power which masters of such organizations exert over their members; that while the brotherhood of humanity, in its broad sense, should be aimed for, it is only reached in its most narrow sense in secret associations, and that no one has a right to bind himself to anything of which he knows nothing beforehand. T. W. Richard's oration on "Papacy in the Middle Ages," pictured the immense power which the popes exerted over the church and people. "They established themselves as earthly kings of kings, and claimed to have power after they had destroyed the body to destroy the soul also." "Social Economy in America" was the subject of the next oration, by Elias H. White, in which he showed that while Germans and Frenchmen brought their life down to correspond to

their means, Americans were prone to live far beyond their means; and that in families where not long ago the necessities of life were wanting, now might be seen a piano and the walls adorned with pictures. Logan Smith, in an oration on "Carlyle and His Critics," denounced the way in which modern critics have seized every opportunity to magnify the slightest flaws in this great teacher of mankind, who felt that he had a mission to perform, and spent his life in fulfilling it. A. H. Reeve was the last speaker. His subject was, "The Growth of Representative Government in Europe." He spoke of the importance of the "Magna Charta" to the free institutions of England, and the steady progress which she made from the time this was granted, and the cost at which France has purchased her representative government by the blood of her people.

MOLIÈRE.

France, under Louis XIV., saw great and radical advances in civilization. She saw the remnants of mediæval superstition vanish before the light of science, she saw the rise of a new period in art, and she saw in literature a greater activity and progress than the Continent had seen since the age of Augustus. Born while yet Descartes had twelve years to live, and dying when the world had already begun to hear of Voltaire, every decade in the life of that remarkable monarch is marked by the birth or death of some man whom the world will ever call great; and the list contains many to whom the title of greatest, in the paths they have trod, is due. Pascal, Bossuet, Boileau, Leibnitz, Fénelon, Le Sage,—pages might be filled with the names of men who have ranked among the first in philosophy, theology, criticism, masters of thought and masters of style; and not the least conspicuous among them is the great dramatic trio, the grand Corneille, the twice-polished Racine, and Molière, the master of French comedy. True comedy requires an advanced stage of civilization, and a keen, refined mind, appealing, as it does, to the judgment and the fine intellectual capacities, rather than to passion, the field of tragedy; and Molière's work was true comedy. He observed, with a keen, unprejudiced eye, men and manners as he saw them every day around him; and with unbiased judgment, and calm foresight that penetrated through the mask of the present and into the age beyond, he ridiculed that which deserved ridicule, shook that which was superficial with a contemptuous laugh, and hurled a naked and terrible spear deep into the heart of hypocrisy and sin. The humor of Molière is generous and free. He does not exaggerate; he does not heap up the charges against those follies and vanities which he

attacks till he has torn them limb from limb, but the laugh he raises against them is always good-natured, though the lesson taught is none the less forcible. It is only when he leaves the little failings and foolishness of his fellow-men, and attacks real sin, that he is so gloomy, terrible, and unrelenting as he is in "*Tartuffe*," the gravest and most powerful of all his plays. As we read his works, his spirit shows itself to us in two different streams, running close together, and sometimes interwoven,—Molière the reformer, seeing clearly the superficiality and emptiness of his time, and striving against it; and Molière the man, gentle and sad, breathing words infinitely tender and pitiful of the disappointment, the sorrow and pain of struggling humanity, words wrung from his own heart by cruel experience; *Tartuffe*, the dark and terrible picture of hypocrisy, launched like a thunderbolt against a world of falsehood; and *Alceste*—the poet himself—at odds with a society of empty pomp and flattery, holding up a standard of reason and truth, yet loving, in spite of himself, a woman whom his reason tells him to be unworthy, unable to restrain his love, his better judgment bidding him to hate. No translation of Molière can ever do him justice. The delicacy and nice shades of meaning can only be expressed by the French language,—a language whose sparkle and vivacity has never been better shown than in his comedies. Molière, like Shakespeare, was an actor as well as an author, and one of the finest actors France has ever produced; and like Shakespeare, he adapted many of his plays from the worthless writings of former comedians. Except *Le Menteur*, of Corneille, and a few others, from his pen, of lesser worth, no comedy worth the paper it was written on had appeared. Farces and burlesques there were in plenty, but these were, as a rule, worthless, and to Molière France owes her first true comedy. With characteristic generosity, Molière acknowledges the debt he owes to Corneille. "I had already a wish to write," he says, "but was in doubt as to what it should be. My ideas were still confused, but this piece determined them. In short, but for *Le Menteur*, though I should, no doubt, have written comedies of intrigue, like *L'Etourdi* or *Le Dépit Amoureux*, I should, perhaps, never have written *Le Misanthrope*." Molière, whose real name, by the way, was Jean Baptiste Poquelin, took up the precarious life of a comic actor at the age of twenty-one, in 1643; and it was not till sixteen years later, that he showed his real worth to the world by the *Précieuses Ridicules*. We have two plays of lesser merit, *L'Etourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, written about six years before. Most of these sixteen years were passed in a protracted tour he made with his company through the provinces. Though he probably

began writing for his company as soon as he entered it, he was educating himself in the knowledge of man, and reserving his forces till that later day when the poor strolling player became great and famous, and under the protection of the king, shook France with his satire. He was well advanced in middle age when he attained the summit of his fame; and the worry and strain of his very active life, being at once manager, chief actor and author for his company, had begun to tell on his system before he wrote *Tartuffe* and *Le Misanthrope*. Continually writing, and placing his plays on his stage as fast as they were needed, Molière left scarcely a folly or pedantry of his age unattacked. His first great work, the *Précieuses Ridicules*, followed long after by the *Femmes Savants*, were both aimed directly at the famous Hotel de la Rambouillet, whose former refinement and simple elegance had degenerated into exaggerated nicety and prudery. The doctors of the old school, such as we read of in *Gil Blas*, or like the four in real history who haggled over the bed of the dying Cardinal Mazarin, each one insisting and trying to convince the others that the great minister was dying of a different disease, were also held up to ridicule. The narrow-minded miser, the egotistical hypocondriac, the Philistine, the apes and parasites of society, the absurdly jealous men, strong-minded women, bores, even the nobles of Louis' court, all in turn were held up to the laughter and contempt of the city; but in *Tartuffe* the poet throws off the laughing mask and appears in a new and terrible guise. *Tartuffe* is the hypocrite, the incarnation of a lie, the coward who, terrified into a semblance of religion, uses it but as a cloak to hide the abject meanness and littleness of his nature from other men, but who casts it off and gives free rein to his depravity when he thinks himself safe from discovery. In fact, a more odious and contemptible character than Molière's *Tartuffe* could hardly be imagined. The court and city were thunderstruck; the laughing, joyous comedian was gone, and in his place they found the grim prophet with stern brow, pointing to the darkest and gloomiest side of human nature. The change was great indeed, and in the life of the poet we can find some circumstances which may explain some of the reasons for this sudden embitterment of spirit. Molière was a lover of truth, a hater of deception, and in the court of the King—for he held, through Louis' patronage, the office of Valet of the Tapestry Chamber—he saw so much of the hollowness and insincerity of court life as to cause him almost to distrust the good in humanity. Besides being of humble birth, his fellow-valets considered the poor comedian not good enough for them, and they treated him with little slights and contempts,

which entered like iron into his soul; but the most trying trouble of all was his unfortunate marriage with a beautiful young actress, many years his junior, whom he had watched over from childhood, and whom he loved dearly. But she was unworthy of him, deceived him, and very ill repaid the tender love and care he had always had for her. The gentle character of Molière is well shown in this episode of his life. In spite of himself, he could not help loving her; and when a separation became necessary, he could not drive her from his house, though they met only on the stage. These troubles were bitter to him, and placed him in the mood in which he produced *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope*. In this latter play, having before pictured the failings and aspirations of others, he turns his pen upon himself, and shows up the bottom of his heart. We can see here his hatred of shallow compliment, for he makes the hero, Alceste, say: "I wish that one should be sincere, and that the man of honor should not let slip a single word which does not come from his heart." We can imagine with what feelings he played *Alceste* to his wife's *Celexme*; it was a play within a play, whose real tragic side the audience did not see. A melancholy interest attaches to the *Malade Imaginaire*, for it was immediately after its fourth representation, in which Molière had played the part of the hypochondriac, who feigns death in order to test the affection of his wife, that the great comedian was borne exhausted to his home, where, after a few hours, he died, at the age of fifty-one. Unlike his two great contemporaries, Corneille and Racine, Molière had never been what is generally understood as a religious man. Comedians in those days were still under the ban of the Church, and it may have been that which held him aloof from openly professing religion; but in the depths of his character he possessed much that was needful, and a friend of his tells us that on his death-bed he "manifested the sentiments of a Christian, and the resignation due to the will of the Lord." Corneille and the scholarly Racine breathe forth and exemplify the spirit of their age, but Molière is rather a writer for all ages. Though many of his plays are hits at peculiar institutions of the day, yet, aside from this historical interest, the natural clear-headed manner in which he pictures man in all his various attributes, gives his work an interest which will outlive nations and ages. It is impossible for us to place him in comparison with Shakespeare. Their natures were as different as the French and English nature always is, and the mind of the English bard was vastly wider and deeper, but we may say this for Molière, that his work is never stained with coarseness and immorality; he is a much more genial writer.

VICE-PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The evening for Vice-President's address of the Logonian was not all that could have been wished, and therefore the audience was small, but those who were present felt well repaid for coming. The Vice-President, T. H. Chase, had chosen for his subject, "The Great French Dramatists," which could not fail of being interesting to the audience that assembled in Alumni Hall. To all, and especially those whose fortune it has been to read in the original these masters of thought, the literature of Louis' reign is a pleasant field of study. The speaker was peculiarly fitted to treat this subject, having read and studied that language and literature so widely. After a brief sketch of the times and customs under that great monarch, and the low character of the stage as Corneille found it, he entered upon his subject, beginning with Corneille. He forcibly showed the power this great writer exerted over the people, and the changes which he made in the French drama, reading passages from his works, showing the beauty and force of his style. Racine came upon the stage in time to be a rival of Corneille, his *Athalie* and *Esther* possessing a beauty unsurpassed by anything ancient or modern. And lastly completing the great triumvirate came Molière, criticising and guiding the thought and character of his time in the laughing style of his comedies. As a delineator of mankind, the speaker said, he was surpassed only by Shakespeare. As we congratulate ourselves on the success of the Logonian this year, and the advantages which we have received from it, we take new courage, and make new resolutions to support it, when we see one of its members interest and entertain us with an address so fruitful in profit and instruction.

LITERARY.

Many questions arise in regard to literary advancement in America. Among the chief ones are these: "Why are there not more great men in the field?" "Why is not more attention paid by the masses to literary productions?" "Is our taste growing better, or worse?" We do not propose to answer these questions, but only give some thoughts upon them.

One reason why we see so few exceptionally great men now in literary work, is because educational acquirements have become more general, and as the atmosphere through which we behold literary men is made brighter by their united glow, so we are unable to distinguish any particular person, while, perhaps, every one of those now attracting any attention, would have appeared as stars of the first magnitude in the sky of literature

when viewed by the light of forgotten years. The simplest answer then, we think, is—general advancement.

We, in America, are differently situated from our English cousins. We are more generally employed in work-a-day occupations. Our vast country awaits development. So, naturally, we have not the time to devote to the sober judgment which literary productions of an advanced character undoubtedly demand. Nearly all great works are the exponents of the time and labor expended upon them, and generally emanate from men staid in life and that have come to full ripe thought. Just as truly it takes time to digest these works. For this reason, England, with its old institutions and wealthy population, affords both the material for producing an advanced literature and the leisure for enjoying it.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published a "Memoir of Thurlow Weed," by his grandson, Thurlow Weed Barnes. This is a concluding volume to Mr. Weed's autobiography. It gives a clear insight into the workings of American politics at a time of the greatest interest. It is especially interesting as being the life record not only of an editor and politician, but of a Christian philanthropist and gentleman, such as rarely comes to public notice.

Catharine II. is again brought to our notice through a volume lately published in Berlin, and written by Professor Brückner. He writes more in the style of a biographer than a comparative historian, and shows a strong favorable inclination to his subject. Yet it is certainly a valuable work on Russian manners and customs. That a woman so gifted from early youth, both in mental and administrative powers, should sacrifice her morals, is a sad reflection upon the times in which she lived.

Miss Maude Howe, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has just written a new novel entitled "The San Rosario Ranch." The scene is laid in California, but gives glimpses of foreign lands also. Roberts Brothers, publishers.

Henry Irving, the distinguished actor, contemplates writing a book on his late tour to America. Mr. Irving's cordial reception on the American stage is due to real merit. He is one of the few men who follow acting as a profession who can point to a pure moral character; hence we are glad to welcome him as our own great actor, Booth, was so enthusiastically received across the Atlantic.

Quite a sensation was lately produced in the newspaper world by the publication of an article in the New York *Tribune* purporting to be from the pen of Matthew

Arnold, and giving his "Impression of Chicago" in pretty scathing sarcasm. The article was freely copied by the Chicago papers, and columns of invective were heaped upon the head of the disciple of "culchaw" and light. Now it turns out that the *Tribune's* "cable dispatch" was composed in an editorial room in the *Tribune* building. The deception was perfect, and it will be hard to convince the Chicago editors and many readers that the whole affair was a hoax. Yet it proves that the American newspaper has acquired a reputation for truth, or it would not have been believed; but a few more experiments like this would soon destroy that reputation. Let it make all the amends it may, there are still hundreds of people whose opinions of Mr. Arnold have been determined by that false dispatch. And while it may teach newspaper men to be more careful in copying without giving the source, it is a pretty dearly bought lesson that sacrifices a good reputation.

"The Ship and Ice Journals of George W. De Long" furnishes material for two good-sized volumes, as now edited by the wife of that lamented explorer. We had thought that sufficient had been written by Kane, Hayes, and others, to deter any one from trying an Arctic expedition, but here are two volumes more of suffering and starvation to add to that long list of fruitless endeavors after a useless object. The history of the expedition is fresh in the minds of the public, and few will care to labor through such a long account of it. In the opinion of the *Spectator*, it should have been compressed into one volume. However, there is a great deal of information in the work, and light is thrown on many dark points.

Harper Brothers have just issued the last work of the distinguished historian, J. R. Green, "The Conquest of England." Of all modern historians, Green certainly takes the lead. This volume, though but a fragment in the history of a great nation, is characteristic of the man, and typifies a life broken off still in its usefulness. In the Introduction is a good account of his last moments.

The distinguished scientist, Arnold Guyot, LL.D., also closed his literary labors in "Creation; or, The Bible Cosmogony in the Light of Modern Science." No one is better able to speak upon this subject than Guyot, with his long life of practical scientific work, and his death in February last was a great loss to the scientific world.

Charles Reade died April 11. He is well known as a novelist and dramatist. His works are accused of containing a good deal of borrowed material, and though their moral tone is good, we do not think his works are destined to have a long life.



The *Vassar Miscellany* for last month is excellent even for a paper so universally good. The article on "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's Place and Work" is interesting and well written, treating a subject worthy to occupy the pages of a college journal. Says the author: "Macaulay and Stanley took each for the governing principle of history what he held to be the governing fact of the universe; the one, man—the other, God. Macaulay ascribes all power to the individual. For him, kingdoms rise and fall at the will of the pre-eminent intellect of the time. To Stanley, times are 'good or evil according to the goodness of the man who worketh good' in them, but 'he is good through God.'" "The Self-Consciousness of American Life" is a forcible and intelligent production; a well-merited rebuke to the spirit of "snobbery," so strikingly manifest in some of our large cities. Other articles of worth appear, which we have not space to mention; and on the whole we are compelled to notice the immense advantages a college paper, containing two or three solid articles, has over one filled up with a host of short editorials.

The *Trinity Tablet*, which we next take up, strikes us as being one of the neatest of our exchanges in its mechanical execution and general appearance. The table of contents on the cover adds much to the value of a college paper, and in this respect many papers might be greatly improved. The page devoted to general college news, is an attractive feature, and can be read with interest by every one. Some of the poetry also is quite creditable.

The *Princetonian* has a modern American version of Horace I., 22. We quote the last stanza:

"If placed within those lands of rain,
All men of Bacchus frightening,
Where one must take his water 'straight,'
Instead of 'Jersey lightning';
Or placed within that torrid clime,
Where the heat 'most melts our collars,
I'll ever love sweet J —; she has
One hundred thousand dollars."

The *Princetonian* shows wisdom in devoting its talent to a popular translation of the odes of Horace. It is vastly more interesting than the bulk of original poetry which covers its pages. Both for the quantity and quality of its poetry, *Hamilton College Monthly* "bears the palm alone." As much can hardly be said

for its column of miscellaneous sentences, labeled "Jokes."

The *Illini* has a good article in the Literary on the "Treaty of Westphalia." We like to see a good literary department well filled every issue, and believe there is nothing that will give the paper a good reputation among those outside of the college so soon as this. People who are disposed to look down on college journalism, and who take no interest in locals, college discussions and college sports, will read a production in which an interesting subject is carefully treated, even if it is printed in a college paper. This paper has also three and a half pages of University Notes which are merely of local interest.

The *Michigan Argonaut* contains little of value, except some speculations as to the causes and effects of the Cincinnati riot. We quote, however, the following: "It is said that a book of rules for punsters is shortly to be issued. The first rule is, 'Don't make any;' the second is, 'Don't laugh at your puns;' the third, 'Die as soon as convenient.' We would recommend the third rule to the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. A man who is capable of inflicting on a university audience such a pun as, 'He that can sing, and won't sing, should be sent to Sing Sing,' should take speedy measures towards casting off the coil."

The *Oberlin Review* comes to us with two interesting and well-written articles which we can truly call good, easy reading. The first is on the poetry of James Russell Lowell, in which the writer pays a graceful compliment to the distinguished member of the band of New England poets, "who have so long delighted both the old and new world with their songs." He tells us how, scarcely out of college, Lowell, with tongue and pen, began that crusade against slavery which he soon saw crowned with success; how he conquered, not like Garrison by his intensity, Sumner by his calmness, nor like Phillips by his audacity, but by the moral truth. He was identified with the right, and his "Thus saith the Lord" was ready for every opponent. Lowell is a close student of Nature, and no poet has shown her in more varied forms, or more clearly comprehended the characteristics of her ever-changing seasons.

The second piece is on Bret Harte; in this, the writer endeavors to show what has been his philosophy, or the principle that has guided him in his productions. It seems that his success lies in his ability to illustrate human nature, and in the possession of a secret power to stir men's souls and move their hearts to sympathy with the characters which he portrays.



"Please call me Guy sometimes."

The "twin thunderbolts" of '85 have been fired.

The mole-trap might be effective on the *ridiculus mus*.

The Seniors have begun to translate Barkley into our vernacular.

Puzzle, with his dark lantern, reminds us of old Diogenes looking round after an honest man.

The Baron and his retainers have been busily engaged in fitting the board walk for bicycle travel.

MacLear's vacation, caused by a dislocated shoulder, has ended, and he now appears, arm in sling.

When '84 is gone, it is whispered that many a sore heart and saddened girlish face will be the only traces left.

A student in Horace electrified his professor the other day by translating "Orientis Haedi" as an oriental Hades.

As hot weather comes on, base-ball is beginning to languish. Smith says his position as umpire will be a sinecure.

Morris, Smith of '86, and Adams, during the spring vacation, contemplate a bicycle trip through rural Pennsylvania.

At the same time "young" Trotter, and Barr, in a wagon, expect to exterminate Atlantic City's game-birds.

Judging by the number of absences, we suppose the Philadelphia dentists to be making fortunes out of the students.

The Freshmen have decided not to go in to their classes any longer with State Prison steps.

Many students find it very pleasant to while away the time in the matron's room, talking of their uncles and the "girls."

Evans is the happy owner of a 58 inch Rudge. By a new style of saddle and pedals he is enabled to ride the largest wheel in the college.

The mock trial in the "Everett" was an unexpected success. Miss Mowry's flirtations with the judge and foreman created quite a sensation.

What can you say of the quadruple star in Lyra? *Ans.* There are two pairs of binary stars, of two each, and each of these is double.

Some of the "vicious students" have been making a deadly raid on the moles. Several have been captured, and subjected to torture after death.

Our friend, "The Student," notwithstanding his able letter, finds he cannot escort any of his friends to church Sunday night. Alas! she must go alone.

Trotter, of '87, is hard at work on his canoe. He objects strongly to calling it either ABCDEF or Ijiji, and visitors are requested to suggest some other titles.

The Freshman taking a scientific course in medicine from the matron's closet, says in regard to those three cathartic pills he took, that "he made the same mistake last year."

Oh that some one would wrap up that poor suffering Freshman in his "tarpaulin jacket," and let him lie down to pleasant dreams! It may be the first stages of brain fever.

We advise one of classical friends to invest in a stethoscope, so that he can read his lesson through the covers without opening his books at all. It will be easy to look at the notes then.

The Freshmen lose a great deal of sleep practising in their third-story bowling alley. The cannon-ball takes the place of gymnasium work and makes perambulating in the dark somewhat precarious.

The new register for a base-ball umpire, in the possession of the leading member of '86, is so arranged as to include fouls in all the balls registered, thereby "demoralizing" the pitchers with the number of bases on called balls.

The following speakers, elected to speak at the public meeting of the Loganian, at the end of the year, are A. H. Reeve, '85; W. T. Hussey, '85; J. L. Markley, '85, and E. D. Wadsworth, '86.

Two Junior Days this year. The empty benches in Alumni Hall are echoing daily the stirring sentiments that are to be poured forth on those times, and which are producing surprise and wonder for the chance readers in the library.

A prominent Sophomore, until lately crusher-in-chief to the Queen, has resigned, and accepted the position of bowler extraordinary to the cricket eleven. Cricketers say they will experience the greatest difficulty in hitting his balls.

The newly appointed editors find to their dismay that nine hundred words makes a page in THE HAVERFORDIAN. The local editor, in consequence, is plunged into the deepest melancholy, and can easily be traced by the broad black band upon his hat.

By vote of a majority of the students, permission has been granted to the Penn Charter School to prepare a cricket crease on our grounds, where they are to practice and play matches. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are the times granted them to come out.

The late election in the Loganian resulted as follows: President, Professor Davenport; Vice-President, A. T. Murray, '85; Secretary, J. P. Tunis, '86; Treasurer, W. S. Hilles, '85; Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN, R. M. Jones, '85; Curator, E. D. Wadsworth, '86; Collegian Editors, J. J. Blair, '85, and W. W. White, '86; President of the Council, J. L. Markley, '85; Librarian, E. L. Doan, '85; Business Manager, W. T. Hussey, '85.

Since our course of geological lectures finished, the dreams of some of the Freshmen have been much disturbed. No one objects to dreaming that he is dying or being married, or even falling from a five-story building; but one does feel an antipathy to dreaming that at any moment he is in danger of being swallowed up in a trap-dike; at the next, of being ground to dust by a glacier five thousand feet deep, after having just escaped being devoured by a pterodactyl and crushed by a megatherium.

A fine oil painting of Daniel B. Smith was presented to the Loganian, on the evening of the 7th ult., by John Collins, who was the artist. Remarks fitting the occasion were made by Drs. Hartshorne and Levick, who were on the committee to attend to it. Professor Sharpless and President Chase answered for the society, and expressed the gratitude the Loganian and college felt for the portrait of him who had done so much to forward the interest of the college in its younger days. It was very appropriate the portrait of the first president should have been painted and presented by the first secretary of the society.

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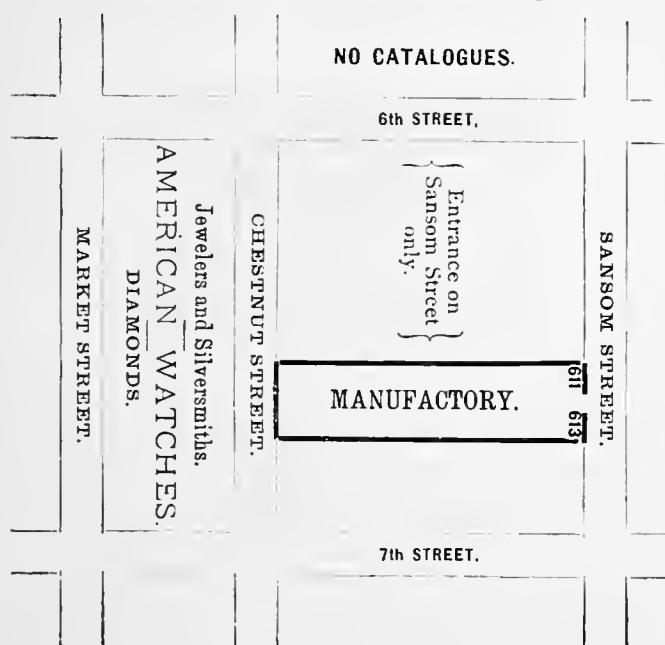
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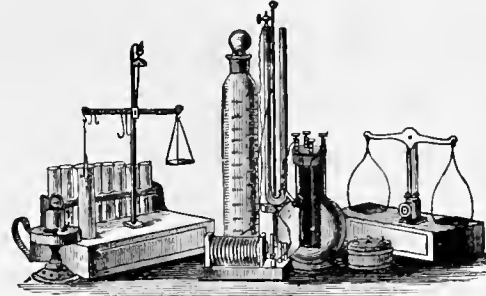
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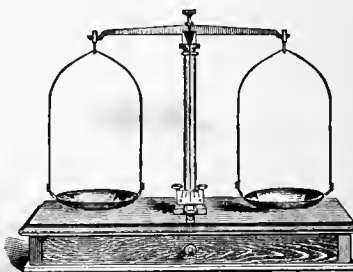
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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

We have been asked why we do not write editorials on the political situation of the day, and give our opinion upon what is going on in general in the outside world. But it will be seen at a glance that this is beyond our sphere. In the first place the idea of a college paper is to give the students an organ through which they can express themselves, and it would be out of the question to express the opinion of eighty students on hardly any political issue in one paper. Furthermore, what we would say on such subjects would be very unattractive reading to outside subscribers, who have the opinions of all the daily papers at their disposal; and while it would be much easier for us if we had a larger field to draw from, it seems to us that it would be out of place for us to discuss such questions.

Before our next issue, the elections will have taken place in the Everett and Athenæum, and we sincerely hope that all class-feeling and other disagreeable features will be kept out of them. Class-feeling is, in one sense, an excellent thing; no one ought to go through college without feeling firmly bound to his classmates by the strongest ties, members of a class being so closely united, and having so many interests in common, all this is very right, and is to be expected, but that low kind of class-feeling, seeking the advancement of one's own class to

the exclusion of others, and trying to crowd members of other classes out of office, is thoroughly to be despised, and it is this that we desire to be kept out of our elections and societies. Members of these societies severally ought to have their best interests enough at heart to seek to put the best men in office, irrespective of class, or what the other society may do. No class should try to run the elections, or to put its own men in all the offices, nor should any two classes unite and agree to vote the same "ticket" in order to defeat the wishes of a third class. Let us see the best men put in, and the best interests of the societies cared for, and we feel assured that all classes will be better satisfied in the end.

For the rest of the term we shall have very few days which will tend to produce a desire for study; for a period of the year is now reached in which it is impossible for any one to work as he did two months ago, and it ought not to be expected of him. But there is noticeable on almost every face a look of satisfaction; and really it is the most satisfactory part of the college, notwithstanding it is so hard to concentrate the mind on the knotty problems and deep secrets which are daily set before us. In the first place, the time spent on review is, without exception, the most important part of the year; but at the same time it does not require so much close thought and deep research as the advance did. Then it is possible to be in the open air for the most of the time, instead of hibernating in a room, with nothing to look for except dinner or supper, and with nothing to distinguish one day from another except a difference of recitations. Doubtless the beautiful weather has the most to do with causing the jovial temperament in which we find everybody this month; but the thoughts of home and unbroken rest devoid of care have some influence in changing that old melancholy look to one of satisfaction. We have, thus far, failed to find a person so fond of study that he did not hail a cessation from it with joy; nor do we think this shows that the pursuit of knowledge is in low esteem, any more than the fact that a business man is in a hurry to get to Newport shows that he is dissatisfied with his business. When all things are considered, it seems to us that one would be compelled to spend a great deal of

time in fruitless search before he could find anything which would satisfy him so well every day in the year as a life in college. The monotony here is not like the monotony to be found elsewhere, for in the darkest winter-day, if it isn't quite as "rare as a day in June," there is always something to be put on the side of profit. And if there are any among us who are on the fence about coming back next year, in the hope that they will find a Hesperides somewhere else without a dragon in it, let them be assured that if they have been dissatisfied here it is because they are carrying the dragon around with themselves, and it will be with them wherever they go, unless they crush it. In fine, we believe college life, rightly lived, to be the first in importance, in advantage and in enjoyment.

By the time that this number of THE HAVERFORDIAN reaches our readers, we will all be looking forward to the summer vacation, which will then be so near at hand. The usual means of enjoying one's self, we doubt not, will be tried over again with no less success than before, and prepare us to enter upon next fall's work with renewed vigor. '84 will have left us, and in many ways will we miss them; but we must be ready to extend a hearty welcome to '88, and open the year with as bright an outlook as possible. This college year, which is so near its close, has been successful and prosperous in many ways. Thanks to our healthy location, sickness has been almost unknown, and the health of all the students has been good. We think our professors will support us in saying that good work has been done as regards studies, and we have only to point to our societies to show the evidences of faithful support. We began the fifty-first year of our existence under most favorable auspices, and now, at its close, we look forward to a bright future. Our cricket has brightened, and a great advance has been made in every direction. We can close the year with great satisfaction, and with well-grounded anticipation of equal success next year.

Every pleasant evening, now that hot weather has come, the steps of Barclay Hall are occupied by a number of students from the time they leave the supper-table, almost, until bedtime. Warm weather certainly does have a great tendency to take away our inclination for work, and to make all work, to a certain degree, hard; but it seems that, instead of combatting this tendency, many of us give ourselves up to it, and seek to get along as easily as possible. It is useless for us to say that this

is not as it should be; but we think it not out of place to bring before our readers some different ways of spending the time that is thus thrown away. While we cannot say whether the professors have noticed any falling off in the recitations, we think that we could all well afford to put more time on our lessons than we do, if for no other reason than because examinations are coming on. We are now reviewing, and this period is in many respects the most important of the year. However, we do not wish to condemn altogether. Many students are working as faithfully now as before, although they are a minority. But supposing that we have performed all our college duties, is that any reason why we should spend our spare time in "the interminable task of doing nothing"? There are many things to which we might turn our attention. The never-failing resort to good books should occupy more of us, and many of the upper-class men who did not do so, should have spoken for the Alumni prize. We hope to see this custom of spending so much time uselessly, broken up; for while we are desirous of seeing all make full use of this splendid weather for outdoor sports, and wish to see cricket and tennis thrive, we feel that all this wasted time, that does nothing to advance our sports, health, or characters, should be put to better use.

We have been pleased to hear that our Faculty has granted a week at the end of the year to the Senior Class. It may seem to some that the request was a little novel, but the decision of the Faculty shows that they did not consider it exorbitant. It has usually been the custom to allow the Senior Class four days, and this year, as there has been an extra week added to the college year, it is only reasonable that this should be given to them. After a class have worked faithfully through four years, and are about to leave the college forever, as students at least, it is certainly fitting that this much should be given them to prepare for Commencement. In the past it seems that there has hardly been distinction enough made between the highest and lowest classes. The Freshmen need care and advice more than any other class; while the Seniors deserve to have some deference and respect paid them, and they do not need the same restrictions as they did four years ago. In most colleges with which we are acquainted, the graduating class are allowed much more time than that which has been granted in this case, but this ought to be enough to satisfy the most avaricious, and it shows that the Faculty are ready to grant whatever they think is deserved. It is very seldom that a body of sensible fellows as a unit ask for a change without it is deserved.

VENICE.

[From Professor Davenport's Lecture on the Italian Republics.]

Venice began with no premonitions of a great destiny. No wolves nurtured her first founders to announce a supremacy of rapine and slaughter. No peals of martial music, as at Constantinople by the orders of Constantine himself, heralded the rising walls, and bade the world take notice that a new mistress claimed the allegiance of the nations. Nor were the genius of the greatest conqueror of antiquity, and the resources of subjugated empires, taxed, as at the Egyptian Alexandria, to create a sumptuous mart in the centre of the world, whose merchants should guide a universal commerce, and whose scholars should be housed in gorgeous mansions, and lounge or lecture through elegant libraries and museums, the envy of all ages. No multitudinous masses of slaves, as at Ctesiphon, obeyed the voice of a Persian despot, and on the edge of Arabian deserts evoked long piles of palaces, as glittering, and almost as fleeting, as those lifted by genii to greet the gaze of Aladdin. Nor did the caprice of a Russian czar sink granite foundations, and lavish human lives on the swampy margin, where an icy sea lashes a bleak lowland, and is fettered in a costly but precarious bondage. Nor did the world see issuing a well-organized colony, such as swarmed forth from the wealth of Athens or of Corinth, or such as bore aloft the standards of Rome, and marched at the word of command of centurions, and the blast of bugles, in all the array of cohort and legion, to encamp among subdued and awe-struck natives.

A few poverty-stricken fishermen at first plied their solitary nets, and gathered salt, with no more instinct of what was before them, than had the Pilgrim fathers, when they disembarked upon Plymouth Rock. Slow and unsteady were their infant steps; but at length they divined their mission. Abandoning the fierce delights of battle to their neighbors, who did nothing for centuries but murder and be murdered in a ceaseless round of massacre, they devoted themselves to peaceful trade. Ferocious as Goths and Franks, Lombards and Huns, might be, they still needed fish and salt and corn and wine, and occasionally also the spices and gems and dyes of the East. The Venetians set themselves to supply the demand; and humble traders as they were, and for a long time despised, yet they ultimately found that riches were better than big battalions, and that the silent benefits of commerce were more desirable and lasting than the noisiest battles and most vociferous victories. States came to them for money, and monarchs were made or unmade by the bankers of the Rialto.

Peace was their policy, and yet they did not shrink

from war, for they soon found it incumbent upon them to clear the Mediterranean of pirates, and they accepted the duty. Then, as the area of their little isles was very scanty, they were forced to distribute colonies in all directions. In its palmiest days the metropolis never contained more than 200,000 inhabitants, and it finally came to pass that palaces covered nearly all its ground. But, in reality, it was the brain and focus of what became ultimately a huge empire, embracing large parts of Italy and Dalmatia, the Morea, the Ionian and Ægean Islands, Cyprus and Crete, and portions of Asia Minor. For ages it was the wealthiest and most magnificent city of Europe; Arab and Greek, Persian and Egyptian, German, French, Spaniard and Italian, Syrian, Englishman and Hungarian,—all were obliged to deal in her marts, if they traded at all. Caravans toiled their way across African and Asiatic deserts, and unloaded their treasures into Venetian fleets. These swept over the waves to all quarters, and carried the knowledge of luxuries, and the acquaintanceship with large families of busy and ingenious mankind to the European savages, the Christian barbarians, who fancied that their own quarrelsome manners and their rude ignorance were all that the world knew or contained. Many of the technicalities of modern finance were in Venice first employed. Banks and bills of exchange were invented. Newspapers were there first published, and the leisure that wealth allows directed itself to scholarship and the fine arts. Elegant books, after the invention of printing, were published in editions famous even now. Architecture was enabled by princely fortunes to construct palaces and churches, which are the admiration of the world. He who has looked upon the Doge's palace,—upon that miracle of ecclesiastical structure, St. Mark's Church,—upon the gorgeous coloring of the Venetian painters, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, has in his memory that which cannot be duplicated or rivalled by the display of any other city. Lying, as it were, upon the borders of the East, and holding constant intercourse with it, Venice seems to have been captivated by its styles; she imported them upon her canals, making alterations as her own cultivated taste suggested.

When a nation or state has finished its career, impartial history is bound to sit in judgment upon it. Her province it is to decide what of good or evil has befallen the world through it; wherein it has instructed the nations; whether it has guided them to higher truths of philosophy, to juster manners, or a purer faith; whether, by its example, it has shown the advantage of any special virtues, or by its own deficiencies, even, it has sounded the warning against certain vices. Let us ask,

then, what was the part that Venice has performed in the world? Did her influence promote human welfare, or was she an obstruction in the world's highway of civilization?

And the first reply to this question has been just suggested, namely, that the mission of Venice was beneficent, inasmuch as it testified to a warring world the blessings of peace; it showed by its own example that happiness, social comfort, and civilization follow in the train of commerce, blessing, and blessed; that beggary, contempt, and lasting misery were the only upshot of so many savage wars, whilst riches, power, and honor came in abundance, even to a small city that assiduously cultivated the arts of peace. Venice was the great forerunner of the present era of commerce,—an apostle of tranquillity in a world of disturbance. This abstinence from war was only relative, not absolute; the corollary of peaceful pursuits, rather than an abhorrence of the sword.

Venice, secondly, demands our admiration, because it always opposed the Feudal system. This system, which has occasionally found apologists, was in substance only an organized anarchy. It deified brute force; crushed with an iron heel the lower classes; poured scorn on popular aspirations, and exalted a mailed nobility. Feudalism never harmonized well with the Italian turn of mind,—excluding the Lombard element,—but the usages of Venetian manners, and especially the jealous equality of a commercial aristocracy that took counsel together in secret, were utterly repugnant to it. By instinct they stubbornly opposed it, and led the way to European emancipation. Great commercial cities never favor human bondage.

But one of the greatest benefits that Venice has conferred upon the cause of civilization was the firm stand that it took against Papal pretensions. It, indeed, never ceased to be Catholic, but it combated with bitter determination the claims of the Popes to supremacy. Moreover, no heretics were ever burned alive by the Inquisition beneath the shadow of St. Mark's, as they had been before cathedrals at Seville and Paris, Madrid and London, Naples and Lisbon. A German emperor could not save Huss, and Florence burned the pure Savonarola. But the terrible Council of the Ten allowed no such enormities, and enraged the Vatican by its toleration. There came at last a great conflict between Rome and Venice, and the result lowered papal prestige in Christendom, second only to the humiliation inflicted by Luther. In 1605 Paul V. ascended the chair of St. Peter. The Counter Reformation, so largely achieved by the company of the Jesuits, had undone much of the

work of the German Protestants. A venerable church, hallowed by its associations, and attractive through its splendid ceremonies, had allured back to its bosom myriads of its wandering children. Emboldened by this success, Paul V. resolved to reclaim all that the most arrogant Popes had ever exacted. He expected to signalize his pontificate by the entire submission of every civil government to papal predominance. Two priests had been thrown for infamous crimes into prison within the territory of the republic. The Pope demanded their release, pretending their exemption from the civil power, and their liability only to himself. He asserted that, as Head of the Church, he possessed irresponsible power, and could make and depose kings. The Doge refused to surrender the criminals, or to nullify the laws of Venice. Then the Pope thundered out his excommunication, and placed Venice under an interdict. Terrible had been this punishment in former times; for all the rites of the Church, being suspended throughout the length and breadth of the land, struck horror into all hearts. The wrath of God was supposed to be aroused; children were unbaptized; the dying were unblessed. The fiercest monarchs of Germany and France and England had been brought to their knees. But the stern oligarchy budged not an inch. They issued a proclamation commanding the clergy to continue divine service, punished disobedience, expelled Jesuits and Capuchins, and called upon European governments to consider the cause their own, as being waged in defense of the rights of sovereigns. Never had Venice seemed so dignified, never so glorious. England and France cordially sympathized. The victory was decisive to Venice. The Pope was compelled to make peace. Venice insisted upon his withdrawing his excommunication, and it was withdrawn. Henceforth excommunications became ridiculous. That weapon was broken by Venetian spirit, and the baffled Vatican saw mutiny triumphant. No change was, to be sure, effected in religious doctrine; transubstantiation, Mariolatry and the intercession of saints, retained their devout believers, but since that day no Pope has asserted pre-eminence over temporal power, and every government is supreme in its own borders.

Enraged by his defeat, the Pope set a band of assassins upon the famous historian, Sarpi, a Venetian, who had very ably maintained the cause of his native city. As he was walking homewards in the streets of Venice, one day, a gang of bravos attacked him. He was left for dead, with a dagger in his brain; but he was picked up breathing, and after a long while completely recovered, living many years to receive the gratitude and tender care of the Venetians. The assassins escaped to Rome,

and were secretly sheltered by the papal authorities. The abominable crime caused an outcry of disgust over all the Christian world; and no one act, in all its history, so lowered the influence of the Roman hierarchy. Nothing, on the other hand, has ever in its results, so much strengthened the arms of the champions of religious freedom, as did the attitude of Venice at this memorable juncture.

A fourth great service has Venice accomplished for Christendom. For several hundred years she was a steady bulwark against the Turks. We, of this age, can scarcely appreciate how near Moslem barbarism came to destroying dawning civilization, precisely as Goths and Vandals had thrown down the fabric of Roman arts. A second night threatened just as the morning glow was illumining the world. And what a hopeless darkness would that have been, had the cross gone down before the crescent in Central Europe, as it had disappeared in South-eastern Europe! Would not the relapse have been fatal, at least until far distant ages had slowly established a new world?

But Venice was keenly alive to the danger; she harmonized the discordant nations into fresh crusades; she lavished the riches acquired through busy centuries; she built vast fleets; she raised huge armies; she goaded Italy, and France, and Spain to vigorous endeavor; she met the enemy at every island of the Egean, and upon all its shores. Her cannon thundered at every fortress-crowned cliff, that bore the green flag of Turkey; her navies swept incessantly around every harbor. The temples of the Peloponnesus, the walls of Thebes, the Acropolis at Athens, the Pass of Thermopylæ, once more witnessed the death struggles of Asia and Europe. Venice sometimes led banded nations with the white cross of St. Mark far fluttering in the van, and again she was alone by herself, zealous as ever and yielding not a jot. Every rood of the Island of Crete was fought over; the Morea was drenched in blood, and Hungary, Dalmatia and Albania showed enormous tracts filled with burned cities. And yet Turkish fanaticism seemed to be surely gaining ground, and the Mosque appeared on many a sunnyslope, where once stood a Christian church.

On one of the momentous days in the world's annals, the tide was stemmed, was reversed. The battle of Lepanto, in 1571, is counted among the decisive battles of history, and was the greatest naval engagement ever fought. Not far from the waters of Actium, where once before the West had vanquished the East, the same conflict of ages was determined, and, we may trust, forever. Six hundred ships, and one hundred thousand men met on a calm October morning. Nearly one-half of the allied

Christian fleet was Venetian. Never before were the Moslems so confident. Their huge ships in long column bore down upon the Christian line with deafening shouts. All was silence here; but suddenly the commander stepped upon the quarter-deck, bared his head, and knelt in prayer. Instantly on every Christian ship were the hosts of warriors prostrate in fervent petition. A profound stillness for some minutes answered to the shot and shell that were now tearing through hull and shroud. The contest was one of the bloodiest, but never was overthrow so complete. Out of the vast Mahometan host, not one-fifth escaped, and ships by the hundred, and Turks by the scores of thousands, perished. Turkey was not only checked, it was for the time annihilated as a naval power; and ever since that day Mahomet's followers have ceased to advance; they have slowly retreated before the adherents of our holy faith. The world breathed freely, and Venice deserved conspicuously, and received abundantly, the gratitude of civilized mankind.

We have all read so much of the dark secrecy and jealous despotism of the Venetian oligarchy, that, probably, our strongest impression of that government is of something mysterious and awful. If, however, the government was mysterious in its ways, it was thoroughly efficient; it was stable; it was popular and untouched by revolution; it guaranteed life and liberty to its subjects,—albeit it granted them no share in public affairs. Though it struck terrible blows in secret, and its punishments were merciless, yet the despotism of Venice was infinitely less bloody than the tyrannies of Lombardy, the anarchies of Germany, perhaps even than the ordinary sway of England or France.

ALUMNI PRIZE CONTEST.

The annual contest for the oratorical prize took place on the 30th ult. A larger number of speakers than usual presented themselves, and the orations were of a high order of merit.

The first speaker, A. P. Smith, in an oration entitled "A Powerful Factor in Politics," showed the part which educated men take, and the part which they should take, in American politics.

We next listened to L. T. Hill, who graphically described "A Day in the Life of Webster," the day on which he delivered his ever-memorable reply to Hayne.

"The Advance of Truth and Our Place in the Ranks," was the subject of an oration by R. M. Jones, who spoke earnestly in regard to the growing evil, intemperance, and extorted the students of Haverford to make a strong stand against its advancement. We should take some

decisive step not only for our own good, but for the benefit of succeeding generations.

O. W. Bates then spoke of the true doctrine of Loyalty. Loyalty of old meant allegiance to government or particular institutions. "The history of former times has been a mirror of chivalrous deeds, a catalogue of crimes. In the convulsions of society, and overthrow of old institutions, the tendencies of popular veneration have been modified." The truly loyal man knows no bounds of time, place or circumstance, but finds expression of the loftiest aspiration of his being in the capacity of reformer and philanthropist. John Brown was a truly loyal man, and not a fanatic. The most conspicuous example of pure loyalty in modern history was that of George Fox and the Society of Friends.

The last speaker, A. T. Murray, in an oration entitled "John G. Whittier," discussed the life and character of the Quaker poet in an able and interesting manner. Whittier did not wait until it was possible to be an abolitionist and be popular at the same time. His heart was in every line of his anti-slavery poems. The man is even more to be admired than the poet. His life has been a consecration to all that is noblest and best.

The prize was awarded to A. T. Murray.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Haverfordian.

It is surprising how intelligent men sometimes fall into errors of speech and faults of pronunciation, some of them provincial in their character, which it might be supposed their careful education would save them from.

Happening, last year, to have friends in the graduating class of Haverford, the University of Pennsylvania, and that at Princeton, the writer attended the Commencement exercises of each of these colleges, and, in each of them, these faults were at times noticeable.

This was especially the case in the pronunciation of the letter *u*, whether found in the first or last syllable of the word. Thus *duty* was called *dooty*, *student*, *stoodent*, *institute* and *institution*, *institoot* and *institootion*. The word *few* was called *fēw*, as it should be, but the words *new* and *dew*, which, excepting the first letter, are spelled in the same way, were almost invariably called as if spelled *noo* and *doo*; while *avenue*, a pretty word in itself, was almost always distorted into *avenoo*.

That this error is not purely an Americanism is shown in the fact that Thackeray, in his *Pendennis*, makes the little serving-maid who waits on Pen, talk about the "*dook*," just as some one else, in the same story, invariably says *stoopid* when he means to say *stupid*.

There are, it is true, right-hand errors and left-hand errors, and it would be the height of affectation if not of pedantry, to go to the other extreme and call *duty*, *juty*, or *tunc*, *chunc*, or *Tuesday*, *Choosday*, but this is a very different thing from giving the honest pronunciation of *ū* to such good, honest words as *dūty*, *dūc*, *dēw*, *tūnc*, *institūte* and *institūtion*. How differently that beautiful sentence in the Episcopal prayer-book sounds when read, "Give us that *dūc* sense of all thy mercies," instead of when read as it too often is, "Give us that *doo* sense," etc. And again, in the same service, "pour upon them the continual *dēw* (not *doo*) of thy blessing;" and still once more, "whose mercies are (not *noo*, but) *nēw* every morning."

The use of the word "fall" as synonymous with autumn, or the fall of the year, is one of those provincialisms which seems to have taken strong hold of our American people. One now never hears in England this word used in the sense of autumn. And yet two centuries ago, especially in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, its use, in this sense, was not uncommon. Dryden, and even the great law-giver, William Penn, thus use it, while Milton and Spenser invariably use the word "autumn." Surely there is a peculiar beauty and appropriateness in the word which signifies the *increase*, the *swell*, the *strength* (*augco*, *auctum*, to increase, to strengthen), of the year already in existence. The ancients sometimes attached a special religious meaning to the word, and "the autumn" was the season of both increase and of offerings. On the other hand, there are those who contend that there is something peculiarly picturesque and appropriate in the word "fall" as applied to the season of the falling leaf. Perhaps so, but then we should say, "the fall of the year," for the word "fall" has now so many meanings that to use it in the sense of autumn becomes, at times at least, ridiculous. The old primer tells us that "in Adam's fall we sinned all;" but this can hardly apply to any one season of the year; and yet to make any such application of it would hardly be more unnatural than to say that a race-horse will *run* in the *fall*; or that a man, a politician, will *stand* in the *fall*; or to speak of *fall* sports, to say nothing of *fall* bonnets, *fall* coats and the like.

ALUMNUS.

Doubtless a majority of our errors in pronunciation come from carelessness on our part, but it is a thing to be regretted that students who, least of all, should be careless in this direction, are so remiss in pronunciation as well as in spelling, and we hope this article will receive the careful reading which it deserves.—ED.

CRICKET.

Old Haverfordians and all cricketers will be pleased to learn that cricket has a boom at Haverford; and though we may not win many games in comparison with the best city clubs, scarcely ever before has there been such a general interest in cricket.

The first match of the season was played on the Haverford grounds, May 3d, between the Girard and Haverford Second Elevens. The Girard took the bat first, and piled up runs freely, making a total of 112.

After the first two wickets fell, the home team were retired in short order with 54 to their record.

In the second innings, the Girards awoke to the fact that there were bowlers here who could bowl, and retired with the diminutive score of 19.

The score follows:

GIRARD.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
N. Tomlin, c. Wilson, b. Wright,	31	1. b. w. Barr,	0
W. Walker, c. Trotter, b. Wright,	19	not out,	0
G. Blood, c. and b. Barr,	11	c. Wilson, b. Wright,	0
S. Wallis, c. Wilson, b. Barr,	6	b. Wright,	5
W. Rhodes, b. Barr,	2	c. Wilson, b. Barr,	1
A. Barnett, c. Yarnall, b. Wright,	3	b. Wright,	2
E. Wigham, b. Barr,	2	b. Barr,	2
S. Booth, not out,	25	c. Wilson, b. Wright,	1
H. Hawthorne, b. Wright,	1	c. Yarnall, b. Wright,	6
F. Sutcliff, b. Wright,	0	run out,	0
Dr. Peacock, b. Barr,	4	leg bye, 1; no ball, 1,	2
Wides, 3; byes, 3,	6		
Total,	112	Total,	19

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

FIRST INNINGS.				
	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Barr,	94	41	3	5
Wright,	120	43	4	5
Wilson,	30	22	1	0
Wides, Barr, 3,				
SECOND INNINGS.				
Barr,	56	3	6	3
Wright,	60	14	1	5
No ball, Wright, 1,				

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.				
F. H. Strawbridge, b. Wallis,				10
H. W. Stokes, b. Barnett,				18
W. T. Wright, b. Wallis,				3
E. K. Barr, b. Wallis,				4
P. H. Morris, c. Peacock, b. Barnett,				2
A. C. Garrett, run out,				5
J. P. Tunis, b. w., b. Barnett,				0
M. T. Wilson, c. Hawthorne, b. Barnett,				0
A. H. Scott, b. Barnett,				0
F. L. Trotter, b. Barnett,				0
H. E. Yarnall, not out,				3
Byes, 7; wides, 2,				9
Total,				54

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Booth,	24	6	1	0
Sutcliff,	36	5	3	0
Tomlin,	18	8	0	0
Barnett,	56	13	3	6
Wallis,	54	13	3	3
Wides—Sutcliff, 1; Tomlin, 1,				

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

FIRST INNINGS.										
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Girard,	22	68	70	76	79	79	81	92	92	112
Haverford,	31	39	39	42	48	49	51	51	52	54
SECOND INNINGS.										
Girard,	2	6	12	13	15	16	16	19	19	

HAVERFORD SECOND VS. GERMANTOWN SECOND.

On the 17th of May the Second Eleven won an easy victory over the Germantown Second, at Nicetown. The bowling of Barr and Wright was too puzzling for the home team. The fielding was exceptionally good, few chances being missed. The Haverfordians won with nine wickets to spare.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE (SECOND ELEVEN).

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
I. T. Barr, b. Kurtz,	8	b. Kurtz,	10
H. W. Stokes, run out,	5		
W. T. Wright, run out,	29		
E. K. Barr, c. Lammot, b. Welsh,	17		
F. Strawbridge, c. Welsh,			
b. McDowell,	0	not out,	1
G. Wood, b. Duhring,	5		
A. C. Garrett, run out,	10		
P. H. Morris, c. Wister, b. Duhring,	2	not out,	21
F. Trotter, b. Duhring,	0		
H. Yarnall, b. Duhring,	1		
Wilson, not out,	0		
Byes, 10; leg byes, 3; no ball, 3,	16		
Total,	93		

GERMANTOWN (SECOND ELEVEN).

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
S. Welsh, 1. b. w., b. Barr,	4	c. and b. Barr,	14
T. Colladay, run out,	0	c. Wilson, b. Barr,	1
C. Robinson, b. Wright,	2	1. b. w., b. Wright,	15
J. Wister, b. Barr,	13	c. Morris, b. Wright,	18
W. Duhring, c. Strawbridge, b. Barr,	3	b. Barr,	1
C. Kurtz, b. Wright,	7	run out,	0
S. Carpenter, c. Morris, b. Wright,	23	not out,	3
C. McDowell, c. and b. Barr,	0	b. Barr,	1
1. Lee, c. Wilson,	13	c. Wilson, b. Barr,	0
Lamott, b. Barr,	0	c. Stawbridge, b. Garrett,	0
R. Brown, not out,	0	b. Barr,	0
Byes, 3; leg-byes, 1; wide, 1,	5	Byes, 1; leg-byes, 2; wide, 1,	4
Total,	70	Total,	57

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

GERMANTOWN—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Duhring,	84	12	5	3
Kurtz,	30	16	0	1
Wister,	18	6	1	0
Welsh,	54	27	1	1
McDowell,	18	11	0	1
Brown,	12	1	1	1
No balls—Duhring, 3,				

SECOND INNINGS.

Welsh,	37	7	3	0
Duhring,	18	14	0	0
Kurtz,	18	11	0	1
Wide—Duhring, 1,				

HAVERFORD COLLEGE—FIRST INNINGS.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Wright,	108	36	6	3
Barr,	102	29	8	5
Wides—Barr, 1,				

SECOND INNINGS.

Barr,	98	21	5	5
Wright,	92	31	2	1
Garrett,	2	0	0	1
Wides—Barr, 1,				

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

GERMANTOWN.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings,	0	7	11	19	29	35	35	62	62	70
Second innings,	32	32	33	43	51	51	51	55	55	56

HAVERFORD.

First innings,	16	25	51	58	72	76	89	89	91	91
Second innings,	29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

The first match by the First Eleven as played on the Haverford grounds with the Merion First Eleven on May 21st. The home team were weak at

the bat with but three exceptions, and the only double figures were made by Hilles and Baily.

Only one inning was played.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE.

Blair, c. Philler, b. Morris,	6
Reeve, c. and b. Morris,	4
Hilles, b. Morris,	13
Bettle, b. Philler,	3
Chase, c. and b. Philler,	0
McFarland, c. Townsend, b. Morris,	6
Baily, c. Haines, b. Craig,	18
Wright, c. Craig, b. Morris,	0
Barr, not out,	9
Garrett, c. Philler, b. Thayer,	0
Stokes, c. Townsend, b. Thayer,	2
Byes,	—
Total,	61

MERION.

C. E. Haines, b. Bettle,	10
A. Craig, c. Wright, b. Baily,	2
W. R. Philler, l. b. w., b. Bettle,	11
R. Clay, c. Trotter, b. Bettle,	24
Dr. Morris, c. Baily, b. Barr,	3
G. Philler, run out,	4
A. L. Baily, l. b. w., b. Bettle,	0
S. Thayer, b. Barr,	4
W. Bates, c. Reeve, b. Blair,	5
C. Townsend, b. Barr,	2
Sharp, not out,	5
Byes,	5
Total,	75

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

HAVERFORD.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
First innings,	6	13	20	20	30	36	40	58	59	61

MERION.

First innings,	10	14	50	55	55	57	62	62	—	74
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BOWLING ANALYSIS.

HAVERFORD.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Bettle,	90	28	3	4
Baily,	36	26	0	1
Barr,	60	11	4	3
Blair,	12	4	0	1

MERION.

Morr's,	72	33	0	5
Craig,	48	11	3	1
G. Philler,	72	9	4	2
Thayer,	49	6	3	2

PERSONALS.

'63.—Dr. R. H. Chase, superintendent of Norristown Hospital for Insane, read an essay before the State Medical Society at the Union League, May 14.

'73-'79.—J. M. Fox and W. C. Lowry, of the Merion Cricket Club, sailed for England with the cricket team, May 17.

'77.—Married, April 10th, Frederic L. Baily, '77, to Miss Caroline A. Corlies. They sailed for Europe on the 12th of the same month.

'81.—Isaac Johnson called on us a few days ago. He has been very successful with his school at Wilmington, Del.

'82.—W. C. Jay, M. D., is the happy father of a little son born on the 26th of March. It is the first child born to any member of '82, and we hope it will be blessed with years and all that is desirable to make life a success.

'82.—Fred. D. Jones is publishing a book at Fort Wayne, Ind.

'82.—G. A. Barton is book-keeper at Friends' School, Providence.

'86.—Samuel P. Lippincott sailed for Europe May 3.

'86.—I. T. Starr has left college and gone into business.

'87.—F. L. Grafflin has left college and entered a business college.

I. F. Wood, of New York, wrote us a very kind letter of encouragement, a short time since. It was one such as we too seldom receive from the Alumni. He has been a frequent contributor to our collection of coins.



The Bowdoin Orient, usually such an interesting paper, is rather dull and uninteresting for its last month's issue. It complains that Bowdoin needs a new gymnasium, the building which is now used for that purpose being totally inadequate for the crews to do their winter training in. There is a discussion also as to whether the board of overseers shall be abolished, since they are considered by some to be a worse than useless body.

The Ariel devotes a good deal of its space to the Inter-State Oratorical Contest held at Iowa City, May 1. Judas Iscariot is the somewhat unique subject of the oration which took the first prize. Certain Western papers have advised Eastern colleges to adopt an oratorical contest similar to their own. But, with the complaints of the friends of disappointed candidates lying before us, we think, with some of our exchanges, that such a contest could hardly be decided satisfactorily, and would be productive of more ill-feeling than of good results. *The Ariel* has a good article on Edmund Burke.

The Muhlenberg Monthly, although in its first year, has attained to a high degree of excellence. It is neat and convenient, with its subject matter carefully arranged and the several departments well filled. The article on Dead Languages *vs.* Business Education is ably written and to the point. Says the writer: "We venture the assertion, that the student who takes a classical course and fails to have a practical knowledge of grammar, and that, too, of his own language, is not a suitable criterion by which to judge others. Downright negligence is the cause of such a person's deficiency in the knowledge of practical grammar."



"Haöw?"

"Muggins."

"Where do you room?"

"Going up to Wolf's to-night?"

"Well, fellows, how many invitations for cremation?"

Starr and Lippincott, '86, have left us for good.

Janney, '87, was called to his home by the sad death of his father.

The Freshmen have begun swimming at Dove's mills. Look out for snakes.

"Supposing twelve of you should sit on a man? Just take the case home to yourselves."

Horace Smith, '86, treated the Second Eleven to ice cream at the Nicetown match.

Public meeting of the Loganian and Sophomore Cremation on the night of the 23d of this month.

High collars will not help the bowler to get "maidens" on the cricket field, even if they do elsewhere.

David is dubious about the First Eleven's ability. He says "The Haverfordians are no account, no way."

An attractive smile is an ornament to the humblest face; but a *grin* is unbecoming to a member of the royal family.

The victory over Young America was an unexpected but very pleasant surprise, the score will appear in our next number.

Does the genius exist who can explain a game of cricket to a young lady? If there does, trot him out, for he is in demand.

Great interest is being manifested in the choice of the convention at Chicago. Each State has a representative for its candidate.

We don't hear much about what is going to happen at Cremation this year, but we can surely trust '86 to get up a circus of some sort.

Base ball has taken a new lease of life, and is flourishing in spite of the hot weather. A back-stop and grand-stand are in process of erection.

Did you notice that there was only one local on "Puzzle" last time? What will this column do without him next year? Perhaps "Guy" can be worked in.

It was a rare treat to see "Beardy" chase a swallow across the cricket-field, while the batter was making four runs from a ball which he had knocked in opposite direction.

After our strawberry festival, the other evening, "Reedy" thoughtfully retired to his boudoir and ordered indigestion pills. Poor fellow! They were too rich for his blood.

We give an extract from one of Professor Davenport's lectures on "The Italian Republics." They were in some respects the best of the year—full of instruction and interest.

A congress of Bridgets hold session every Sunday night on the station platform. A near-sighted stranger would probably mistake it for the advance brigade of Taylor College.

Les Miserables,—the four unfortunates who have orations at the public meeting of the Loganian. Why don't they, as well as the Seniors, ask for ten days after examinations to—loaf?

'86 have just housed their class-sled "Procrastination." Judging from the rust on its irons, they will need to wear spurs next year to make it follow the others next even "longo intervalo."

The "Sophomorian Bowler," in a moment of false confidence, said to our reporter, "Don't you think I had the prettiest girl out here to the Merion match?" Let's see, who said it was his aunt?

The combined companies of '86 and '87 starring in chemistry have discovered many facts interesting to the general public. "Baron" has kindly offered to tell them to any one, and will explain if necessary.

A prize belt should be awarded to that enterprising cricketer of the First Merion who turned up at five o'clock, ready cocked and primed to begin the match, the other day. He thought, probably, it would be time enough.

The next time a certain member of '87 writes any Greek letters on the blackboard, he will ascertain beforehand the exact extent of the Professor's knowledge of that classic study. His experience so far has been very unsatisfactory.

Professor in Trigonometry.—"Given the tangent equal to $\frac{3}{4}$ find the other functions of the angle." Student.—"Since the sine divided by the cosine is equal to the tangent, the sine equals 3, and the cosine 4."

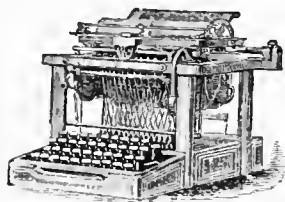
Now that the festive season of garlic has come, lemonade is attaining great popularity. This national drink, after it has been freely imbibed, causes the victim to cry "tiger" in a way which startles those who awake from sleep and think that the lightning has struck a menagerie.

The cricket match with the Merion was the scene of heart-stirring eloquence from the old veteran of the Merrimac, who wished it to be distinctly understood that he had been in the "navy," and he was not going to be "sassed" by "brats." His better half would make a striking show with the "accordion" to accompany her.

Professor to student in astronomy.—"What is the meaning of equinox?" Student.—"It comes from the two Latin words, *equus* meaning equator, and *nox* to cross." Suggestion from another student more prone to classics: "It comes from *equus*, a horse; and *nox*, dark, and comes to have the meaning of dark-horse." Still another suggestion from another student, who has devoted nearly his whole life to the study of classics: "It comes from *equus* a horse, and *nox* night, and gets the meaning of night-mare." Professor.—"Your next lesson will take to the sixtieth page."

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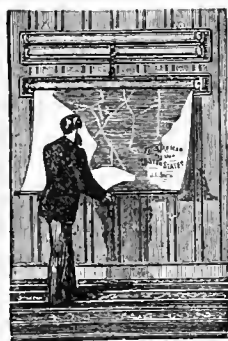


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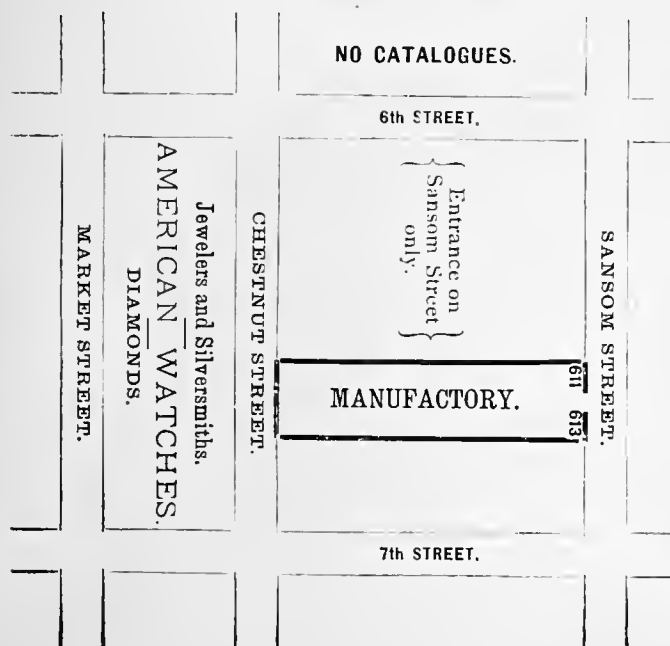
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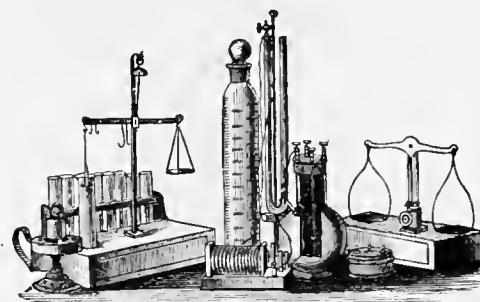
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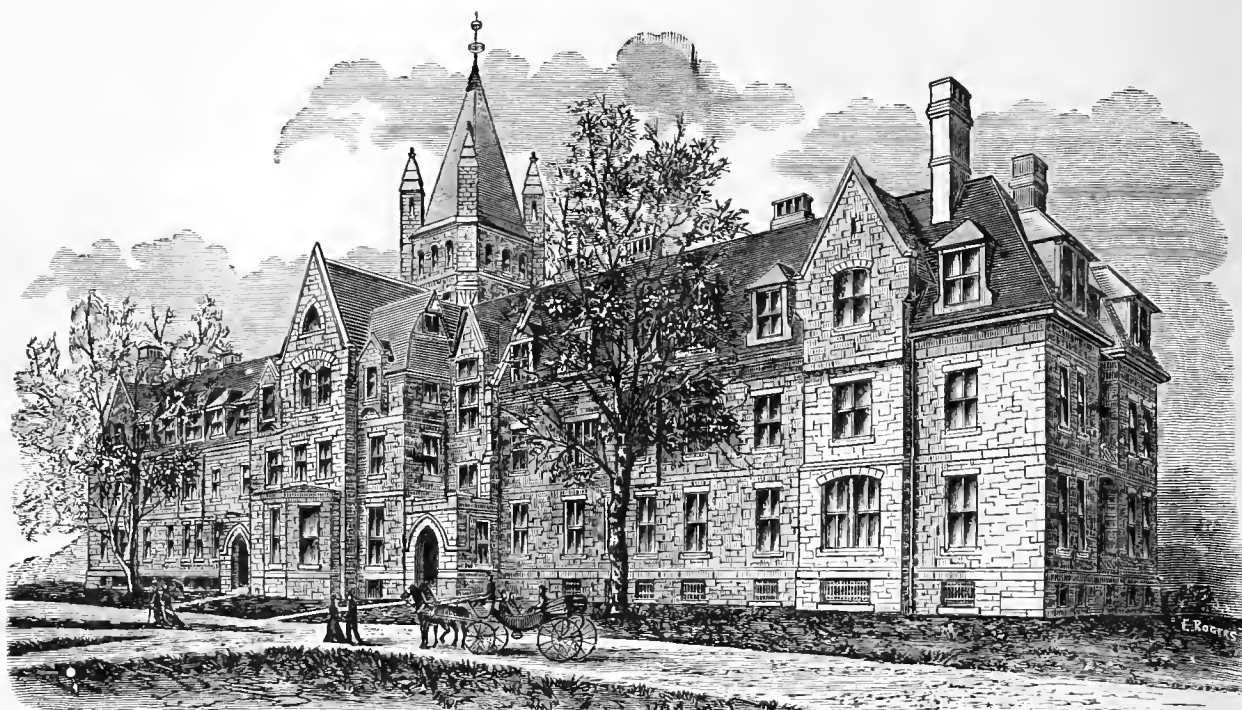
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THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., JULY, 1884.

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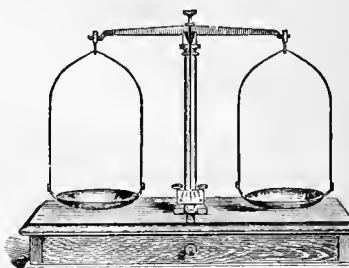
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Vol. 5.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE P. O., MONTGOMERY CO., PA., JULY.

No. 10.

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THE HAVERFORDIAN is the official organ of the students of Haverford College, and is published monthly during the College year.
Literary communications should be addressed to the editors.

To the class of '84, whose presence will no more gladden us, we extend our warmest wishes for its success, and we utter but a trite truth when we say that we shall miss its members. There is always more or less of the sad mingled with the pleasant in the breaking up of a class; and the fact that college days are forever over is enough to make one draw a long sigh of regret, not to speak of the angry moan with which the future threatens. But we sincerely hope that in their "search for higher things," '84 may find only peace and prosperity. We feel at the same time a desire to see how the successors of '87's shoes will appear. There have been glowing reports scattered around about the size and flattering character of the Freshmen about to be. '87 have had a clear ring, and seem to be of good metal. Their future position in college is secure, and destined to be high, and we think they will make a good schoolmaster for the Freshmen. Unfortunately, '86 will lose some of its members, and so will not present quite a solid front; but we shall expect in them a strong Junior class. '85 needs no encomium. It will have the weighty influence which should be characteristic of the Senior class, and will not be wanting in that necessary substance, back-bone. All this ensures a prosperous and pleasant year.

Doubtless all of us are glad that vacation has come. We have completed the year's work and are ready for rest and recreation. We all anticipate a good time,—to

some the very opportunity for a loaf will insure this; to others the pleasure of again being with friends whom some have not seen since last summer; others again expect to accomplish some work, and are glad of the opportunity for it. We sincerely hope that all will have an enjoyable vacation and a useful one. That student who rejoices in the "good loaf" he expects to have, will be the first one to wish that vacation was over, and, on the whole, will pass the least enjoyable one. Those who are needed at home, and think, perhaps, that they will not have as good a time as some others, will, nevertheless, come back next fall stronger and better, having spent the summer in doing their duty, and that assurance will quiet any envious thoughts of the lot of others. Then the others, who do not want to waste the vacation, but who do not expect to do any work, you will go to the seaside or to the mountains, you will walk, ride, sail, row and read, probably novels, most of the time. Summer is the time for what is called "light reading," we acknowledge, but don't spend your time in that kind of light reading which will do neither yourselves nor others any good. We do not say don't read any novels, nor do we mean that. Read as many as you think best, but do not read them exclusively. A novel may do you good; at all events, it will give you something to do when without it you would be at a loss. But such times will not make up the whole summer. Make up your mind to continue your reading throughout the vacation, and carry out your resolution. A book is an easy object to carry. Make a good book your constant companion. "Wonderous indeed is the virtue of a true book." We have no right to throw time away. We can use our summer to a good purpose, and we should. Let us add that we trust we will.

Our neighbor, Senator Sutton, said in public, not long ago, that this community should congratulate themselves that they have such an institution as Haverford in their borders, whose influence was so powerful in the right direction, and he rejoiced that the young ladies of Taylor College were soon to add their influence to that which the young men of Haverford are constantly exerting over those around them. All this, while it is

deserved, is none the less a compliment which few colleges receive from those who dwell in close proximity to them. College students are about as often arrested by those dwelling near them, on the ground that they are disturbing the peace, as they are praised for their good behavior; so that we may consider ourselves somewhat exceptional in this respect, as he doubtless spoke the sentiment of those in the neighborhood. This is but one more proof that we have about as many gentlemen at Haverford as students; and no one who had ever so slight a knowledge of the rank and file of our students could fail to see that they were of a much higher order than those generally found at institutions of a similar sort. If a small group of them go out in the evening, there is no lack of noise or absence of fun; but it is not boisterous screeching and disgraceful yelling, but only good-natured shouting, which causes not the least annoyance to those who hear it. We have always had this reputation, and it is one of the most desirable things for us to keep. We have shown an exception to the rule that colleges are in dishonor in their own country, and it is for our advantage to maintain this opinion.

“The old order changeth, giving place to new.” Once more we come to the close of a college year, and it is likely to be a landmark in the life and work of the college. In no previous year has there been such a searching of the records of its past history, or a like admiration awakened for the true-hearted men who fostered it in its early days, and tided it over threatening dangers up to the present time. We have at the semi-centennial of the college as well as that of the Logonian Society, heard vividly detailed the days of its childhood and youth, and we have noted with joy the advance. To-day we see Haverford nearly what its friends desire, not a high-toned University, not a place for mere pleasure-seekers, but a college, where a course of studies is taught unsurpassed by hardly any college in the country, and filled with students who have before them the true end and aim of scholars, and who recognized that they were created *men* before they became students. It would be impossible to find a place more nearly like home, and still there are no burdensome restraints, while genuine enjoyment may be the lot of all. In fact, there is no excuse for a sour or ungenial disposition among us. There is, too, with all a heart-felt loyalty for the welfare of the college and its interest. In short, if there have ever been any bitter waters of Marah they have all been sweetened. We have felt that all the edicts from those in authority have been attended with good-will and a desire to promote our

interests. We cannot see far beyond the break into next year, nor will we spend time in useless speculation. We have heard of changes which will go into effect when we return, and we have no doubt but that every change has for its object the advancement of the college externally and internally, and such, we hope, will be the result of those to be made. The prospect as regards numbers is satisfactory, and we may expect to see the college filled to its utmost capacity. We may then justly say, that many of the seeds of future prosperity have been sown this year, and that the strong pulse of the last fifty years of its life has been beating stronger than ever, while every new throb has given strength and vigor to the heart. We see no reason to expect another Harvard from Haverford, any more than the Puritans expected another England out of what has become America; but we do look with no vain hope to see on these beautiful and classic grounds and in this unparalleled situation, an institution unequaled in excellency of moral, mental and physical training, and unsurpassed in the purity of its tone.

“Long sleeps the darkling seed below.
The seasons come and change and go
Till all the fields are deep with grain.”

It is often asked by outsiders, “How is it that at Haverford you have many second-rate players, but none who could be called really first-class cricketers?” The very simple explanation lies in the fact that first-class cricketers are only made by practice on a first-class wicket. Our practice creases, which must be made in various parts of the lawn, are rough and bumpy, and in many cases worse than useless. To have good wickets, we *must* have an experienced man to take care of them; and the friends of Haverford and Haverford’s game must never expect to rest in peace till their hearts and pockets combine in an effort for the introduction of a professional bowler and groundsman. We at Haverford *will* play cricket; and as long as we do it at all, we might just as well play to some effect. Haverford can regain her old place among Philadelphia elevens, and let’s see her do it. As a means of practice, class matches cannot be too highly commended, and, as the classes grow larger, no difficulty will be found in getting a first-rate eleven from each. Let some friend offer a bat, to be held for the year by the class winning the most matches from the other classes in college. A *thoughtful* friend could see many other ways—which we have not space to enumerate—by which the game could be encouraged; and doubtless such friends will come to the front when the *fact* that Haverford and cricket are inseparable becomes more widely understood.

PUBLIC MEETING OF THE LOGANIAN SOCIETY.

A large audience assembled in Alumni Hall, on the night of the 23d, to witness the exercises at the public meeting of the Loganian Society.

The inaugural address of the president, Professor Davenport, was an eloquent appeal for fidelity to duty. Drawing his illustrations from the slow but irresistible movement of the glacier, and showing how, from the dirt and earth of the terminal moraine, in future ages fertile crops were to spring. As with the glacier, so with us. "We are ministers of omnipotence," and our humblest endeavor to do our duty can never be in vain.

Mentioning the physical theory of the conservation of energy, he showed that this is also true in the case of morals. Not a deed done in response to the voice of duty, however poor its exterior, but will in "God's Chemistry" be found to contain the highest good.

The orators for the evening then delivered their orations. E. D. Wadsworth spoke of Alexander Hamilton, his character, genius and services to his country. It has been said of him that in power of reasoning he was equal to Webster, and more than that can be said of no man.

J. L. Markley, in his oration on "Modern Civilization," traced the progress of man up to the height attained in our century, and, speaking of the dangers attending us, asked, "Shall our civilization perish?" But not only was the dark side shown us; the brilliant prospects of the twentieth century also claimed our attention.

The third speaker, W. T. Hussey, boldly advocated Prohibition as the only means of stemming the course of intemperance. "License, high or low, is a mere compromise with evil." Some statistics were given, showing the enormous amount annually spent for drink.

A. H. Reeve, the last speaker, had chosen for his subject "Wendell Phillips," and showed us his labors in the anti-slavery cause, his fearlessness, and his genius. The great orator did not fear unpopularity. His fame has been tarnished by the last few years of his life, but now that he is gone, we remember the bright side and forget the shade.

This closed the exercises, and the audience separated.

CREMATION.

All day long, with a prospect of a splendid evening the Sophomores worked to prepare the campus for the cremation of Wentworth's "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry." Long before the exercises in the hall had closed, the visitors assembled in crowds around the rope, and scanned the preparations with considerable curiosity; but as soon as the last speaker in the Loganian

finished, the large audience pressed out, eager to see the work of death begin. The procession, headed by a quartette singing in a delightful style, came slowly through the arch behind Alumni Hall; following the singers came the Arch Judge of Egypt, and next the culprit Wentworth, between two guards, while the rest of the class, arrayed as Egyptian warriors, completed the line. When the march came to an end, the old chief ascended the judgment seat, and asked if there was any one who wished to accuse the prisoner. An accuser stepped forth from the rank, and in a forcible manner, in the good old Greek tongue, charged him of corrupting the Mathematics of Egypt. The next accuser was called for, and a swarthy bearded Egyptian ascended the rostrum, and in a powerful English oration called upon the high and mighty judge to rescue their ancient customs from this dangerous adversary of all good. He said that the prisoner was guilty of heinous crimes, and nothing short of death at the stake would satisfy those whom he had injured. Still another accuser appeared to heap up the guilt on the already overburdened Mathematician. His charge was delivered to the judge in Latin, and was rendered in a very effective manner. While the last accuser was speaking, Wentworth appeared to show some slight signs of agitation, but when he was permitted to speak for himself, and was led forward by the guards, he carried on his countenance a look of scorn, and he spoke in a fearless tone in reply to all the charges that had been brought against him. He said that, instead of corrupting the Egyptians, he had devoted his life to searching out truths with which to elevate his people, and that all he had received in return had been scorn and calumnies. He reminded his accusers that they were not compelled to search out his hidden truths, for to all who felt unable for the task the special course was open. After comparing his lot with that of his predecessor Nehemiah Hezekiah Wheeler, he referred to the joy he would feel in calculating the arcs and angles of the infinite curves in the land of shades, and what would be the surprise of Euclid as he beheld his work; finally, that if, in their ignorance, they should condemn him to death, they would find that "his solution of the obtuse angle had come to stay," and that, as long as any science existed, the name of Gustavus Adolphus Wentworth would go thundering down the ages. All his eloquence was in vain, for the harsh judge of Egypt condemned him to be burned at the stake, and he was led up the stairs to the place of torture. While the black cap was being drawn over his head, and the rope wound around him, he slipped down through the platform unseen, leaving his robe hanging to the stake, and immediately an effigy was substituted without being detected, to which a torch was applied, and soon all except his skull was consumed. Then the crowd dispersed, feeling that the exercises had been a perfect success, and the "Sophs" marched away, giving the college yell for the four classes.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement Day dawned beautiful and clear, without the oppressive heat of the former days, and the students appeared joyous as the time approached for them to bid their friends good-by. The early trains brought a few visitors, who were desirous to see the grounds and lawn; but they came in crowds as it neared the hour for the exercises to begin. Without strains of vocal or instrumental music, as some of the Philadelphia papers wish to have it, the exercises began. The graduating class marched in and took their seats at either end of the stage, apparently well pleased with the prospect before them. The class in all numbered twelve, seven of whom were chosen to speak. The Salutatory was given in Latin by T. Herbert Chase, Haverford College. His pronunciation was good, his gestures easy, and the manner of his delivery in general was pleasing. The custom of having a salutatory is quite ancient, and though sometimes omitted by classes is nevertheless a great addition to the exercises of the day. The second speaker was William Jones Haines, from Cheltenham, Pa. His oration was entitled "Cortes and his Conquest." He drew in a vivid manner the past of that great country to the south of us, and its condition at the entrance of Cortes and during his life. He then spoke of some of its present struggles, and what its future was likely to be.

Charles Richard Jacob, Mansfield, Mass., followed with an oration on "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes." It was a splendidly written production, and delivered in an effective manner. After speaking of the terrible scenes which France had undergone, and how here "Catholicism, by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, plunged her murderous blade into the very vitals of infant Protestantism," he passed on to the Edict of Nantes, which was granted by Henry of Navarre, and guaranteed to them and their children the privilege of worshipping God as they chose. This edict Louis XIV. resolved to revoke in his determination to crush the Huguenots. It was done, and the result is known. "It is safe to say," he said, "that but for the revocation the revolution would never have been, and that much of the fickleness of the French is not so much a national trait as the result of mob rule."

An English oration by Walter Linton Moore, Ercildoun, Pa., on the subject, "Wordsworth's place in Literature," was next listened to. It was a production such as could have come only from a true lover of Wordsworth, and every part of it showed a careful study of that poet's life and works. He said that the English people needed some one to lead them back to the simple and

natural; such an one Wordsworth was to them, and for this his early life had peculiarly fitted him. The oration was commendable in every respect.

An earnest oration on "Practical Living in Work," showing the superiority of diligent application, with moderate talents, to genius without application, and the indispensableness of self-culture and self-control to true manliness, was given with forcible delivery by Alfred Percival Smith, of Germantown, Pa. He illustrated it by the untiring energy of Julius Cæsar, Wellington, and Bonaparte.

"Webster and our Nationality" was the subject of an excellent oration by Orren William Bates, of Oneco, Conn. His points were vigorously made, and his delivery showed that he was treating a character whom he admired, and whose life he had thoroughly studied. He showed how the early training of our great statesman fitted him for his life-work, and how, with his noble intellect, he labored to expound and defend the Constitution. Had not this great statesman, he said, prepared the way by his great speeches from 1832 to 1850, Lincoln could never have freed the shackles of a single slave, nor could the North have triumphed in the great conflict of 1861.

The valedictory address was appropriately delivered by Louis Taber Hill, Mount Pleasant, O. After speaking of the improvements which had been made in the last four years, and the distinguished gentlemen abroad and at home to whom it has been our privilege to listen, he paid a noble tribute to President Chase, and to Professor Pliny Chase, who have had so much to do in moulding the character and guiding the thought of the class of '84. He spoke of their separation in a very touching manner. Degrees of A. B. and S. B. were conferred upon the class; and the degree of A. M. was given to James J. Levick, M. D., for his knowledge in History, especially concerning the Cambro-Britannic Colonies, and to Casper W. Haines, of Mexico. A number of degrees were given *honoris causa*. President Chase then delivered a very earnest Baccalaureate address to the class. We copy from the *Enquirer*: "It was replete with practical advice, and inculcating in them that moral and Christian earnestness which he claimed as a distinguishing feature of Haverford graduates. He illustrated this claim by the examples of two old Haverford students, who have recently been called to higher service in a better world, Theodore Star and Edward Scull, both wealthy, cultured and endowed with an exquisite taste for the fine arts, and for everything beautiful and refined and both laborers for God and the unfortunate among their fellow-men, devoting themselves untiringly to the relief of sin and sorrow and want. Such a life of self-sacrificing beneficence, he said, led in the fear of God, is the only life worth living."

ALUMNI PRIZE ORATION,—“WHITTIER.”

The literature of our nation, although it extends over but a short period, glistens with a galaxy of brilliant names, whose splendor illumines not this side of the Atlantic alone, but which are known and admired in other lands and among other nations.

Within the past few years our country has lost many great men, and our literature has borne a large portion of the loss. The melodious voice of Longfellow is no longer heard, sweetly singing of the beautiful and the good; the aged Bryant, the most thoroughly American of all our poets, is lost to us; and Emerson, our greatest philosopher and thinker, has ceased to send forth the brilliant products of his pen. But while we mourn their loss, let us rejoice in their example, and their works, and in those who are still left us. Of all these no one is more looked up to with love and admiration than John Greenleaf Whittier. The influences that moulded the early lives of Longfellow and Lowell, of Holmes and Emerson, were almost wholly foreign to him. The culture and learning of Cambridge and Boston had not penetrated to the little village where he was born. His parents being members of the society of Friends, much of the literature of the world was inaccessible to him. Thus he grew up, in a small Massachusetts village, with few advantages for education and intellectual development, but in a Christian home, inheriting from his ancestors that integrity of character which is so characteristic of New England's sons.

His early poems evince a deep appreciation and love of nature, and have the unusual merit of being inborn, and not imitative. Full of zeal for the right and hatred for the wrong, of sympathy and pity for the oppressed, and of intense feeling against the oppressor, he early felt a horror for the institution of slavery. He was not one of those who waited until it was the popular thing to become an abolitionist, but when to embrace the anti-slavery cause was not only to lose popularity but also to risk loss of property and even loss of life itself, he threw himself into the breach, and, using all the powers that God had given him, struggled through failure and discouragement against that dark stain on the nation's character and on humanity.

His poems in relation to slavery are characterized by an almost terrible earnestness, and the wonder is that the heart of the nation could have resisted such appeals. The secret of their force is that they were written at a white heat; his heart was in every line that he wrote. Those who speak of these poems as possessing little literary merit should remember that Whittier was not seeking for fame and popularity. Had that been the

case, he would have employed his Heaven-bestowed talents in another field. The poetry, as the most forcible means of expressing his thoughts, was to him a means, and not the end.

Through all that dark struggle the poet's pen did not cease sending forth its inspired voices of freedom, and calling upon men to awake from their lethargy and cast the accursed thing from among them. Their cause at last triumphed, and no longer is the black man enslaved,

“Whose sin

Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin.”

But the end was not attained in the way in which they sought it. The curse of civil war desolated our land, and brought grief and despair to thousands of happy homes. To such men as Whittier success achieved in this way could be nothing less than failure. Their prayers seemed to have arisen in vain.

“We hoped for peace, our eyes survey
The blood-red dawn of freedom's day:
We prayed for love to loose the chain,
'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain.”

After his labors in this cause the poet sought other themes worthy of his lyre, and found them abundantly in nature and the beauties of natural scenery, in the goodness of God and his mercy. His descriptions of nature are exceedingly beautiful, and set him forth in his true light—as a true poet. Whittier has never visited other countries, and their beauties are unknown to him. As he himself says:

“I know not how in other lands
The changing seasons come and go,
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow,
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

Yet he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer.”

But although unacquainted with the beauties of foreign lands he fully appreciates “the miracle of flowers and trees,” and loves Nature as he sees her. Full of love for his native soil he exclaims

“Scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet.”

Who is there who can read the fervent lines of the “Eternal Goodness” and “Divine Compassion” without being deeply impressed by the inspired thoughts con-

tained in them? In these, as in other poems we see not simply "the decorous homage of the lips," but a strong feeling of communion with God. Whittier loves the simple form of worship of our society. In his poem entitled "The Meeting" he sets forth his views:

"I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
* * * * *
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off, and leaves us God alone."

To him there is more worship in

"The simplest roof where prayer is made
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault or many-spired Milan."

Much might be said of Whittier as a poet, but let us turn to the man. As a survey of the poet calls forth our admiration, so a contemplation of the man calls forth our love. His life has been a "consecration to all that is noblest and best." First is noticeable his love for all mankind. To him, all humanity is one great family, and God the universal Father. Others may differ from us in race, in customs, and in religion, but the grand truth of the "universal brotherhood" of man is none the less true.

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head."

In the "martyr souls" of heathendom he sees evidence of the "unmeasured over-heart" and God's all-embracing fatherhood.

Free from vanity and self-conceit, which belittle so many authors, pure, noble-hearted and great, he has endeared himself to the heart of the nation, and is beloved and honored to a degree that is granted to few. In the words of Bryant, "His life is as beautiful as his verse."

It is impossible for us to say how posterity will cherish his name, but we cannot believe that our country will soon forget the poet who has enriched her literature with some of its choicest gems of poetry; and surely when that brighter day shall come when "universal peace shall have become one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God," then those who throughout their lives have been apostles of peace will be remembered; and, above all, one whose life has been a living testimony that man can be pure, and who has used all his powers in the cause of right and humanity, is not soon to be forgotten.



Of eight of the principal colleges, the only one advocating a protective tariff is the University of Pennsylvania. At Williams, the free trade theory is taught; likewise at Yale, Harvard and Amherst. Princeton is in an undecided state as to what side to uphold. At Columbia, in the school of Political Science, all instruction is leaning toward free trade.—*Ex.* We believe it lies with the smaller colleges to counteract the influence of larger institutions. And that Haverford can be counted on as advocating a protective tariff to our American industries.

The Swarthmore Phoenix for May keeps up its well-deserved reputation of being a first-class college paper. We are always sure of finding something worth reading in it, something solid and sensible. It seems to have suffered no loss in the change of its editorial staff. Byron in Greece is an admirable production, and does great credit to the author. "But it was to Athens, 'august Athena,' the classic home of literature and art, that Byron turned with greatest reverence. Here, too, freedom made its first great stand against oppression, and here under the shadow of Minerva's wand were first made known the rights of man." The *Phoenix* has also a good local column.

The Purdue, from Indiana, is a very fair exchange, devoting a large portion of its space to mechanical and agricultural and other practical subjects. The locals do not seem to be very interesting, but the exchange column is ably edited and very readable. There is an interesting article on culture in the literary department. A little more fun sprinkled in would improve the paper considerably.

The Earlhamite, which we always receive and read with pleasure, we are sorry to say is rather dull for the May issue. The letter from John Bright, however, is interesting and instructive. The Relations of Intellectual Culture to Christian Religion is a logical and sensible article. Except this essay, all the departments of the paper are mediocre, and need more energy and life infused into them.

The Adelpian comes to us with its handsome cover and its motto, *Vita sine literis mors est*. The illustration on the first page, the work of Miss Fannie Carlisle, is well executed, and adds much to the attractiveness of the paper. Nathaniel Hawthorne, his Character and Works, is a brief and concise sketch in which the writer

shows the peculiar characteristics of the great novelist and of his works, which now are read with so much pleasure. A Poetical Composition is an interesting little story written in excellent style. School Notes appears to take the place of Locals, and to be equally good.

The remark which John Quincy Adams made to the member in the House of Representatives, who taunted him of being bald-headed was very just: "I thank my God for his many blessings, and also that he has bestowed them so diversely. To one he has given hair, and to another brains."

The foolish remark which the Exchange Editor of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* made about THE HAVERFORDIAN, in a recent issue, showed that not only was he wanting in brains, but that his eyes must have been completely covered with hair, for what he said was uncalled for, and could never have come from a paper that had any sense of propriety. That kind of "blarney" is far below the limit of decency. The remark referred to was this: "THE HAVERFORDIAN is slowly pegging out; one more issue, and it will be *non est*." The *Scholastic*, while it has had many good literary articles from time to time, has always been a blowing, fighting paper, while lately it has been devoting some of its dormant power to sarcasm. But this could come under no head but foolishness, prompted by a spirit of meanness. It is quite well known, but for the benefit of those who do not know, we will say, that it is published in the "Hoosier" state, and having gotten into two or three disputes with other college papers, in which it had its nose tweaked, it began to think, with the fly on the coach wheel, that it was kicking up a terrible dust, and, in fact, that "it was all that's honest, honorable, an' fair, and when the virtues died they made it heir." If we remember rightly, it was only a few months ago that this same paper quoted nearly a page from the paper which they say will be *non est* in a month. Isn't it a little inconsistent, as they did not quote it for adverse criticism? The *Scholastic* professes to contain "choice poetry, essays and the current art, musical, literary and scientific gossip of the day." It also publishes the names of those "who have distinguished themselves during the week, by their excellence in class, and by their general good behavior." We shall expect soon to see a list of those papers that will be *non est* in the opinion of their editor. Our advice is "Don't never prophecy unless you know." Pharaoh's lean kine stood it for seven long years, while the bloated ones became *non est*. Now if the *Scholastic* has any decent criticism to offer we shall be glad to see it; if not, let them choke off these babblings, and let them forbear to sound the doleful tocsin as a knell to THE HAVER-

FORDIAN until it is consigned to the tomb; and let them see to it, that *they* are not acting too strictly in accordance with the truth of their motto, "*Vive quasi cras moriturus*."

The *Volante* is one of the best of our Western exchanges, containing a good deal that is valuable, but with its matter rather awkwardly arranged. Essayists as Reformers and A Trip through Chinatown are very interesting and instructive productions. The *Epistola Alumnorum* is an attractive feature of the paper, and the communications can be read with pleasure by any one. One thing noticeable about the majority of the Western papers, is their inferiority to Eastern journals in regard to the quality of the paper and the clearness of the type.

We have received a copy of the *Humane Educator*, a new paper, published in Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Ohio State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals. It is well illustrated, and contains some very readable pieces of poetry. The portrait of Alice Cary is very well executed, and is accompanied by a short sketch of her life. The avowed purpose of the paper is certainly a noble one, and we trust it will meet with the encouragement it deserves.

PERSONALS.

'83.—William F. Price has returned from Virginia, and now resides in Pomeroy, Chester County, Pa.

'84.—T. H. Chase and A. P. Smith will spend next year at Harvard, in the post-graduate course.

'84.—O. W. Bates expects to study law at his home.

'84.—A. D. Hall and W. L. Moore contemplate teaching as their profession.

'84.—C. R. Jacob returns to his home, and will vote for an honest man in the autumn.

'84.—W. J. Haines and F. A. White will also be found at their homes for a time.

'85.—L. L. Smith thinks of going to Harvard.

'86.—J. P. Tunis enters the class of '86 at the University of Pennsylvania.

'86.—J. T. Underhill leaves college to take up civil engineering.

'86.—H. J. Brooke expects to engage in business in Philadelphia.

'87.—W. Dean enters the College of Pharmacy, Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

'87.—E. R. Purdy has become a partner with his father as a florist at Palmyra, N. Y.

'87.—E. F. Chillman has entered Troy Polytechnic School.



"Vacation."

Good-bye, '84.

Did you pass?

We will not bolt.

"Hurrah for '88!"

Hard luck on Wentworth.

"The scene is laid in Egypt."

White Derbys are now in order.

"Has there been smoking on these grounds?"

Overcoats were in demand at the University match.

Professor in Astronomy.—"Name the next pair of planets."

Student.—"The next pair is made up of Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus."

Call to mind the old joke about the "bust of John Fothergill."

Edward says that he will be a "vicious student" when he is fifteen.

Society elections passed off quietly without any fighting or hard feeling.

The University Freshmen will bring a full eleven next time they try the mettle of '87 at cricket.

"Baron" says of '86, "They ain't all dudes, but they're the best dressed class in college." Ahem!

Enterprising amateur in cricket, when telegram is called for, "65—47—1." Applause for the bowlers.

Seven hundred invitations were issued for Cremation. They have been quite severely criticised by friends of the college.

We print in this number the Alumni prize oration; we were unable to do so in our last issue on account of lack of room.

We wish the cricket eleven the best of success in their Commencement matches; the scores will be given in the October number.

Snakes and muddy water were too much for the Freshmen, this year, at Dove's Mills. They now devote their surplus energies in going to Wolf's and studying for examination.

An accident insurance company has refused to take out a policy on the editors of this sheet after seeing some of the last issue locals. One of the Sophomores objects to being "guyed."

We looked forward with great pleasure to the cricket match between '84 and '86. Perhaps it will be as heart-rending and clothes-tearing as the football match last fall. Will "Puzzle" bowl?

Y. M. C. A. election.—President, W. T. Hussey, '85; Vice-President, A. T. Murray, '85; Secretary, J. Dickenson, '86; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Markley, '85; Treasurer, A. W. Jones, '85.

A "Blaine and Logan" campaign club ought to be formed in the fall. Perhaps some one will get up an opposition affair, such as "Grammercy Park and Tammany Hall," or "Athletic Samuel and his Bar'l."

"Moses" begs leave to say through these columns, that when he traces lemon-skins back to their owners, he will suspend the said unfortunates for "free weeks." No appeals for mercy can be granted at other than business rates.

Some time ago the college were startled at seeing what they at first supposed to be a centaur, but on nearer approach it proved to be a member of '84 on horseback, evidently undergoing all the agonies of a man at sea on the rolling deep.

Quite a ball on the grounds on Monday the 16th. It must have been a great aid to the Sophs in working trigonometry, for they frequently looked hence for inspiration. After the waltzes, unfortunately Casket's little scheme did not work.

"Our Willie" was one of the spectators of the terrible Camden railroad accident. Fortunately he was not on the train, but as soon as he was on the scene of the wreck he did all he could to show his sympathy for the poor fellows who were crushed.

Luckily the weather after that University '87 cricket match was so cold that the poor unfortunates "roped in" for creams could gather their senses and "centses" to do the "grand." "Puzzle" was especially jubilant at the number he lost.

A "Sophomorian Bowler" young man
A non temper-controller young man,
Who says he will die
If she won't call him Guy,
An all linen-collar young man.

On the 20th a base-ball match was played between the Haverford club and the Alumni of Westtown. Our club was not in practice together, but they did good work, and showed the usual spirit of animation. Haverford came off with a very creditable beat, notwithstanding two of our best men were disabled and compelled to withdraw.

Now that '84 has left us, who will manage Puzzle's sled next winter? We are afraid that if it is bequeathed to '88 with best wishes, etc., they will be unable to make a successful season out of it, lacking the skillful steering of Reedy and the co-operation of Puzzle. It takes good management to get that sled down the hill at all, and to make speed equal to that of a turtle requires genius.

CRICKET.

HAVERFORD VS. YOUNG AMERICA (FIRST ELEVEN).

The *Cricketer* spoke rather disparagingly of our match with the Young America First on the 31st ult.; attributing our victory to luck on our part, and the fact that our opponents were very much weakened by the loss of their best men. That this a trifle unjust any one who witnessed the match would allow; for luck surely played no part in our game, but it was won by good cricket, if ever a game was so won; and if the team of the Young America has been considerably weakened this season, be it remembered that we also have suffered seriously in the loss of Thomas, Baily, Shoemaker and the Whitneys. As it was, the team they played against us was as strong as any first-eleven team played so far this season around Philadelphia.

The 31st of May, many will remember, was the hottest day on record; and Captain Newhall, winning the

toss, sent the Haverfordians to the field under the broiling sun, with the black smoke from the burning oil-works at Point Breeze arching over their heads. E. Wright, Jr., and R. L. Baird batting against the bowling of C. Bettie and Baily, and immediately settled down to work, making the only stand of any consequence in the innings. Both men hit hard, Baird fairly tearing up the grass with his powerful off-hits, and 42 was up when Wright, with 24 to his credit, succumbed to the bowling of Hilles, who had taken Bettie's place with the ball. Brown and Clark were easily disposed of, and shortly after, Baird was caught in the slips off Hilles, with a score of 22,—4 wickets for 64 runs. Noble, T. H. Dixon and D. S. Newhall were then sent back to the club-house with 8, 2 and 9 respectively, followed by J. O. Pease, Jr., who, after bothering the fielders and bowlers considerably, was caught at point off W. V. Wright, for 16, 8 for 93. Only ten runs were put together, while the next three wickets were being disposed of, the innings closing for 103, of which 10 were extras. For the Haverfordians Captain Hilles sent Blair and W. Reeve to oppose the bowling of Noble and J. Clark, Blair immediately making things lively for the fielders, putting together 27 runs, in as many minutes, before he was caught, by Dixon, at point off Gummey, 1 for 36. Hilles and Chase, who followed, were quickly retired for 2 and 4, and S. Bettie joined Reeve at the wicket; these two made a fine stand, batting carefully and well, raising the score from 47 to 70 before the latter was caught at the wicket for a score of 20, made by careful play. C. Baily and Barr were then caught, at the wicket off Gummey and Wright, for 2 and 0; and, later, McFarland was bowled by D. S. Newhall for 11, made in three heavy drives, Bettie all this time adding rapidly to his score by beautiful cricket; 7 wickets were now down for 98 runs, and the Haverfordians were feeling confident of victory, but when W. Wright and Garrett were retired, after adding but one run to the score, the ninth wicket falling, with the five necessary runs still unmade, with victory trembling in the balance, the excitement was at fever heat. But F. L. Trotter, who followed Garrett, showed himself fully equal to the occasion, and kept his wicket up until Bettie had made the winning run, and then began scoring on his own hook, being finally caught by Noble, at drive off Gummey, for 12; the innings closing for 130 with seven extras, Bettie carrying his bat for 44, made by fine cricket without a life. There being about an hour yet to play, the Young America took the bat again; Clark, Noble, and D. S. Newhall sixty runs with the loss of one wicket. The score:

YOUNG AMERICA.				SECOND INNINGS.			
FIRST INNINGS.							
E. Wright, Jr., b. Hilles,	21						
R. L. Baird, c. Garrett, b. Hilles,	22						
H. L. Brown, b. C. Baily,	4						
J. G. Clark, c. W. Reeve, b. Hilles,	3	Not out				35	
W. Noble, b. Barr,	8	Run out				7	
D. S. Newhall, b. Bettie,	9	Not out				16	
T. H. Dixon, c. W. Wright, b. Barr,	2						
J. O. Pease, Jr., c. W. Reeve, b. W. Wright,	16						
C. A. Currie, b. Hilles,	5						
W. Johnson hit w. b. Wright,	0						
F. B. Gummey, not out,	0						
Byes, 2; leg byes, 3; no balls, 5	10			Byes, 1; wides, 1		2	
Total,	103			Total,		60	

BOWLING AVERAGE.									
FIRST INNINGS.					SECOND INNINGS.				
	B.	M.	R.	W.		B.	M.	R.	W.
S. Bettie,	54	1	28	1	W. S. Hilles,	24	1	4	0
C. W. Baily,	60	3	21	1	E. K. Barr,	18	1	9	0
W. S. Hilles,	84	5	23	4	C. W. Baily,	18	0	11	0
E. K. Barr,	48	1	17	2	McFarland,	12	0	6	0
W. T. Wright,	7	0	4	2	Blair,	12	0	11	0
					Bettie,	12	0	10	0

HAVERFORD.							
FIRST INNINGS.				BOWLING AVERAGE.			
				B.	M.	R.	W.
J. Blair, c. Dixon, b. Gummey,	27						
W. Reeve, c. Pease, b. Gummey,	20			W. Noble, . . .	30	0	21 0
W. Hilles, b. Gummey,	2			J. Clark, . . .	96	7	24 0
T. H. Chase, run out,	4			C. A. Currie,	18	0	13 0
S. Bettie, not out,	44			F. B. Gummey,	89	2	33 5
C. Baily, c. Pease, b. Gummey,	2			D. S. Newhall,	48	0	23 1
E. Barr, c. Pease, b. E. Wright,	0			E. Wright, . . .	36	2	9 3
W. McFarland, b. D. S. Newhall,	11						
W. Wright, b. E. Wright,	1						
A. Garrett, c. Pease, b. E. Wright,	0						
F. L. Trotter, c. Noble, b. Gummey,	12						
Byes, 4; leg byes, 2; no balls, 1	7						
Total,	130						

HAVERFORD VS. MERION (SECOND ELEVEN).

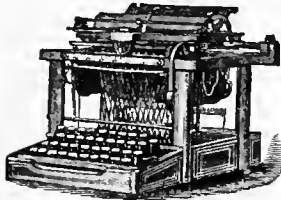
On the 14th inst., our second visited Ardmore, and easily defeated the Merion by a score of 71 to 35 on the first innings, the Haverfordians making 69 in their second venture. The features of the game were the batting of Stokes and Barr, in the first innings, and the bowling of W. and H. Baily, for the Merion, in the second innings. Wright and Barr both bowled admirably for the Haverfordians, obtaining averages of 4 and 3.2 respectively. The score is as follows:

HAVERFORD.				SECOND INNINGS.			
FIRST INNINGS.							
H. W. Stokes, l. b. w. Hunter,	23			c. Williams, b. H. Baily,		26	
P. H. Morris, ct. W. Baily, b. A. Thomson,	6			b. H. Baily,		0	
W. T. Wright, c. A. Thomson, b. W. Baily,	8			b. W. Baily,		6	
E. K. Barr, b. H. Baily,	16			b. W. Baily,		3	
A. C. Garrett, b. H. Baily,	4			not out		6	
G. B. Wood, b. Hunter,	0			b. W. Baily,		0	
M. T. Wilson, b. Hunter,	0			c. Hall, b. H. Baily,		1	
C. E. Lewis, c. A. Baily, b. H. Baily	4			b. H. Baily,		0	
F. Strawbridge, b. Hunter,	0			b. W. Baily,		2	
F. L. Trotter, c. A. Baily, b. H. Baily,	0			b. W. Baily,		0	
H. E. Yarnall, not out,	0			c. Ervin, b. W. Baily,		12	
Byes, 7; leg byes, 2; wides, 1,	19			Byes, 8; leg byes, 2; wides, 4		14	
Total,	71			Total,		69	

BOWLING AVERAGE.									
FIRST INNINGS.					SECOND INNINGS.				
	B.	M.	R.	W.		B.	M.	R.	W.
W. L. Baily,	42	0	22	1	W. L. Baily,	81	5	22	6
A. G. Thomson,	30	0	14	1	S. Ervin,	24	0	21	0
H. C. Hunter,	58	1	14	4	A. G. Thomson,	6	0	3	0
E. Sayers,	18	0	7	0	A. L. Baily,	18	0	9	0
H. P. Baily,	30	3	6	4	H. P. Baily,	30	1	5	4
Wides.—Sayers 1.					Wides.—Ervin 3; A. Baily 1.				

MERION.				BOWLING AVERAGE.			
W. L. Baily, c. Wright, b. Barr,	3						
S. Ervin, b. Wright,	11						
A. G. Thomson, b. Barr,	0			W. T. Wright,	72	4	19 5
W. G. Thomson, l. b. w. Barr,	2			E. K. Barr,	72	4	16 5
J. R. Williams, c. Trotter, b. Barr,	2			Wides,—Wright, 1.			
A. L. Baily l. b. w. Wright,	3						
H. C. Hunter, c. Wood, b. Wright,	1						
P. P. Baily, not out,	12						
J. Sharp, c. Yarnall, b. Wright,	0						
W. F. Hall, b. Wright,	0						
E. S. Sayers, b. Barr,	0						
Wides,	1						
Total	35						

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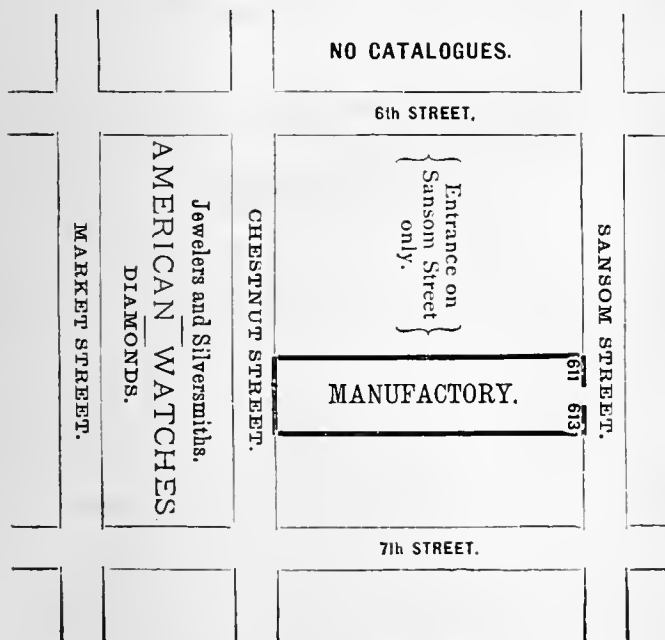
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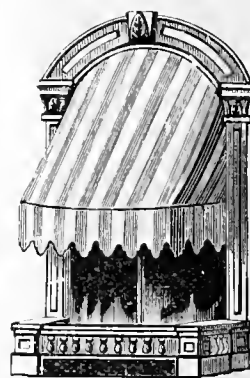
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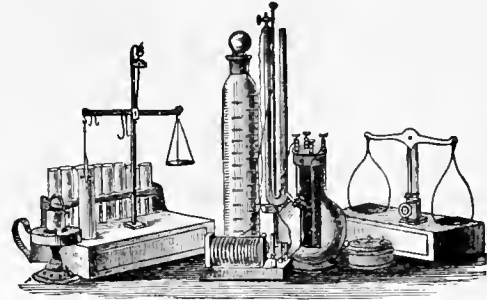
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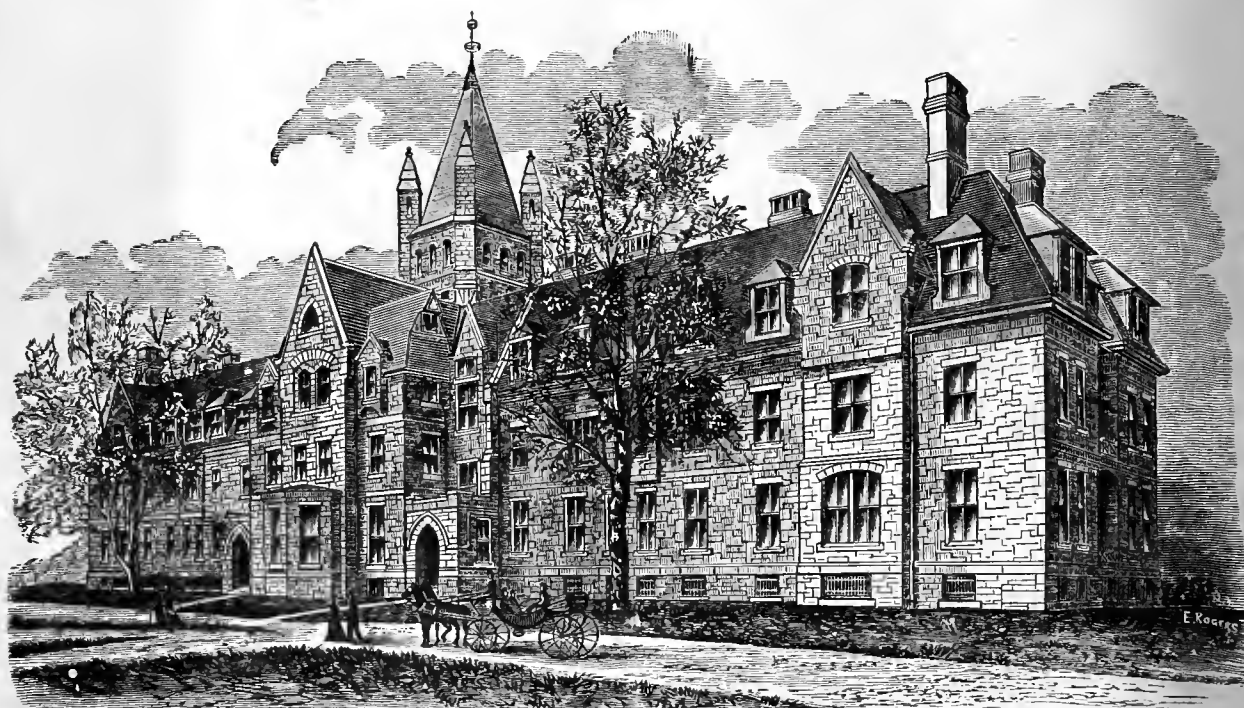
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